



THE CHURCH·MISSIONARY CLEANER



HE · THAT · REAPETH
RECEIVETH · WAGES
AND
GATHERETH · FRUIT
UNTO · LIFE · ETERNAL

VOLUME
XIII.

1886.

"And they took up of the
fragments that remained twelve
baskets full."—Mt. Matt. xiv. 20.

*And Ruth said, Let me now go to the field, and glean.
And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field.* RUTH ii. 2, 3.

LONDON: SEELEY, JACKSON, & HALLIDAY, 54, FLEET STREET, E.C.
CHURCH MISSIONARY HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE.



INDEX OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

AFRICA.		Page	INDIA (continued).		Page
West Africa :—			Punjab :—		
Portrait of the Rev. Henry Johnson, M.A., Archdeacon of the Upper Niger		2	The Fort at Gwalior		15
The "Henry Venn" Steamer, No. 1		14	The Tibetans of Tibet :—		
The "Henry Venn" Steamer, No. 2		14	(1) Men of Spiti and Women of Upper Kunawar		90
Portrait of the late Rev. Henry Townsend		38	(2) Rock of Iskardo, in the Valley of the Indus.....		90
The C.M.S. Mission at Badagry in 1849		39	(3) Crossing the Parang La.....		91
The "Mission" at Lagos		42	South India :—		
East and Central Africa :—			The late Rev. Ainala Bhushanam and Wife		27
Illustrations of Mount Kilima-Njaro and the Chagga Country	6, 7		Interior of the Sarah Tucker Institution		31
Return of Bishop Hannington's Caravan: Scene at Rabai	54		Fac-simile of Page of the Rev. J. E. Padfield's Telugu Commentary		59
Massai Warriors	55		The Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Bishop and Native Agents at Trichur, Cochin		62
A Married Massai Woman with Ear Ornaments	55		The late Rev. V. Vedhanayagam and Family		139
First View of the Victoria Nyanza from Kavirondo	55		CEYLON.		
A Married Massai Woman with Neck and Ear Ornaments	55		Veddahs of Ceylon.....		47
The Rev. H. P. Parker, Bishop-Designate of Eastern Equatorial Africa	115		St. Luke's Church, Colombo.....		94
Fac-simile of Page of Bishop Hannington's Diary.....	134		MAURITIUS.		
Exterior View of the Hut in which Bishop Hannington was imprisoned. (A Fac-simile of a Sketch by the Bishop)	134		C.M.S. Mission: the Bishop, the Treasurer, and the Mission Staff		110
Interior View of the same. (A Fac-simile of a Sketch by the Bishop)	135		The Pieter Botte, Crève Cœur, Mauritius		111
Egypt and the Soudan :—			CHINA.		
Bedouin Arab and Fellah	34		Mid-China: Bishop Moule and his Clergy		11
Arab Women	35		Yin-Tze in a Deer's Skin.....		46
A Mohammedan at Prayer	58		"The Perfectly Dutiful Boy" Claiming an Audience		46
In the Delta of the Nile	63		Mid-China: Uioh-ts-in, C.M.S. Station on the Eastern Lake		51
Egyptian Fellah, or Peasant, Ploughing	87		The Si-kwô-miao, a Temple on the Eastern Lake		51
An Eastern Story-Teller	114		The Rich Man and Lazarus		82
The Red Sea :—			The Unjust Steward		88
(1) Lady and Daughter, Abyssinia.....	122		Boys' School in China		86
(2) Cake-sellers at Massowah, the Port of Abyssinia	122		JAPAN.		
(3) Abyssinian Spearman	123		A Wedding Party		22
(4) Priest and Deacon of the Abyssinian Church	123		Aino Aborigines		30
(5) Encampment of Arabs	126		Shops in Tokio		71
(6) Moslem Pilgrims returning from Mecca.....	127		Japanese Idolatry: Festival in honour of the God Suwa		138
(7) Arab Warriors of the Soudan	131		NEW ZEALAND.		
PERSIA.			A Maori Temperance Festival at Tauranga.....		10
A Persian Dervish	75		The New Mission Church, Ohinemutu, Lake Rotorna		26
Persian Ladies in Indoor Dress	98		Lake Tarawera as it was in 1854.....		118
A Persian Lady in Outdoor Dress	98		Mount Tarawera in Eruption, June 10th, 1886		118
One of the City Gates, Teheran	99		NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NORTH PACIFIC.		
Summer Residence of the American Missionaries, Mount Seir, Ooroomiah	102		The C.M.S. Mission at Aiyanah, Naas River, British Columbia		18
Ruins of an Ancient Mosque, Sultanieh	103		Night Scene in an Indian House, Naas River, British Columbia		19
Principal Gate of the Shah's Palace, Teheran	106		Mr. McCullagh Returning from a Preaching Tour.....		43
INDIA.			MISCELLANEOUS.		
North India :—			Fac-simile of a Letter from a Sailor's Wife to the C.M.S.....		28
Khasias of the Khasia Hills, Southern Assam.....	3		Portrait of Henry Thomas Pelham, third Earl of Chichester		50
View of Simla, in the Himalayas	66		Portraits of Speakers at Our Anniversary, 1886		67
A Ghât at Hurdwar	70		Key to Picture of the Committee Room of the C.M.S.		74
The Rev. C. G. Daenle and his Itinerating Staff, Agra	94		The Committee Room of the Church Missionary Society		78, 79
Six Sketches in Krishnagar, North India	142				

INDEX OF ARTICLES.

AFRICA—WEST.		Page	AFRICA—EASTERN EQUATORIAL (continued).		Page
Archdeacon Henry Johnson. (With Portrait)		2	Return of Bishop Hannington's Caravan to Rabai—Scenes on its Arrival. (With Illustrations)		54
Liberal Gifts of African Christians. Letter from Archdeacon D. C. Crowther		4	A Time of Trial in U-Ganda		64
The "Henry Venn" Steamers, No. 1 and No. 2. (With two Illustrations)		13	The Rev. H. P. Parker, Bishop-Designate of Eastern Equatorial Africa. (With Portrait)		115
A Mohammedan King's Appeal against Rum and Gin.....		15	The Martyrs of U-Ganda: Letters from the Missionaries, Diary of Bishop Hannington. (With three Fac-simile Sketches)		133
The New King of Port Lokkoh		35	EGYPT.		
Henry Townsend. In Memoriam. (With Portrait)		37	Sketches of Humble Life in Egypt. By Miss M. L. Whately. (With Illustrations) :—		
My First Voyage to Badagry: What Led to it, and What it Led to. By the late Rev. H. Townsend. (With Illustration)		38	I. Marcos the Chicken-Raiser	8, 16, 84, 44, 57	
The "Mission" at Lagos. (With Illustration)		42	II. Fatmeh; or, the Hut on the Sands	63, 76, 87, 100, 112	
What an African Juvenile Association can do		59	General Haig's Expedition to the Red Sea. (With Illustrations)		121
Peace in the Yoruba Country		181	PERSIA.		
AFRICA—EASTERN EQUATORIAL.			A Converted Persian Dervish. (With Illustration)		75
Mount Kilima-Njaro. (With Illustrations)		5	The Persia Mission. (With six Illustrations).....		108
Bishop Hannington		17	PALESTINE.		
James Hannington, First Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa :—			"Describe Heaven to Me." From Letter from the Rev. J. R. Longley Hall		81
I. Early Life		41			
II. Oxford, and Early Ministry		52			
III. Recollections: By the Rev. E. C. Dawson		69			
IV. First Journey to Africa		91			
V. Consecration, Second Visit to Africa, and Death		97			

INDIA—GENERAL.		Page
Lepers in India		111, 141

NORTH INDIA.

"The Regions Beyond"—		
I. The Khasias of Assam. (With Illustration).....	8	
II. The Mahratta State of Gwalior. (With Illustration).....	15	
Agarparah Orphanage Jubilee. By Henrietta J. Neale.....	53, 125	
An Earnest Appeal for Two Men	68	
Work at Simla. (With Illustration)	66	
Hindu Festivals at Hurdwar. (With Illustration).....	70	
Evangelistic Work at Agra. By the Rev. C. G. Daesuble. (With Illustration)	98	
Some Converts of the Year: Letters from the Revs. G. E. A. Pargiter, G. B. Durrant, H. Williams, and Jani Alli	116	
Letter from a Lady Missionary of the C.E.Z.M.S.	124	
How the Word is spread. By the Rev. H. Lewis	125	
A Christmas Visit to the Krishnagar District. By a C.E.Z. Missionary. (With six Illustrations)	141	

PUNJAB AND SINDEH.

Persecuted Converts in the Punjab. Prayer Earnestly Requested. Letter from Bishop French	58
"Is the Stone Going"?	89
"The Regions Beyond"—	
IV. The Tibetans of Tibet. (With Illustrations).....	91
"Some Handfuls of Purpose." Letter from the Rev. Rowland Bateman.....	104
Paulus: a True Story of Answered Prayer. By the Rev. W. J. Ball	122

SOUTH INDIA.

The Rev. T. Walker at Madras	14
The "Australian Continent"	20
The Rev. Ainala Bhushanam. (With Illustration).....	27
Inside the Sarah Tucker Institution. (With Illustration)	31
A Telugu Commentary on the New Testament. With Fac-simile Page	59
The Trichur Mission. (With Illustration)	62
Evangelistic Work of the Native Church of Madras.....	125
Village Work in Tinnevely. By Mrs. T. Kember	128
The late Rev. V. Vedhanayagam and Family. (With Illustration).....	139

CEYLON.

A Sympathetic and a Hostile Romanist	27
Conversions at Cotta	40
"The Regions Beyond"—	
III. The Veddahs of Ceylon. (With Illustration)	47
A Coffee Planter's Sermon	51
The Power of Song	51
A Missionary "Sangam" in Ceylon	83
St. Luke's Church, Colombo. By the Rev. J. J. Pickford. (With Illustration).....	94

MAURITIUS.

The Mauritius Mission. (With two Illustrations)	109
---	-----

CHINA.

Mid-China: Mr. Hoare and his Students	11
The Mid-China Missionaries. (With Illustration)	11
Miss Gordon Cumming's "Wanderings in China"	21
A Letter from China. By Stanley P. Smith and C. T. Studd.....	32
Archdeacon Moule's "Chinese Stories for Boys and Girls." (With Illustrations)	46
Li-Min. By the Rev. A. Elwin	47
Mid-China: Eastern Lake Mission. (With Illustrations)	51
A Chinese New Year's Day. By the Rev. J. H. Horsburgh	81
Fuh-Kien Mission. Gleanings from the Rev. J. R. Wolfe's Report. (With two Illustrations)	82
Chinese Schools. By the Rev. Robert Palmer. (With Illustration)	85
The Forgotten Prayer. A Letter from Ningpo	89
Learning the Language. From the Rev. J. H. Morgan	98
Letters from the Rev. R. W. Stewart and Mr. Arthur T. Polhill-Turner.....	124

JAPAN.

A Japanese Wedding. By the Rev. A. B. Hutchinson. (With Illustration)	22
Work among the Ainos. (With Illustration).....	30
Japanese Christians at Tokio. (With Illustration).....	71
Illustrations of Japanese Credulity. By the Rev. G. H. Pole. VI.	89
Learning the Language. From the Rev. G. Chapman, Osaka	93
Work at Hakodate. Letter from the Rev. W. Andrews	93
The Osaka Girls' School. By the Rev. C. F. Warren	129, 142
A Japanese Festival. (With Illustration)	139

NEW ZEALAND.

Diocese of Waiapu. Letter from Bishop Stuart	9
A Maori Temperance Festival. (With Illustration).....	9
The Bishop of Waiapu on Visitation. (With Illustration).....	25
Temperance in New Zealand	100
The Volcanic Eruption in New Zealand. (With two Illustrations)	117
A Church Festival in New Zealand	181

NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NORTH PACIFIC.

The Eskimo Mission. Letter from the Rev. E. J. Peck	4
The Mission at Aiyansh. (With two Illustrations)	18
On the Naas River. (With Illustration).....	43
An Appeal from Aiyansh. By the Rev. J. B. McCullagh	100
Superstitions of the Hydah Indians. By the Rev. Charles Harrison	106

MISCELLANEOUS.

Te Deum. By the Rev. J. E. Sampson ... 1, 13, 25, 37, 49, 61, 73, 85, 97, 109, 121, 138	
The February Simultaneous Meetings	1
Our Three London Unions	8
A Good Example	4
Cambridge Church Missionary Women's Union	23
What becomes of the Money?	27
"F. S. M."	28
The GLEANER Examination.....	29
Frances Ridley Havergal and the C.M.S.	33
Criticisms on C.M.S. Publications	38, 44
Death of the Earl of Chichester	48
Five Veterans gone Home. (With Portrait).....	49
A Letter to C.M.S. from thirty Cambridge Men.....	56
I and My Grandmother. By the Rev. W. Allan	56
About the Society's Funds	61
Our Anniversary, 1886. (With Portraits)	67
"We see." (Extracted from Report read in Exeter Hall)	68
A C.M.S. Committee Meeting. (With Illustration)	73
A Young Naval Officer's Legacy.....	75
The Gleaners' Union for Prayer and Work	80, 95, 107, 119, 130, 148
A C.M.S. Collector, Fifty Years Ago. By F. E. E.	88
Auxiliary Funds in the Mission Field	112
Mr. Wigram's Tour	115
Some Converts of the Year. Extracts from Annual Letters	116
Letters from the Field	124
Encouragement to Parents	125
The Valedictory Dismissal	127

Letters to the Editor—

"Except a Man deny himself he cannot be My disciple." From X. Y. Z.	9
The C.M.S. Report and Cycle of Prayer. From a Reader of the Report	9
A Missionary Chant. From Rev. S. B. Sealy.....	17
A Criticism on the C.M.S. Periodicals. From an Old Friend of the Society	17
A Letter from a Sailor's Wife. (With Fac-simile)	23
"F. S. M." From A. M. F.	27
The "F. S. M." From the Rev. E. D. Stead	40
"My Morning's Letters." From an Hon. District Secretary	40
"A Working Class." From E. V. F.	40
A Promise to Pay. From A. K. P.	58
A Men's Working Party	58
A Service of Song for the C.M.S.	77
The GLEANER and the Colonial Exhibition. From C.	88
Cards for Missionary Boxes. From the Rev. E. D. Stead	92
An Annual Sale of Work. From F. M. F.	101
What a Servant can do. From the Rev. H. H. Streetan.....	117
The Society's Publications. From X. Y. Z.	117
A Suggestion. From Cordelia C. Marriott	129
A Little Child's Prayer for Missions. From H. M. M. H.	141
Mission to Lepers in India. From Wellesley C. Bailey	141
The Irish "O. S. M." From a Hearer	142
Answers to Correspondents	119
Missionary Almanack	1, 13, 25, 37, 49, 61, 73, 85, 97, 109, 121, 138
The Month	12, 24, 36, 48, 60, 72, 84, 96, 108, 120, 132, 144
Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer ... 12, 24, 36, 48, 60, 84, 108, 120, 132, 144	
Forthcoming Sales of Work	84, 96, 108, 120, 132, 144
The "Gleaner" for 1887	144

POETRY.

Service. By S. S. Hewlett	10
A Missionary Hymn: for the "F. S. M." By the Rev. W. A. Bathurst... ..	20
"Only." By F. R. Havergal	33
Speed the Message. By Canon Sanmarez Smith	34
Jesus carrying His Cross. For Passion Week. A Lyric. Translated from the Tamil of Yesudasana	47
Lines by the Rev. W. Hockin on the late Rev. H. Townsend	50
"They shall declare His glory." By G. M. P.	59
A Missionary Hymn. By the Rev. W. A. Bathurst	65
On Certain Deaths Last Year. By Archdeacon A. E. Moule	77
A Call to the Gleaners. By Sarah Geraldina Stock	95
William Oakley. For Fifty-one Years a C.M.S. Missionary in Ceylon. By Mrs. Cavalier	101
In Memoriam: H. D.	117
Missionary Hymn. By Miss A. Braithwaite	128
"One Faith." By Q.	140
The Linden Tree of Fribourg. By Ellen Stratton.....	140

INDEX OF THE MONTH.

WEST AFRICA.		Page
Miss Bisset appointed to Sierra Leone.....	12	
M.A. Degree conferred on the Rev. D. G. Williams	12	
The Special Mission at Sierra Leone	24, 86	
The Rev. F. Nevill's Work at Fourah Bay College	72	
The Bishop of Sierra Leone's Primary Charge.	108	
Rev. D. G. Williams appointed Government Chaplain of Accra	182	
Mr. Horace McC. E. Price appointed to the Fourah Bay College	144	

YORUBA.		Page
The Special Mission at Lagos	24, 86	
Spiritual Progress at Lagos	24	
The Claims of the Lagos Mission	86	
The late Rev. Henry Townsend	48	
Miss Kendall appointed to Lagos	48	
Confirmation and Ordination by the Bishop of Sierra Leone	48	
Miss E. Kruseé appointed to Lagos Female Institution.....	84	

NIGER.		Page
The New <i>Henry Venn</i> Steamer	12	
Grant of Books and Maps to Archdeacon Johnson	86	
Ordination of Rev. F. J. Williams by Bishop Crowther.....	182	

EASTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.		Page
Alarming News about Bishop Hannington.....	24	
Murder of Bishop Hannington reported	48	
"The U-Ganda Mission and Bishop Hannington"	48	
Letters from the U-Ganda Missionaries 60, 84, 108,	144	
Government Grant to C.M.S. for Rescued Slaves	72	
Departure of Dr. Pruett for East Africa	72	
News from U-Ganda, Uyui, Mpwapa, and Mamboia	72	
Awakening at Kisokwe	96	
Appointment of Bishop Hannington's Successor	108	
Death of the Rev. P. O'Flaherty	108	
Consecration of Bishop Parker	182	
Alarming News from U-Ganda	182	
Letters from Mpwapa and Mamboia	182	
More rescued Slaves at Freetown	182	
Martyrdoms in U-Ganda—Bishop Hannington's Diary	144	
Departure of Bishop Parker for Africa	144	

EGYPT.		Page
General Haig's Exploratory Expedition	108	

PALESTINE.		Page
The Rev. H. Sykes appointed to the Mission	24, 48	
Progress in the Mission Field.....	86	
The Rev. R. Elliott appointed to Gaza	48	
Ordination at Jaffa by Bishop Cheetham.....	72	

PERSIA.		Page
Death of Mrs. E. F. Hoernle of Ispahan.....	182	

NORTH INDIA.		Page
Special Mission at Dharmpur.....	24	
Development of the Gônd Mission	84	
The New Leper Church at Calcutta.....	96	
Death of Mrs. Hooper of Allahabad.....	120	
Farewell Services to Rev. H. P. Parker at Calcutta Cathedral.....	120	
Ordination of B. D. Biswas at Calcutta	120	
Narrow Escape of the Rev. G. H. Parsons from Drowning.....	182	

PUNJAB AND SINDH.		Page
Death of Mrs. W. T. St. Clair Tisdall	12	
The Lahore Diocesan Synod	24	
Death of General Reynell Taylor	48	
Death of Colonel W. J. Martin	60	
Letters from the Bishop of Lahore.....	72, 77	
Sales of Books at Lahore	84	
Religious Revival among the Chuhra	84	
Appointment of Dr. Ernest Neve to Kashmir...	108	

WESTERN INDIA.		Page
Successful Mission Work in Aurangabad	84	

SOUTH INDIA.		Page
Mr. E. Keyworth appointed to Palamcottah.....	12	
The Revs. J. Caley and K. Koshi appointed Archdeacons	12	
Ordinations at Madras and Palamcottah	12	
Special Mission at Trichur	12	
Deaths of three Tinnevely Native Clergy	72	
Progress of Mission Work in Madras	72	
Appointment of the Rev. C. W. A. Clarke to Masulipatam	84	
Death of the Rev. D. Viravagu	84	
Progress of the Hill Arrian Mission	84	
Another Special Mission at Trichur	112	
The C. M. College at Cottayam	120	
Death of the Rev. Manchala Ratnam	144	

CEYLON.		Page
The Rev. E. N. Hodges appointed Principal of Trinity College, Kandy	48	
Death of the Rev. W. Oakley	108	

CHINA.		Page
Liberal Offer of the Mid-China Missionaries ...	84	
What are they among so many?	125	

MAURITIUS.		Page
C.M.S. Work in the Mauritius—Baptisms	84	

JAPAN.		Page
Consecration of Bishop E. Bickersteth.....	86	
Baptisms in the Mission	84	

NEW ZEALAND.		Page
Ordination by the Bishop of Auckland	72	
Mr. Froude's <i>Oceana</i>	96	
Earthquakes in New Zealand.....	108	

NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NORTH PACIFIC.		Page
---------------------------------------	--	------

The Rev. J. Field appointed to the North Pacific	24, 48
Death of the Rev. V. O. Sim	24
The Indian Rebellion—Resolution of the "North-West Council"	86
C.M.S. Deputation to Metlakatla.....	86, 84, 96
Departure of Bishop Young for Athabasca	60
Departure of Archdeacon Vincent for Hudson's Bay	72
Advice of the Rev. J. W. Tims to Christian Farmers	75
Mr. J. Badger ordained Deacon.....	84
Mr. M. Scott ordained by Bishop of Athabasca	84
A Presbyterian Missionary on C.M.S. Men.....	105
A New Church at Aiyanah	122
Death of the Bishop of Saskatchewan	144

HOME.	
Miss Stock's "Ballad for English Boys".....	11
New Year's Wish	12
New Missionaries in 1885	12
The C.M.S. Publications	12, 24, 120
The February Simultaneous Meetings... ..	12, 24, 36, 48, 96, 144
Special Service on the Day of Intercession.....	12
The Missionary Movement in Trinity College, Dublin	12, 86
Appointment of the Rev. J. I. Jones to Reading	12
The C.M.S. Telegraphic Address	12
The C.M. Children's Home	14, 48, 60, 72, 108
The GLEANER Prize Competition	28
The C.M.S. Anniversary	24, 48, 60, 72
The C.M.S. Epiphany Service	24
Deaths of the Bishop of Armagh and Dean of Chester	24
Gift of "Monthly Notes" of Bible and Prayer Union to C.M.S.	24
Deaths of Mr. Joseph Hoare, Colonel Hughes, and Mr. Charles Pelly	86

HOME (continued).		Page
The Three London Unions	36, 60, 71, 96, 182	
The Cambridge Ladies' Union		36
The Medical Prayer Union		36
A Cripple's Missionary Box		40
Fifty-three Offers for C.M.S. Service		48
Sir Charles Douglas Fox.....		48
The Civil Service Prayer Union		48
"Missionary Mission" at Kendal		48
Captain the Hon. F. Maude appointed President of C.M.S.....		60
Funeral of the Earl of Chichester		60
The Society's Finances.....		60
The Letter from Thirty Cambridge Men.....		60
Death of the Rev. W. Hockin		60
Deaths of Lord W. Russell, Archbishop Trench, and the Rev. J. C. Raw		60
Ordination of Three Islington Students		60
A Subscriber of 70 Years' Standing !		71
Weekly Thursday Prayer Meeting at Bath ..		71
The C.M.S. Thursday Prayer Meeting	71, 96	
New Vice-Presidents of the Society		72
New Honorary Life Governors		72
The Rev. F. V. Knox appointed Director of the C.M. Children's Home		72
Death of the Rev. G. C. Hodgson.....		72
The New Archdeacon of Connor		72
Four Fields for Extension		72
Notices of Sales of Work	72, 96, 108, 182	
Reading Unions.....		82
The Gleaners' Union.....		84
Deaths of Canon Bardaley and Mr. B. B. Seeley		84
Mr. Horace McC. E. Price accepted for C.M.S. Work		84
Islington College C.M.S. Students	84, 96	
Return of Missionaries to England		84
The Rev. F. E. Wigram's intended Visit to the C.M.S. Missions	96, 182	
Death of the Rev. G. T. Fox		96
Archdeacon Moule's Son (Mr. W. S. Moule, B.A.) accepted for C.M.S. Service		96
Reception of Friends from the Mission Fields..		96
Mr. Sydney Gedge in Parliament		96
The Picture of the C.M.S. Committee Room ...		96
Death of Prebendary Daniel Wilson.....	96, 101	
Death of the Rev. W. M. Mungam.....		108
Annual Prize Day at the Children's Home.....		108
Escape of the C.M.S. House from Fire.....		108
The Rev. J. A. Harris and Mr. V. Ardagh accepted for C.M.S. Work		108
The Valedictory Dismissal of Missionaries.....	108, 120, 182	
Miss Gordon Cumming's Article "The Working of the Leaven"		112
Mrs. Hodgson's Missionary Reading Union ..		116
The Islington Men of the Year.....		120
Deaths of Sir William Hill and the Rev. Robert Hunt		120
The Magic Lantern Season, 1886-87.....		120
Testimony of Sir R. Thompson.....		128
A C.M.S. Reading Society		129
The C.M.S. in the Hop Garden.....		129
The Day of Intercession		132
Appointment of the Rev. F. F. Goe to the Bishopric of Melbourne		182
The Rev. J. A. Robinson accepted for C.M.S. Work		182
The C.E.Z.M.S. Valedictory Dismissal of Lady Missionaries		182
The Indian Female Instruction Society		182
An Old Friend on doubling Subscriptions to C.M.S.		182
Death of Captain Maude.....		144
Sir T. F. Buxton appointed Treasurer of C.M.S.		144
Mr. Wigram's movements		144
Simultaneous Missionary Meetings in Ireland..		144
The Day of Intercession		144
Acceptance of Mr. John Neale and the Rev. Charles Hope Gill for C.M.S. work		144
Deaths of the Revs. H. Barne and H. Smith ...		144

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

JANUARY, 1886.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

(The Texts are chosen to illustrate the "Te Deum.")

N. M. 5th 7.43 a.m.
F. Qr. 18th ... 0.24 p.m.

January.

F. M. 20th ... 7.44 a.m.
L. Qr. 27th ... 1.31 a.m.

		WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD, WE ACKNOWLEDGE THEE TO BE THE LORD. ALL THE EARTH DOETH WORSHIP THEE, THE FATHER EVERLASTING.	
1	F	Ps. 50. 23. Circumcision. Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me. <i>Sarah</i>	[<i>Tucker Inst. op.</i> , 1868.]
2	S	Heb. 13. 15. Let us offer the sacrifice of praise continually. <i>1st two Miss.</i>	[<i>sent to Africa</i> , 1804.]
3	S	Isa. 44. 23. 2nd Sun. aft. Christmas. Isa. 42. Matt. 2. E. Isa. 43. or 44.	
4	M	Ps. 104. 35. Praise ye the Lord. (<i>Hallelujah</i> !) [Acts 2. 1—22.]	
5	T	Ps. 107. 8. Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness.	
6	W	Dan. 4. 37. Epiphany. I praise and extol and honour the King of heaven.	[<i>Visit of Pr. of Wales to Benares</i> , '76. <i>Bp. Jackson d.</i> '85.]
7	T	Ps. 9. 1. I will praise Thee with my whole heart.	
8	F	Ps. 150. 1. Praise God in His sanctuary.	
9	S	Isa. 42. 8. Neither My praise to graven images. <i>Punjab C.M. Ass.</i>	[<i>established</i> , 1869, <i>Sir H. Lawrence presiding</i> .]
10	S	Isa. 54. 8. 1st aft. Epiph. Isa. 51. Matt. 6. 1—19. E. Isa. 52. 13, and	
11	M	Neh. 9. 6. Thou, even Thou, art Lord alone. [53. or 54. Acts 6.	
12	T	Prov. 8. 6. In all thy ways acknowledge Him.	
13	W	1 Sam. 2. 8. The pillars of the earth are the Lord's. <i>H. Venn died</i> , 1873.	
14	T	Isa. 33. 22. The Lord is our Lawgiver. [<i>Arrian bapt.</i> , 1852.]	
15	F	Isa. 26. 13. Other lords besides Thee have had dominion over us. <i>1st</i>	
16	S	Ps. 96. 10. Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth.	[Acts 10. 1—24.]
17	S	Isa. 61. 11. 2nd aft. Epiph. Isa. 55. Matt. 10. 1—24. E. Isa. 57. or 61.	
18	M	Ps. 66. 4. All the earth shall worship Thee. <i>Townsend's 1st visit to</i>	
19	T	Ps. 97. 7. Worship Him, all ye gods. [<i>Badagry</i> , 1843.]	
20	W	1 Ch. 16. 29. Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.	
21	T	Ps. 99. 9. Worship at His holy hill. [<i>Japan Mission begun</i> , 1869.]	
22	F	Zeph. 2. 11. Men shall worship Him...even all the isles of the heathen.	
23	S	Mal. 1. 11. In every place incense shall be offered unto My Name. <i>W.</i>	[<i>Oakley sailed for Ceylon</i> , 1835.]
24	S	Isa. 65. 1. 3rd aft. Epiph. Isa. 62. Matt. 13. 53. to 14. 13. E. Isa. 65. or 66.	
25	M	John 4. 22. Conv. St. Paul. We know what we worship. [Acts 15. 1—30.]	
26	T	John 4. 23. The true worshippers shall worship the Father.	
27	W	John 4. 24. They that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth.	
28	T	John 4. 23. The Father seeketh such to worship Him. [<i>reached</i> , 1877.]	
29	F	Isa. 63. 16. Thou art our Father, Thy Name is from everlasting. <i>Nyanza</i>	
30	S	Phil. 4. 20. Unto God our Father be glory for ever and ever. <i>J. Devasa-</i>	[<i>gayam died</i> , 1864.]
31	S	Job. 28. 23. 4th aft. Epiph. Job 27. Matt. 17. 14. E. Job 28. or 29. Acts	[18. 24. to 19. 21. <i>Islington College opened</i> , 1825.]

TE DEUM.

[These papers will accompany, month by month, the selection of texts in the Missionary Almanack above, which illustrate the successive verses of the *Te Deum*.]

I.



OUR first thought is one of thankfulness. We call our noble, our familiar song, *Te Deum*. The words are Latin—*Te Deum laudamus*, "We praise Thee, O God." It reminds us of the days of darkness, when throughout our land, in all our churches, as now in popish countries, our prayers and praises were said in a language "not understood of the people." Let us thank God for our English Prayer-book, and let us be careful that we do not hide our worship in these days beneath a veil of beautiful sounds, pleasing to the ear, helpful to natural, but injurious to spiritual worship.

Our church-song is distinctly a song of praise. Not of pious sentiment merely, like too many of our modern hymns, but of praise to God. Not leading us to dwell upon our happiness, but to think of His greatness and His mercy.

As missionary workers we have much to praise Him for. Four score years of labour and prayer have not been in vain. With no miracles to help us, with no great and attractive host of missionaries, we have gone forth, and already the fruit everywhere appears. We have been few and feeble. We have done what the world at the beginning of the century pronounced a

"foolish" service. But it has prospered. It has silenced opposing voices. Clearly it has not been of man. It has been of God. "We praise Thee, O God."

Has our service been to please ourselves? to gratify our ambition? I doubt not there has often been much of self mingling with our purest works. Yet notwithstanding this, we have gone forth, O Lord, at Thy command. Art not Thou our Lord? Have not we and our fathers striven to obey Thee? We had not dared to go, if Thou hadst not sent us. We heard Thy voice, "Go ye, and preach the Gospel." We obeyed. We will still obey. "We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

Yea, Lord Jesus, Thou art "Lord of all." Thou hast died; and now Thou art risen. Thou art seated at the right hand of God. All power is Thine. And Thou art with Thy missionary servants, according to Thy Word, even unto the end of the age. The good that is done, Thou doest it. "We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

"All the earth doth worship Thee." But is it so? Do all nations acknowledge Thy Lordship, bow beneath Thy sceptre, call Thee "Abba, Father"? I look around. I see sin and misery on every side. I hear Thy great "creation" "groan." What a cry of agony from this sin-stricken world goes up into Thine ear, O Father Almighty! And yet where is the land in which the *Te Deum* is not sung? Wherever the favoured Church of our fathers has gone forth, "militant here upon earth," in words in which Thy servants here praise Thee, "All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting."

But does this thought, for which we praise Thee, reach the height of our song? Is this little elect remnant, gathered out of all nations, a sheaf of the firstfruits out of the great world-field—is this the fulness of our aspiration? Nay, the words of our *Te Deum* look onward. They are prophetic. They tell of a future day of triumph, when we shall no more have to say to the heathen, "Know the Lord," but when "all shall know Thee, from the least to the greatest."

This is our hope. We praise Thee, O God, before it comes to pass; we anticipate the day of glory. In the turning of idol-worshippers in all lands to worship only Thee, we hear already the shout of victory. "All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father Almighty."

J. E. SAMPSON.

THE FEBRUARY SIMULTANEOUS MEETINGS.



IT is proposed by the Committee of the Church Missionary Society to hold central meetings simultaneously in at least one hundred cities and towns of England in the second week of February, 1886, for the purpose of setting forth the claims of the Heathen and Mohammedan World upon the Church of Christ.

Why are these meetings to be held?

I. Because the evangelisation of the world is the great primary work of the Church of Christ—its first and foremost and central duty. Not the conversion of the world. That is God's part, not man's. But the proclamation to all nations of God's message to mankind. This great commission is *the one great duty* laid upon the Church in her Lord's farewell words. We have it in St. Matthew, in St. Mark, in St. Luke, in St. John, in the Acts; and, of instructions to the whole Church, we have *nothing else*.

II. Because this is not realised. Foreign Missions are too commonly regarded, even by those who support them, as one of a hundred "charities," for which "charity sermons" may once a year be legitimately preached, and to which an annual guinea may legitimately be subscribed.

It is a marvellous thing, that during so many centuries the Church scarcely did anything to fulfil its great commission. Christ's servants were not without love and loyalty. They did glorify Him in their lives, and sometimes by their deaths. They defended His truth; they cared for His poor; they gathered for His worship. But the one grand purpose of their existence as the living spiritual Church, that they should be witnesses unto Him "unto the uttermost part of the earth," that they should "preach the Gospel to every creature"—this they failed to fulfil; it scarcely occurred to them that they had to fulfil it. At last some few members of it awoke. They stirred up others. The Evangelisation of the World was undertaken. Yet how feebly! And all this while, the Lord, whose promised Advent they professed to look and long for, was tarrying, because the work was not done that must be done before His return. In Eternity will any feature of the Past be more startling than this?

III. Because the increased Christian activity of the day needs to be directed into a Missionary channel. Never before were Home Mission agencies so numerous, so well supported, so vigorously worked. Never before were so many devoted servants of Christ, of both sexes, and of all ages and ranks and degrees of influence and talent, zealously labouring for both the material and the spiritual good of the people. Why should they not be working for the cause which Christ puts first?

What is wanted is, not merely that a few here and there should go out as missionaries, but that Christian people generally should be brought to realise two things:—*first*, that the *Evangelisation of the World is a matter that concerns them all*, and in which they are bound by every consideration of loyalty to their King and Lord to take a part; and, *secondly*, that they can take an important part without either going forth into the field themselves or subscribing large sums to the funds. There is a great deal to be done which they only can do: the study of Missions with a view to deeper interest in them, greater readiness in conversation about them, and more frequent prayer in their behalf; and the working of all sorts of plans for diffusing information and for collecting funds. In short, we want *Home Workers for Foreign Missions*.

IV. Because the Call from the Mission Field itself is louder and more urgent than ever. To the C.M.S. fields one hundred additional missionaries ought to be sent forth at once. And if all the additional work is to be supported which their going out would set on foot, Mission chapels, schools, medical Missions, Native evangelists, &c., &c., an increased income would be required of at least £50,000 a year.

The February Simultaneous Meetings are designed to set forth

these four considerations. If God in His goodness is pleased to accept and bless the effort, the result may be a decisive step forward, a real advance in the public mind regarding the claims of the Heathen and Mohammedan world upon the Church of Christ.

ARCHDEACON HENRY JOHNSON.



His name and face of Archdeacon Henry Johnson are so familiar to friends all over the country, that any formal introduction of him here would be superfluous. He has been seen and heard in pulpit and on platform in behalf of the Society on numerous occasions. Those who have seen him will agree that the portrait on this page is a striking one, and does credit to the artist's skill.

We gave some account of the Archdeacon's history in the

GLEANER of May, 1881. But mention must be made of an event which took place on November 12th last, when the University of Cambridge conferred upon him the degree of M.A. The ceremony took place in the Senate House, in the presence of a large number of undergraduates and leading men of the University, and numerous friends of those who were to be the recipients of various degrees. After these had been conferred, and the public orator, the Rev. J. E. Sandys, had made a speech in Latin, he, taking Archdeacon Johnson by the right hand, led him up to the Vice-Chancellor, the Rev. Dr. Ferrers, Master of Gonville and Caius College, who, in his robes of scarlet with ermine cape, was seated at the upper end of the hall. The Vice-Chancellor received him standing, and conferred on him the degree, and the Archdeacon retired amid applause. In



THE VENERABLE HENRY JOHNSON, M.A.,
Archdeacon of the Upper Niger.

the afternoon he was entertained by the Vice-Chancellor and the Fellows of Caius College at a conversazione, and in the evening at dinner by the Master and Fellows of Corpus Christi College.

The Archdeacon was to sail for Africa on December 24th. Before proceeding to the Niger, he is to take part in the "Special Mission," to be conducted at Sierra Leone in January by the Revs. S. W. Darwin Fox and F. W. Dodd. All who know him will follow him with their prayers, that he may be preserved and made of increasing use in the service of his Master.

WE desire to call attention to a new book, by Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, entitled *Wanderings in China*, just published by Messrs. Blackwood. Like all Miss Gordon Cumming's books it is replete with interesting descriptions of country and people, and graphic narratives of her own adventures. Her testimony to the value of Missions in China and her description of C.M.S. work which she herself saw in Fuh-Kien, Che-Kiang, &c., are important. We hope many readers of the *GLEANER* will get this book, either by purchasing it, or through a library.

"THE REGIONS BEYOND."

I.—THE KHASIAS OF ASSAM.



UR title, under which we propose to give occasional chapters in the GLEANER for 1886, needs a word of explanation.

For the most part our articles and engravings are explanatory and illustrative of the particular parts of the Mission field in which the C.M.S. is at work. In this series, our intention is to give illustrations and short articles on some of the races not immediately within the range of the Society's efforts. We do not mean, necessarily, heathen tribes not yet brought within the sound of the Gospel, although these may be included, but those tribes in the countries where the Society is already labouring, but who inhabit the "regions beyond" the boundaries of its Missions.

Of such as these are the Khasias, a tribe inhabiting the Khasia hills of Southern Assam on the north-eastern frontier of Bengal. They are Tibetans, though they themselves claim Rajput descent, and like to be thought Hindus. They form a strong contrast to the more western hill tribes of Bengal. The physical characteristics, for instance, of the Santals are of the so-called Negroid type, while those of the Khasias are distinctly Mongolian, the skin fair, and the hair straight and black. They are short of stature, but of strong muscular development, and are capable of almost any exertion in following the chase, in tilling the soil, or in their primitive handicrafts. Like the Gonds [see GLEANER, October, 1885], they live quite apart from the natives of the plains, and have retained their ancestral habits. Like the Gonds, too, they are naturally truthful, and are appreciative of a fair and honest policy in those they have dealings with. Some of their chiefs are handsome and dignified, but the common people are less so, owing to a habit of chewing a mixture which acts as a stimulant, but enlarges the lips and deforms the mouth. Their dress, as our picture shows, is not much trouble to them.

Their religion is obscure. They have neither temples nor images of their gods, though, like most of the Indian race, they believe in the transmigration of souls. They show more disposition to conciliate evil spirits than good ones; but it is a question whether they care much for either.

A Mission to the Khasias and neighbouring aboriginal tribes was begun in 1841 by the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists in the hilly districts of Sylhet, just on the southern border of the Assam country. In 1884 they had 66 stations, 3,300 Christian adherents, 110 schools, and 2,866 scholars. Previously to the founding of this Mission the language of the Khasia mountaineers was unwritten. The Welsh Methodists have, however, reduced it to writing, have compiled a grammar and a dictionary, and have given the Natives several books in their own language.



KHASIAS OF THE KHASIA HILLS, SOUTHERN ASSAM.

OUR THREE LONDON UNIONS.



N the GLEANER of October last, we gave a short account of the three Unions which have been formed in London for uniting, in common prayer and effort, different classes of the Society's members and workers, viz., the "C.M.S. Lay Workers' Union for London," the "Ladies' Church Missionary Union for London," and the "C.M.S. Union of Younger Clergy for London and its Neighbourhood." Our readers will like to know what these Unions have since been doing.

I. The LAY WORKERS' UNION has often been mentioned in the GLEANER during the last two years, and its meetings noticed. Its activity, however, has greatly increased of late. Since October 1st, it has held no less than thirteen meetings at the C.M. House. At the Annual Meeting, on October 5th, Mr. H. Morris, the Chairman, presided; the report was read by Mr. T. Hughes, one of the Hon. Secs.; and farewell addresses were given by one of the members just leaving for the Mission field, the Rev. T. Walker and Dr. S. W. Sutton. On November

2nd, Mr. R. N. Cust gave a lecture on "An Indian Civilian's View of Indian Missions." On November 30th, St. Andrew's Day, an Intercession Meeting was held, at which fifty-five members were present. On December 15th, . . . —but we go to press too early to report this.

Besides these gatherings, which have been largely attended (by from 70 to 100 young men), there have been three classes each month for systematic missionary instruction, at which three courses of three lectures each have been given, on Japan, the Punjab, and N. W. America. In each course, one lecture has been given by the Editorial Secretary, on the country, people, and past history; a second by the Corresponding Secretary for that Mission (Mr. Gray for the Punjab, Mr. Fenn for the two others), on the Society's existing work in the particular field; and a third by a missionary, or eye-witness, from the field itself, Rev. Dr. Syle on Japan, Rev. D. Brodie on the Punjab, and the Bishop of Athabasca (Dr. Young) on N. W. America. From thirty to forty members have attended these classes, many of them with notebook in hand.

But the members are not "taking in" only; they are also "giving out." Their work in Sunday Schools and Juvenile Associations is multiplying, particularly the Half-Yearly Simultaneous Addresses to Sunday-Scholars in Islington, Paddington, and South London. Nearly seventy addresses were given on two Sundays, November 22nd and 29th, mostly by members of the Union. Members also are already being asked to attend meetings out of London, and thus a band of voluntary lay speakers for the missionary cause is being gradually raised up.

An interesting development of the Lay Workers' Union is to be found at St. James's, Holloway, the Rev. E. A. Stuart's parish. A number of the members who belong to that parish have formed themselves into a little private society of their own for mutual missionary instruction and united prayer. It was started by Mr. Walker, who has just gone out to Tinnevely, and who was curate at St. James's; and the members call themselves "*The Mpwapwas*." Their rules provide that "only those having an interest in Missionary work" shall be "accepted as members," and that each member is "bound to give a missionary address before the Mpwapwas when called upon by the Secretary." They meet every fortnight, and many of them also attend the Union meetings in Salisbury Square.

II. The LADIES' UNION is now fully formed, and gradually getting into complete working order. There are already 444 members. The regular meetings are held monthly. Those in October and November brought overflowing numbers to Salisbury Square, nearly 200 ladies each time. At the first, the Rev. H. P. Parker, of Calcutta, gave an address; and at the second, Mr. Wigram spoke on "Our Men." The Committee, consisting of picked lady friends and workers, are actively engaged in mapping out London into districts, for each of which there is to be a Lady Secretary. As this organisation progresses, we hope to have much to say about the practical work done by the Ladies' Union.

The UNION of YOUNGER CLERGY has also begun regular meetings. There are already more than eighty members (all in or near London of course), and about fifty of these were present at each of the first two gatherings. On October 26th, the President, the Rev. T. W. Drury, Principal of the C.M. College, gave an opening address, and the Rev. Dr. Syle, from Japan, also spoke. On November 16th, the Bishop of Athabasca and the Rev. H. W. Webb Peplow gave addresses.

A good room on the ground floor of the new wing of the C.M. House has been set apart as an office and committee-room for the three Unions, and as a reading-room for the Lay Union and the Clergy Union. The meetings are of course held in the large new Committee-room. We believe great good will come of thus drawing our friends to the C.M. House itself. In past years it has been too much of a mere great office. Now, through these Unions, and still more through the Thursday Prayer-Meeting, it is becoming a familiar resort. God grant that its atmosphere may always be one of happy and whole-hearted service in the cause of our Blessed Master!

A Good Example.

THE parish of Shirley, Derbyshire, sets a good example of earnest effort on behalf of the missionary cause. This small parish, consisting of only about *forty-five* families, *all working people*, sent up to the Society last year the sum of £22, being an average of nearly 10s. a family, and this at a time of great agricultural depression. If a parish of this kind (supporting as it also generously does the Bible Society, and the Colonial and Continental and Jews' Societies, besides providing for parochial and educational requirements) can send up a sum which amounts to such a proportion as this, what ought we to expect from parishes of *twenty times* the number of families, and containing many wealthy people!

THE ESKIMO MISSION.

Letter from the Rev. E. J. Peck.



WE have received the following letter from the Rev. E. J. Peck, C.M.S. missionary to the Eskimo, whom many of our readers will remember having seen and heard during his visit to England in the early months of last year. They will, we are sure, sympathise with him in his disappointment at being detained at Moose Factory for some months:—

MOOSE FACTORY, September 25th, 1885.

Many of the readers of the GLEANER having very kindly helped me in collecting funds for the purchase of the steam launch required for my Mission, I now desire to return my most hearty thanks to them, and to give some information which may be of interest.

The annual vessel from England arrived on the 4th of this month, which, as usual, was an event that caused not a little joy and excitement. I was so glad to hear that the various parts of the steam launch were on board; these have been landed, and are now safely housed for the winter. I shall (D.V.) put the vessel together next year [1886], and hope, as time goes on, to send good accounts of my little steamer's performances.

Mrs. Peck and myself arrived at Moose on the 4th of July, the journey from England, *via* Quebec, having taken altogether six weeks. The most exciting part of the journey was the last 500 miles. This we accomplished in a canoe, with six Indians as the crew. We passed through many foaming, boisterous rapids, but my brave wife was not at all afraid, and after a time seemed quite to enjoy this novel mode of transit. After arrival at Moose I took passage in a small vessel, and went on to see my poor people. They gave me a most hearty welcome, and seemed so glad to see me back again safe and sound. Many of them had been really concerned for my safety, as they had heard nothing of my arrival in England after the long and dangerous journey to Ungava Bay. As regards the work, I am very glad to say that two of the Native teachers have done what they could to teach their fellow-countrymen during my absence, and although the good work has been somewhat retarded by the illness of one of my helpers, still we have no cause to be discouraged.

After remaining some time with the people, I returned to Moose, hoping to take Mrs. Peck back with me to Fort George; but this, at present, is not to be, as she is unwell, and the medical man here has ordered her to remain at Moose for the winter. But next March (D.V.) I go forward again to see my poor Eskimos, and shall have a journey of 600 miles over the frozen waste. God will, I am sure, give me the needful strength for this long journey. The fact of our not being able to go forward at once is a bitter trial to us both. My dear wife feels it so very much, as she is just entering on her new life in the Mission field, and was looking forward to being such a help both to myself and the work. However, as God's dear children, we should not for a moment repine. We ought to trust God in dark days as well as bright.

Again returning my readers many hearty thanks, and asking their prayers for myself and my wife in our far-off home,—I am, &c.,

EDMUND J. PECK.

LIBERAL GIFTS OF AFRICAN CHRISTIANS.

Letter from Archdeacon D. C. Crowther.

TUWON, BRASS, September 25th, 1885.



DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—You may have read my letter on the new iron church erected at Nembe in the C.M. *Intelligencer* for March this year,* thanking the English donors for the help they gave me towards my share of the work, viz., the freight out of the church. The church itself was subscribed for by the Native congregation at a cost of £900. It was dedicated by the Bishop on the 5th October, 1884, in the presence of a congregation numbering 1,202, and had the name of St. Luke's given to it, after St. Luke's, Ramsgate.

Since the opening of that church, the congregation of St. Barnabas' at this station have been very anxious about building their own new church in place of the dilapidated one of wood now in use, which has been twice enlarged. This new church is estimated to cost £819 ready to be delivered for shipment. This sum the congregation is struggling to make up, and I believe will have made up by the time this reaches you, solely by their own subscriptions. They are taking very kindly to the system of *self-help*, with a view of *self-support* in future, giving willingly, and I may add joyfully towards God's cause, from the very fact that there are over a dozen names in the list, consisting of men, women, and children, who, after giving a certain sum promised, have come again with

* Paragraphs on the opening of the church and the gifts of the Native congregation appeared also in the GLEANER for January and August, 1885.

additional sums, saying, "I feel I can give more than I had given, and so have brought this." One man, when giving his additional sum, said, "My mind will give me rest now that I have done what I ought to do." One woman said, "I had promised and given two pieces of cloth = 8s. God has since blessed me, I bring 4s. more; should He bless me further, you will see me again." Another woman brought as "Thank-offering" towards the new church 4s., saying thus: "I am not a native of this country, but I thank God for bringing me here as a slave to hear of Jesus—for this, 2s.; I have no child of my own, but I have been chosen godmother for many children at their baptism; these I look upon as my own children, given me by God to bring up in a right and Christian way till they grow up—for this comfort, 2s.;" and she added, "Do not mention my name; it is for God's cause."

An influential and well-to-do chief, member of the church, gave towards the new church £240, and when there was a difficulty to make up the balance of the amount required, asked what the sum was. In a most quiet and unassuming way he brought another £240, saying, "When our Master, Jesus, calls, no one should withhold." A late chief, of the same standing as the above, was another earnest and consistent member of the church. He died five years ago. His household voted to his memory, towards the new church, £120. The middle-class people also have given most cheerfully out of their means. But I must not forget a little girl (for there was the children's list) who, as I was told by the parents, was so dull and sorrowful till she got a sixpence to put towards the new church. I watched this, my dear little friend, when reading out the names of paid subscribers one Sunday, and it was really delightful to see the joy beaming over her face when she heard her name called with "sixpence paid." She is an instance of nearly the whole of these little subscribers.

Thus God is helping our feeble efforts, and we pray that these outward signs may be indications of true inward renewals of hearts by the Holy Spirit. There is yet much to contend with and to put down, but we are not without hopes that there are among the many professors some true children of God.

DANDESON C. CROWTHER.

P.S.—The household of the late chief, to whose memory £120 was given, have brought an additional sum towards the balance required for the new church, viz., "£80 as thank-offering for God's mercies in overruling a heavy trial that befell the house after the chief's death."

D. C. C.

MOUNT KILIMA-NJARO.



URING the first four or five years after the establishment of the C.M.S. in East Africa, several journeys were made into the interior by Dr. Krapf and the Rev. J. Rebmann. It was on one of these, taken by the latter, that the marvellous discovery was made of the existence of a snow-crowned mountain within a little more than 200 miles of the Equator. Mr. Rebmann had had several days of perilous travel, and on the morning of May 11th, 1848, after a night spent under thorn bushes, in the midst of a great wilderness full of wild beasts, he "lifted up his eyes in the clear light," as he tells us, and for the first time saw the great mountain Kilima-Njaro, with its summit clothed in eternal snow. The feelings with which he viewed the phenomenon are thus described by him in his journal of that date:—

"At about ten o'clock I observed something white on the top of a high mountain, and first supposed that it was a very white cloud, in which supposition my guide also confirmed me. But having gone a few paces more, I could not rest satisfied with that explanation, and while I was asking my guide a second time whether that white thing could indeed be a cloud, the most delightful recognition took place in my mind of an old well-known European guest called *snow*. All the strange stories we had so often heard about the gold and silver mountain, Kilumand-jaro, in Jagga, supposed to be inaccessible on account of evil spirits, which had killed a great many of those who had attempted to ascend it, were now rendered intelligible to me, as of course the extreme cold, to which the poor natives are perfect strangers, would soon chill and kill the half-naked visitors."

When this discovery was made known to the world, doubts were expressed as to the accuracy of Mr. Rebmann's testimony, and the existence of the snow-mountain altogether discredited. "Perpetual snow beneath the torrid rays of an African sun? Impossible!" said many, and proceeded to attempt to refute what they could not understand. But subsequent visits into the Chagga country during the years 1848—49, in which Mr. Rebmann actually ascended the lower slopes of the mountain, placed

his discovery among the acknowledged, though wonderful, facts of geographical science.

In the years 1860—61, Baron Von der Decken, the Hanoverian traveller, twice visited this part of Africa. On the second occasion he ascended the mountain to a height of nearly 14,000 feet, but was driven back by a pitiless storm. He made the ascent from Moschi, at the southern base of the mountain, and this is the first time we hear of Mandara, one of the kings of Chagga.

A few years later another attempt to ascend the mountain was made by the Rev. Charles New, of the United Methodist Free Church Mission, with more success, and he reached the limit of perpetual snow. He also made Mandara's capital his starting point.

In 1883, Mr. Joseph Thomson, of the Royal Geographical Society, whose interesting book "Through Masai Land" may be familiar to many, travelled from Mombasa to the North-East shores of the Victoria Nyanza. His course lay through the land of the Masai, one of the hostile nomadic tribes of the plateau behind the great snowy mountain. He was, however, detained in Mandara's country, and visited his court, though he did not attempt the ascent of Kilima-Njaro.

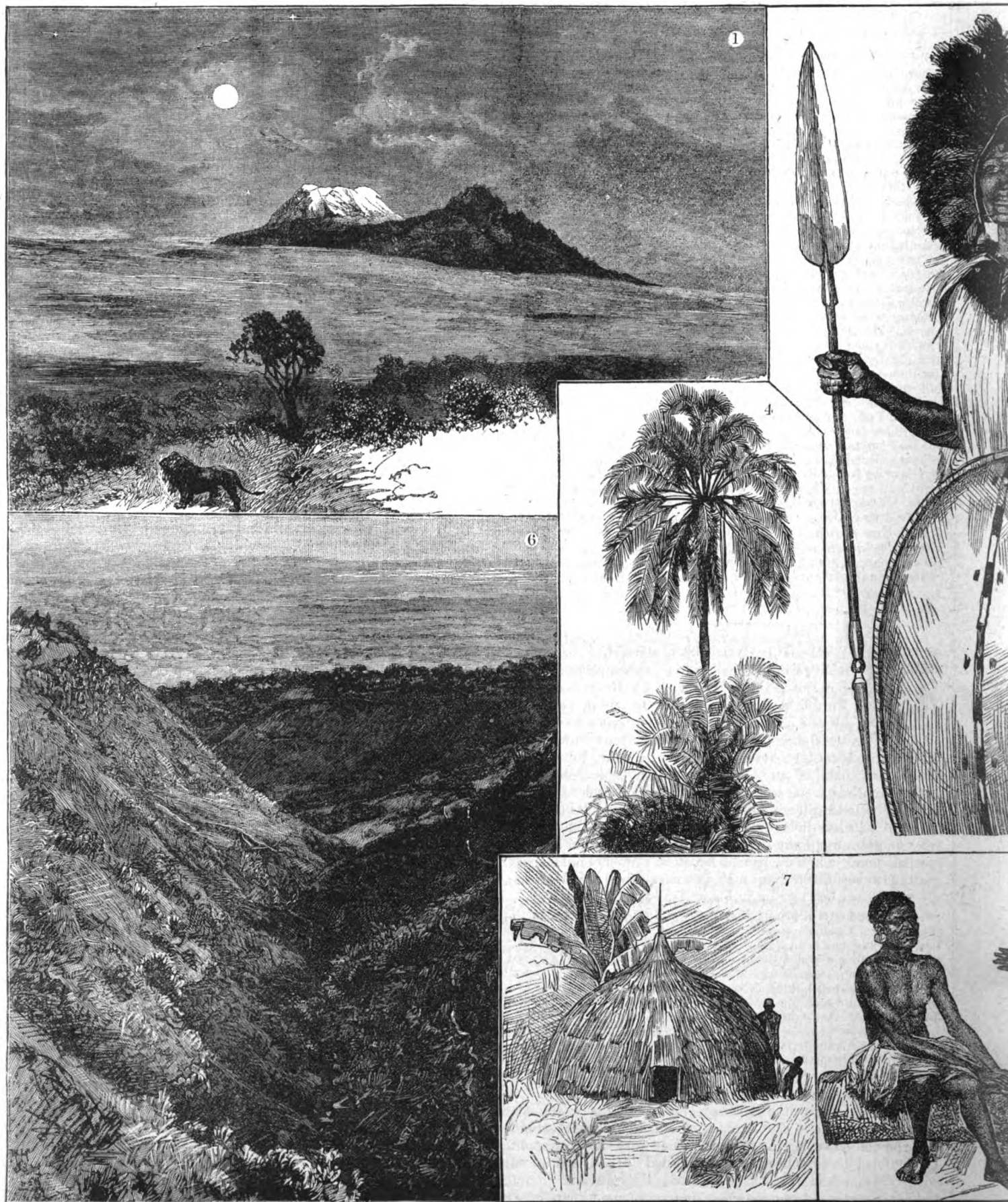
Not long afterwards, Mr. H. H. Johnston, who was likewise sent out by the Royal Geographical Society, spent a considerable time at Tiveta, in the country of Mandara, and on the slopes of Kilima-Njaro. His expedition was entirely scientific. He made several valiant attempts to ascend to the summit of Kibo, the highest peak of this magnificent mountain, and succeeded in entering the snow-line and reaching the altitude of 16,915 feet above the sea, or within 2,000 feet of the top.

As far back as 1871, Mandara, who is ruler of Moschi, and was described by Mr. New as having a wonderful taste for civilisation and a desire for learning, expressed a wish to have Christian teachers sent to him and his people, and in 1878, the late Rev. J. A. Lamb, then in charge of the East Africa Mission, received an earnest invitation from Mandara to establish a Mission in his country. The C.M.S. had long desired to advance into the interior from Mombasa; but nothing was done until 1883, when a Mission was started in the Teita country, half-way between Mombasa and Kilima-Njaro. In 1884, however, the Society determined to advance into the Chagga country; and Bishop Hannington, in company with Mr. Wray of the Teita Mission, and Mr. Handford, of Frere Town, visited the country in the spring of last year. The Bishop thus refers to the first glimpse he and his party had of the great mountain:—

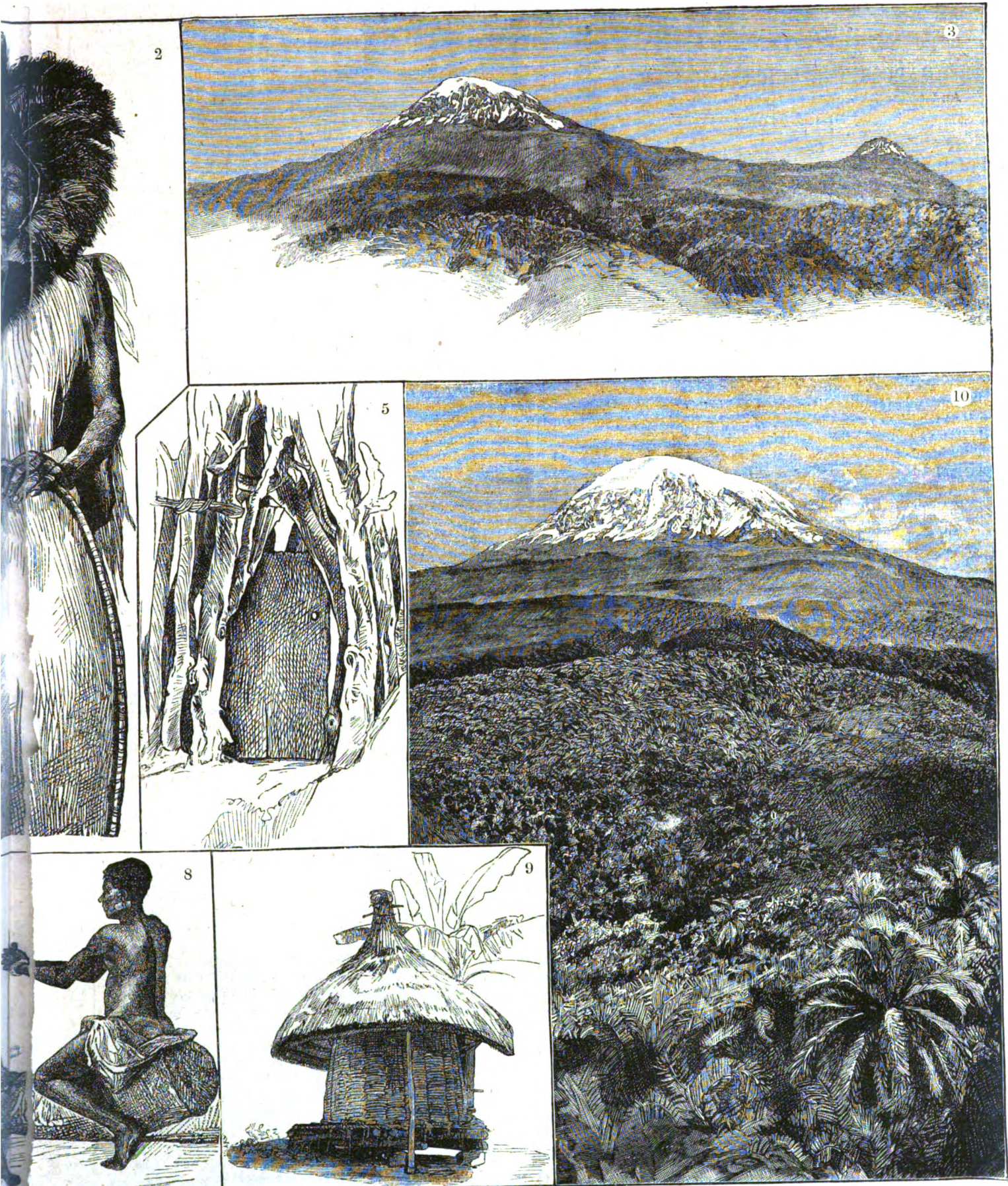
"After a short climb we rounded the headland, and there, before one's astonished gaze, was Kilima-Njaro standing in all its glory, radiant with the rays of the rising sun. The sight was so surpassingly beautiful that it called forth long and loud exclamations from the stolid Africans around us. For them to exclaim, or even for an African to take note of any natural scene, however grand, is something quite out of the common, but here white and black were alike in ecstasies at the magnificent view before us. A halt was immediately called for, and as long as our time would permit, did we feast our eyes on snow under Africa's burning sun."

But the chief object of the journey was to see what facilities existed for starting a Mission in Chagga, and the Bishop and his party hurried on to Mandara's country. They found him princely in his bearing and gentlemanly in his conduct, and the Bishop writes that he had scarcely ever met in the interior a more enlightened or shrewd chief. So far as the prospects of a Mission are concerned the result of the visit was most satisfactory, and already two missionaries, the Rev. E. A. Fitch and Mr. J. A. Wray, have begun work in Mandara's country. May the result be a breaking down of superstition, and a reception of the Gospel of Peace!

The pictures on the centre pages are engraved from original sketches by Mr. H. H. Johnston mentioned above, to whom we are indebted for permission to use them.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF MOUNT KILIMA-NJARO AND THE CHAGGA COUNTRY.—(1) Kilima-Njaro viewed by night from a distance; (2) A C (6) Mandara's Village (Moschi); (7) A Chagga Hut; (8) Men of the Taveita Tribe making



2 Chagga Warrior; (3) Kilima-Njaro, showing both its snow-capped peaks; (4) A Mkinda Palm (Chagga country); (5) A Native doorway; (6) A Chagga storehouse and dwelling; (7) Kilima-Njaro, seen from Mandara's Village.

MARCOS THE CHICKEN-RAISER, And other Sketches of Humble Life in Egypt.

BY MISS M. L. WHEATELY.

CHAPTER I.



MONG the numerous hamlets that are scattered on the shores of the Nile and in its neighbourhood stands one not very far from the Great Pyramids; it looks in that clear and transparent atmosphere as if it were very near indeed, but in reality is nearly two miles distant at least. In summer, the collection of mud huts interspersed with palms which form the village seem to be on the very edge of the wide sandy desert stretching from the pyramids far as eye can reach, but when the inundation pours its treasures of water over the thirsty land, it seems to rise out of a clear lake reflecting the blue sky and golden sunset, and the palms hung with rich clusters of ripening dates, and on whose banks flocks of geese disport themselves, and bare-legged urchins dabble joyously, and great buffaloes wade up to their horns. When winter sets in the water has given place to rich green clover and corn and plots of tobacco and maize. So the Creator crowns the year with His goodness, and in this strange land, where there is no rainfall to water the crops, He gives the wonderful river to supply its place and make the earth bring forth food for man.

But the bread of life is scarce in these regions, in many parts quite unknown, and the book revered among the people as a revelation from God and a standard of law and morals is, as we know, a collection of contradictory edicts, with just enough truth to gild the false teaching here and there. This book being brought by the fierce Arab conquerors, who held it with one hand and the destroying sword in the other, the Scriptures were fairly hunted into corners and hiding-places, where the faithful and oppressed remnant of Egyptian Christians dwelt, and their language, being soon driven out, became a dead one, and was only used in their churches. When Mohammed Ali gave freedom and national rights to the Christians they rose in the scale rapidly, and attained to wealth and to some degree of education. But though they had the Bible in Arabic, it was costly and scarce, and the greater number of the people were nearly as ignorant as the Moslems among whom they dwelt, and whose customs they had learned to follow in many respects.

The village we have been speaking of (like most in the middle and lower provinces) is inhabited only by a Moslem population, excepting two or three isolated families of Copts. There are, beside the Egyptian peasant cultivators, a few Bedouins occupying a number of huts on the outskirts of the village; these are easily distinguished by their peculiar features, though the constant exposure to sun has made them as brown as Egyptians, and they retain many of their old ways; though dwelling in settled homes, ragged tents often are seen beside the rude hovel, being preferred to sleep in for a great part of the year, and they are oftener found idling about than the peasant, who is steady to his daily toil.

Many years ago, before the rumours of wars and rebellions were heard in the land, and when only a few aged men, who remembered the battle of the Nile in the great Napoleon's days, knew anything of the troubles of warfare, a party of men, stalwart and strong, clad in brown or white woollen mantles (of their own spinning) and large white turbans, were sitting crouched up against a rude wall that enclosed on two sides a tobacco field just outside the village. They had chosen this spot to get warm in the rays of the winter sunshine, for they had all been at work among their growing crops, weeding, &c., or taking the cattle to the clover pastures from an early hour, and the cold at that season is rather sharp in the mornings till the sun has warmed the air and dried the heavy dew. It was now an hour or so before noon, and the labourers took a rest and a frugal meal, often only a piece of dry coarse bread. A long stick of hollowed jasmin wood with a clay pipe at one end was then handed round the group, each in turn taking a few whiffs. Conversation began to circulate when warmth and refreshment had loosened the tongues, and Egyptians, like the Irish peasants, are fond of conversation.

Two Bedouin Arabs who had been sauntering about in the sunshine presently joined the others, first saluting them with the usual Moslem expression, "Peace be to you," to which they replied, "To you, peace,"

and the two men squatted down near the white-bearded Sheikh of the village.

"Is there any news, brother?" he asked.

"Not much. We were at the Pyramids yesterday to speak about the camel that Hassan ibn Ahmed wants to buy, and there were strangers—Europeans—staying in the village up there. It is seldom any one except the old man who takes pictures by the sun is at that place. I fancy they came for the good air; they are in the old man's two huts that he whitewashed."

"Curious!" said one of the peasants, leaning forward on his staff to hear the bit of news. "Did they seem very rich, or were they like the old sun-picture man, who gives but little backsheesh?"

"Middling, I should say; they have a small horse with them, and a donkey or two; there are ladies also in the party; but the strange thing is that they read out of a book they say is the Word of God. They are Christians, but not like those we know; like us, they worship one God, and do not have pictures to bow to or to kirs. Look here, Marcos," added the speaker, turning to a rather melancholy-faced man of middle age, whose ragged *abba* (a loose cloak of coarse goat's hair cloth) showed him to be poorer than most of the others, and whose unwashed face and hands looked as if he had not performed the ablutions which Moslem law demands that morning. He was, indeed, not a follower of Mohammed, but in name at least a Christian.

He answered the Bedouin's words by a look of stolid wonder and a sort of grunt which meant "Say on."

"Well," continued the son of the desert, "I think you ought to be ashamed that you know hardly anything of the book that you Christians profess to revere as yours, just as we do our Koran! What do you know of Seidna Esa's teaching, eh?"

"Nothing," replied the poor man.

"Why do you not go and hear what the gentleman yonder is reading?" said the Bedouin. "I declare to you," turning to the rest, "there were words that did one good to listen to; I stayed more than an hour with some of my friends while he read from that book, and spoke also with a look so kind and friendly, we all liked him."

"Is he a Copt?" asked Marcos.

"No, from Syria, I think; there is another with him besides the ladies, who were sitting in the hut of Sheikh Ismael with his head wife and some of the other women, while the reading went on among us men. As I rose to come back, I said to the taller of the gentlemen—him whose face pleased me so much—'I know two brothers, the only Christians in our village, and I shall tell them to come and hear something of their own book.' He replied, 'They will be welcome, my brother.' But he also begged me to come to-morrow; if I am able perhaps I will go, for certainly they were good words."

"That is true," said the other Bedouin, "still, if they don't believe in our prophet"—he paused, and then added, "We know God spoke to our prophet, of course, so we must think our book the best. Still, they were good words—I can find no fault in them."

Another Copt, the brother of Marcos, here joined the party, which was beginning to break up, as the labourers saw by the sun that it was time to return to work.

"The oven needs you, brother," said the new-comer, "do not loiter here any longer." He coughed as he spoke, and shivered, though it was not cold, under his thin, worn garments. "Ah!" said he, when he could speak, "it is hard for us, so poor as we are and so ill-clad—working in the heat of the oven, and coming out into the wind—no wonder I have a bad cold. I think we ought to accept the offer that Sheikh Hussein made us, brother," he continued in a low voice, as they walked towards the scene of their labours, a chicken-raising establishment, where, in a very dirty and suffocatingly close building of sun-dried mud, were the ovens for hatching the eggs, a business known to the ancient Egyptians, and still carried on by their descendants. There were three engaged in this one, the two brothers having apparently the smallest share of gains and the most of work.

Marcos made no reply to his brother Michael's words, and as he had to creep on hands and knees into the den where he had to turn the eggs, a reply could hardly have been expected; but that evening when work

was over, and they were going to the huts where their respective wives were preparing a mess of meagre food to be shared with their numerous ragged little ones, they resumed the subject. "Thou knowest, Marcos, we are wretchedly poor; our cousin is a miser, and pays us scarce enough to put a loaf into our hands. We have always lived here among the Moslems, and the relatives we had in the city have forgotten us. Sheikh Hussein offers us a new suit of clothing each and a gold piece if we turn Moslem. I don't see that we could do better. What is in a name, after all?"

"We are poor indeed, and want clothing and money sadly," returned Marcos; "I am inclined to think thou art right, but I am going to-morrow to the Bedouin's village yonder. They have been telling me about a man who reads such wonderful words out of a book, and only think, Michael—they say it is *our* book. I don't know if ever I heard anything of the Christian book; I forget it."

"What good can a book do us in our poverty?" said the younger man, impatiently. "Come, let us tell Sheikh Hussein we are agreed."

"Wait till to-morrow," said the other, "and go with me; it is not far. I am curious to see those strangers and their book."

No more was said. The brothers separated, and each sat down at the door of his wretched hovel, for there was no window. The sun was set indeed already, but they had not even the rude oil lamp in use among the poor, so they ate by the light of the moon, which shone bright, and though it was cold enough now, the embers of the fire where the women had been cooking outside gave a little warmth as they all crouched round an earthen pan, and quickly devoured its contents by the aid of pieces of coarse bread; after which the children crawled into the dark hut after their parents, and all lay down in their rags on an old mat. In a cold country it would have been abject misery, but in Egypt the cold is only for a short time, and never reaches freezing point. The dry air for most of the year and the warm sunshine compensate for much with the poor, and though poor, neither Marcos nor his brother were in actual starvation—far from it—and they were the descendants of men many of whom had died gloriously by the sword rather than deny Christ. But they were very ignorant, and had been neglected by their wealthier brethren (as worldly in *their* way as these poor fellows in theirs), and now they were on the point of yielding to the temptations and persuasions of the people among whom they had lived nearly all their lives, and who desired the honour of bringing converts to their religion, which is considered a very great honour among Mohammedans.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"Except a man deny himself, he cannot be My disciple."

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I have the pleasure to enclose you a cheque for £3 for the C.M.S. The giver, who has anonymously for many years given this or a larger amount *annually* to the Society, is the last person in the world to wish her name or her good deeds to be mentioned; but I think the mention of it may stir up others to more *self-denial*, and to feel how much may be done if only there is the *will*. The giver is a poor woman of over seventy years of age. I should have been delighted with a gift of three shillings from one in her very humble position; and when she put into my hand three sovereigns, I hardly could believe my eyes. I asked her how she could have managed to save up so much for an offering. She replied, "Well it is only *self-denial*, *keen self-denial* sometimes, that enables me to do it"; and then she directly added, "but what a pleasure it is to deny oneself for such a Saviour!" There was the *secret* (oh that more knew it!)—*realising* the love of Christ, and then delighting in *self-denial* for Him. I need hardly add that not only was the gift *unasked*, but as it was the result of no spasmodic enthusiasm, but of a deep and settled purpose, she would take no refusal, and so I have the pleasure to forward herewith the £3. May this self-denying gift stir up the love and earnestness of others! I need hardly add that it is a gift sanctified by many and many an earnest prayer for God's blessing upon mission work.

X. Y. Z.

The C.M.S. Report and Cycle of Prayer.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Having noticed in one of the C.M.S. publications a remark to the effect that the Annual Report is too often consigned to "the shelf," I would suggest that if a few minutes each day were spent in reading it in connection with the new Cycle of Prayer, the details it contains would help us to pray for the various missions more intelligently and earnestly, and the Report would be read through in the course of the year, and would no longer be thought to be "dry," but full of most interesting information.

A READER OF THE REPORT.

DIOCESE OF WAIAPU, NEW ZEALAND.

Letter from Bishop Stuart.

BISHOP'S COURT, NAPIER, N.Z.

11th September, 1885.



DO very little, I am sorry to say, for supplying you with straw for those neat bricks which you so assiduously turn out in their full monthly tale in the C.M.S. various magazines. The truth is, I never was a good hand at reporting. Still I am free to confess I ought to do more than I am in the habit of doing. In sending you the enclosed, however, I cannot take much credit, or ask you to regard it as a promise of more to follow. For both the accounts, "The Bishop on Visitation" and the C.E.T.S. "Hakari," were written by my daughter Mrs. Marsden Clarke, and the sketch of which I send a tracing was made on the spot by Miss Moreton, the daughter of Captain Moreton, who carries on the Native day-school (Government) at Maungatapu.

You will be glad to hear that for the last few months that I have been in residence here, I have been able to carry on my class of Maori lay readers with an average weekly attendance of ten or twelve, all coming from a distance of a good many miles. I purpose holding an ordination at Gisborne (Poverty Bay) on St. Matthias' Day, when Edmund Levison, a Native from the Kaitara district, will be made deacon. He was one of my "sixth form" at St. Stephen's, and came with me to Napier. He was with me for five years, often accompanying me on my journeys, and has now for the last three years, nearly, been a student in the Theological Training School at Gisborne. He has acquired a good knowledge of English, and is fairly "apt to teach." He has taken the lay readers' class for me during the past three weeks that he has been on a visit here, and his outlines of sermons were highly appreciated. The district where he is to labour is in the northern part of this diocese, amongst one of the Bay of Plenty tribes to the east of Opotoki. It is quite a missionary district, and he is entering on the work in a missionary spirit, I do believe. It will be trying for him altogether amongst strangers; but it is his own desire to take up the work, and he knows where to look for the needed wisdom and strength.

I have to congratulate you on the increasing interest and value of the Society's publications. They are beyond all praise in their literary and artistic style, and the matter most varied and interesting.

EDWARD C. WAIAPU.

[Mrs. Clarke's interesting account of the *Hakari*, and an illustration engraved from her sketch, are given on this and the next pages. Her account of "The Bishop on Visitation" will appear in a subsequent number.]

A MAORI TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL.

On Saturday, the 23rd of May, a most interesting gathering of about two hundred natives took place at the Bishop's residence at Tauranga. This was a *hakari* or festival meeting in connection with the Church of England Temperance Association. Just twelve months previously a large number of natives were invited by the Bishop to a similar meeting, and about 130 Maories were enrolled as members and had the blue ribbon sewn on in token of their pledge. It is believed that almost all these natives have kept it faithfully during the past twelve months, and in order to encourage them, and to try and secure new members, the natives from all the surrounding *kaingas* were invited to attend this second *hakari*.

Soon after breakfast on Saturday morning gaily dressed groups of Maories came trooping in from all directions, and by 11 o'clock the field outside the garden fence was a lively scene, the men mostly walking and talking together, the women squatting in little groups, Maori fashion, on the damp grass, to the horror of some of the English lady visitors. By this time, nearly all having arrived, a small table was brought out and placed beside the gate, with the book and pen and ink for signatures, the Bishop and a few other *pakehas* being accommodated with chairs. Just at this point a sound of singing was heard coming nearer and nearer, and then up the steep path leading from the entrance gate came a large band of the children from three schools marching in procession, headed by their teachers, all joining in the hymn "Oh! that will be joyful when we meet to part no more." It was so well timed that the last words were



A MAORI TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL AT TAURANGA.

sung just as the leaders of the procession halted beside the Bishop in front of the table. The children with their dark smiling faces and gay clothing all singing so heartily and happily made a picturesque scene.

After another hymn had been sung, also in English, the Bishop made a short address of welcome in Maori, and this was replied to by two or three of the principal chiefs present in Maori fashion. The names of those who had previously enrolled themselves were then called over, and more were invited to join. This part of the proceedings took a long time, and several of the English ladies were busily employed in fixing on the significant "bit of blue."

Twelve o'clock had been fixed as the hour for the refreshments, and active preparations were going on indoors. At the appointed time a bell was rung, which was the signal for the natives to arrange themselves according to their custom in a large irregular circle on the grass, the Bishop as host with the three chief Maories standing in the middle. A procession of eight or ten English ladies, bearing large trays of cakes and bread, was then to be seen approaching from the house, followed by some native men carrying buckets of tea. The procession wound down the paths in the orderly fashion that the Maories understand so well, until it reached the spot in the centre of the throng, where all the *kai* was piled on the grass before the Bishop. The ladies retired into the background, and after grace had been said by the Rev. Mr. Burrows the Bishop in a few words invited them all to partake of his *hakari*, and asked the chiefs to divide and distribute amongst them all in their own way. This having been carefully done, the chief man in a loud voice pointed out the different portions for the several *hapus*, and called to each to carry off their own, and in a short space of time everything had disappeared.

After some informal chat and interchange of friendly greetings with the different *pakehas* present the Maori gradually dispersed, all seeming very well pleased with their entertainment, and inquiring eagerly when there would be another *hakari*. "This time next year," was the response, and with many hearty expressions of good-bye they returned to their *kai-ngas*.

The European visitors were afterwards entertained to luncheon, and all seemed greatly interested in what they had seen.

SERVICE.

BLEEDING Hand stretch'd to me from above—
A lifted load that Hand alone could move—
Then all my soul did cry in grateful love,
Jesus, my Lord and Master!

Gladly from day to day my love to show
To Him who died because He loved me so,
With winged feet I hasten to and fro
On errands for the Master.

He guideth me, and can I ask for more?—
Where'er I go, Himself hath gone before,
And in my darkest moments I am sure
That I can trust the Master.

Dear fellow-servants He may take away,
And bid me lonely and alone to stay;
Still to my heart his gentle voice doth say,
"Weep not—'tis I—the Master."

My wants, my dangers, and my helplessness,
My disappointments and my weariness,
My wish to serve Him more and grieve Him less,
Are known to my dear Master.

Soon shall I gaze upon my Saviour's face,
Brought home to Heaven by His abounding grace;
And low before His feet—that dearest place—
For ever praise the Master.


S. S. HEWLETT.

[These beautiful lines were written by Miss Hewlett, of the Church of England Zenana Society's Medical Mission, St. Catherine's Hospital, Amritsar, Punjab, before she went to India the first time, and were published in the *Indian Female Evangelist*. She sails again this month, and we have obtained her permission to reprint them. Their spirit is exactly what we all want.—Ed.]

MID-CHINA: MR. HOARE AND HIS STUDENTS.

[In the *GLEANER* of April and July last, some account was given of the Rev. J. C. Hoare's work at Ningpo and Cü-kyi with the young Christian Chinamen who are students in his college, and also evangelists. We have been favoured with extracts from Mr. Hoare's letters to his father, Canon Hoare of Tunbridge Wells, from which we take the following.]

CÜ-KYI, May 3rd, 1885.

 We have spent a delightful week, and the preaching is most encouraging. Many come, many seem to be impressed, and we have inquirers coming to the house every day. The opposition is fierce, though not, as before, violent; and poor Chow hardly dares look at us, he gets so much scoffed at. We keep coming in contact with people that are impressed, and sometimes we have most interesting conversations in public at the preaching place. There are many whom we cannot reach just now, as they seem to shrink from close conversation, but I can hear them speaking occasionally in admiration, "The doctrine is true," "What a shame to speak against him when he has come 60,000 li for our good," &c. Of course this does not amount to much, but being said to themselves, and not to me, it shows that prejudice is breaking down.

We sing now when we preach, as well as kneel down to pray, and I am sure that we gain by it. Of course as to the prayer I need not speak of the gain, but in addition to the crowds drawn by the singing there is a gain in the necessary throwing away of shyness, which so often keeps us back.

CÜ-KYI,

May 17th, 1885.

We are progressing very well here, the interest more than keeps up, and the opposition is springing up too. Yesterday we were placarded again. There is, however, no sign of anything like violence.

There are several men hanging about us now, and expressing more than interest. There is one very interesting man, a doctor, who seems to be very decided in his wish to become a Christian. He is an opium-smoker, but he has been breaking himself of the habit for some time. Two inquirers are coming regularly to the service now, in spite of the very busy times, silkworms and paddy being all engrossing to the Cü-kyi mind at present. I certainly do expect to see an ingathering here ere long. It is extremely interesting to see how much the people know. The boys shout the doctrine of the cross at us as we walk down the streets, and I believe it is no exaggeration to say that two out of every three men in the city of Cü-kyi know in rough outline the Gospel of our salvation. Surely we may hope that those boys who shout after us now may hereafter think seriously of what they now turn into jest.

NINGPO, July 19th, 1885.

I am very busy all through the week, what with the theological students, school, examinations, and preaching, but I am greatly encouraged. We have now set to work with regular preaching every evening in the city church, and I have never seen the like in China before. A few wet days gave us quiet time to make all preparations, and now we have got to work. We have had a platform put up in the church, which will seat about a dozen—it is not big enough. Behind the platform we have half-a-dozen hymns written in large characters on big sheets, "Rock of Ages," "O how He loves," &c. We meet in the college for prayer at 7.25, walk off with our text flag about a mile to the church. At the doors we find a crowd waiting, and by the time we have got on the platform the church is half full. Then we all kneel down and pray, one leading, with a line of Christians also kneeling at the front bench, for we cannot all sit on the

platform. Then we have a hymn, and then begin preaching. Crowds come in, and many—most of them—listen with apparently great attention. We have addresses, hymns, and prayers. The singing seems to answer splendidly. Some of the hymns are sung with solo and chorus, and the people listen in dead silence.

Of course, with large crowds (we sometimes have 400 at least in the place), the preaching is sometimes disturbed, but we always have some 200 within easy hearing distance, and listening intently, and at times a great hush comes over the whole meeting, and you might hear a pin drop. Surely, the Spirit of God is working with us! Oh, I do long to see a great outpouring of the Spirit on these poor people! and I believe that we are to be allowed to see it too. As I have said before, I have never known such a spirit of prayer amongst the Christians; old and young, men and women, all are praying; and I think that when God has a great blessing to give, He usually leads His people to pray for it first.

The young men are working splendidly, preaching the simple Gospel—that glorious Gospel!—with wonderful clearness and power. I usually speak last, and wind up with a prayer; and every night hitherto I have come home rejoicing. . . . I do so delight to think of God's constant guidance, He leads us so wonderfully step by step.

Pray, pray, pray for us. We now have regular intercessory prayer for Cü-kyi inquirers and our work generally every day at noon. Could not some of you unite with us, either collectively or individually, at the same, or about the same time? Our prayers will meet at the Throne of Grace.

July 22nd, 1885.

We have had two interesting nights since I wrote the above. I exhorted the listeners to hush the noise, which they did. The result has been from 400 to 500 listeners, and no disturbance in-doors, though there has been hooting outside, and one or two small stones thrown through the windows. It is really a wonderful sight, and the hitherto inaccessible tradesmen are all talking about the preaching, and quote our texts and hymns to us as we go along. Once excite an interest, and who can tell what may follow? I look for a great outpouring of the Spirit, for I am sure that He is working with us now.



MID-CHINA: BISHOP MOULE AND HIS CLERGY.

THE MID-CHINA MISSIONARIES.

QUR picture shows us Bishop G. E. Moule of Mid-China seated in the midst of his clergy. Immediately behind him stands the Rev. W. L. Groves, M.A., of Ningpo College; and behind his right arm, the Rev. J. D. Valentine of Shaou-hing. In the chair on his right (our left) is Archdeacon A. E. Moule, B.D. (this is a bad likeness); and at the latter's feet is the Rev. A. R. Fuller of Shaou-hing. At the Bishop's feet is the Rev. J. C. Hoare, M.A., of Ningpo College. On the Bishop's left hand is the Rev. J. H. Horsburgh, M.A., of Hang-chow; and, below the latter, the Rev. A. Elwin of Hang-chow. Mr. Elwin has come home since the photograph was taken, nearly a year ago. The Rev. J. Bates of Ningpo is not in the group; nor is Dr. Duncan Main of Hang-chow. We have since sent out one more missionary to this part of China, the Rev. G. W. Coultas; but Bishop Moule could dispose of scores more! Of course we have ten more in South China: these are under Bishop Burdon.

A PORTICAL version of the story of the three lads martyred in U-Ganda, entitled "A Ballad for English Boys," by Sarah Geraldina Stock, has been reprinted by the Society from *The Christian*, in which it first appeared. Copies can be had free on application at the C.M. House.

THE MONTH.



ONCE again, we have to wish the readers of the GLEANER a Happy New Year. The past year has been one of many and signal mercies to the Church Missionary Society as a body, and we are sure it has been so likewise to the individual members. May we all show forth the praises of the Lord this year, "not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to His service, and by walking before Him in holiness and righteousness all our days."

NEVER before have so many missionaries been sent forth by the Society in one year as in 1885; yet never was the cry more urgent for more, and more, and more. Never were there so many tokens of deepening and widening interest at home; yet never were Home workers for Foreign Missions so much wanted. For extension means expenditure, and expenditure means the need of more funds; and that means more effort, more self-denial, more prayer.

TWELVE volumes of the GLEANER have now been completed, each containing twelve numbers, and each number containing twelve pages of pictures and letter-press. That is $12 \times 12 \times 12 = 1728$ pages; for which subscribers from the beginning have paid twelve shillings.

WE ask our readers, one and all, to push the GLEANER. Why should not every one who orders it, either singly or in packets, *double his order*? It is remarkable that, at a time when almost every magazine published has been going down in circulation, the GLEANER has never failed to maintain its position from year to year. But it stands still: it does not increase. With growing missionary interest there should be a growing sale.

AND we would suggest to all our readers who desire to be really acquainted with the Society's missionary work, to read the C.M. INTELLIGENCER also. The GLEANER has not space to do more than give scraps of information; but in the INTELLIGENCER the letters from our missionaries are printed at full length, and the history of our most interesting and important work can be properly studied.

LET it also be remembered that the GLEANER is not meant for the younger children; for them we have the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR or "Green Book." And for cottagers, and simple people generally who help in the missionary cause, there is the QUARTERLY PAPER, which consists of "Gleanings from the Gleaner."

OUR February Simultaneous Meetings will be held on February 9, 10, 11. More than a hundred cities and towns all over England have been agreed upon already as centres; and about 150 clergymen and laymen have promised to go as deputations. Lists are printed in this month's *Intelligencer*. Four papers about these meetings have been prepared, called "F.S.M. No. 1," "No. 2," "No. 3," "No. 4." No. 1 is "Why are they to be held?" No. 2 is "How are they to be organised?" No. 3 is "How should they be conducted?" No. 4 is "Topics for Speakers." Papers have also been contributed by the Bishop of Sodor and Man on "Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?" by Canon Bell on "The urgent cry of Heathendom"; by the Rev. U. Davies on "The Lord hath need of him"; and another on "Come over and help us." All these can be had on application, free. (See also page 1.)

ON Nov. 30th, the Day of Intercession, a special service was held at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, for the Committee and friends of the Society. The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. H. Barlow, B.D.

A REMARKABLE account has been received from Dublin of a missionary movement among the students of Trinity College. It is printed in this month's *C.M. Intelligencer*. The Revs. H. Sykes, B.A., and W. Weston, B.A., of Cambridge, curates at Hereford and Reading respectively, went over to Dublin at the invitation of the undergraduates there, to plead with them the cause of Foreign Missions. Several meetings were held, at which the Provost of Trinity College, the Regius Professor of Divinity (Dr. Salmon), and the Bishop of Ossory, presided. At the final meeting, when only students were present, forty of them, in each other's presence,

dedicated themselves to God's work "wherever He might be pleased to call them." Let us all remember them in prayer, that with full purpose of heart they may all carry out the resolve so solemnly made.

THE Rev. J. Ireland Jones, M.A., the Society's much-esteemed missionary from Ceylon, has been appointed to take charge of the Preparatory Institution for Missionary Candidates at Reading, during the two years which he is proposing to spend in this country.

A SCOTTISH lady, Miss Helen Bisset, who has had three years' training in Mrs. Meredith's Training Home at Clapham, has been accepted by the Committee for missionary service in Africa, and appointed to assist Miss Ansell in the Annie Walsh Memorial School at Sierra Leone. Both ladies were to sail on Dec. 24th.

MR. E. KEYWORTH, late tutor in the Christian Vernacular Education Society's Institution at Amritsar (which is being closed), has been accepted for C.M.S. work, and is appointed to the High School at Palamcottah.

THE Bishop of Travancore and Cochin has appointed the Rev. John Caley and the Rev. Koshi Koshi, both of the C.M.S., to be Archdeacons of Cottayam and Mavelikara respectively. Mr. Koshi is the first Native Archdeacon in India. They were instituted to the office in the chapel of Cottayam College on Oct. 6th.

THE University of Durham has resolved to confer the degree of M.A. on the Rev. D. G. Williams, one of the African clergymen who has been lately in England, in view of his having been for six years tutor at Fourah Bay College before he had a Sierra Leone parish.

THE new *Henry Venn* Mission steamer for the Niger, which was built at Leith and taken out in sections, has been put together at Akassa by Mr. Hales, the engineer sent out by the Society, with the valuable aid of the National African Company; and she was launched on Sept. 25th.

ON Sept. 20th, at Bangalore, the Rev. J. B. Panes was admitted to Priest's Orders; and Mr. D. A. Peter (Native), to Deacon's Orders, by the Bishop of Madras. Also, on the same date, at Palamcottah, the following Natives were ordained by Bishop Sargent:—To Priest's Orders: Revs. J. Kohlhoff, E. Asirvatham, S. Sathianadhan, V. Sargunam, J. Paul, A. Savarimuttu, and J. Nallatambi. To Deacons' Orders: Messrs. A. A. Carr, S. David, and V. Y. Pakkianadhan.

GREAT blessing has by the goodness of God accompanied a week's special Mission services at Trichur, South India, of which we hope to give more account hereafter. The Rev. J. H. Bishop's letter, which will be printed in full in the *C.M. Intelligencer*, is deeply interesting.

ANOTHER missionary's wife has been taken from us. We deeply sympathise with the bereaved husband, the Rev. W. T. St. Clair Tisdall, of Lahore.

WILL friends please note that a telegraphic address has been registered for the Society. It is "Testimony, London." Telegrams intended for the Secretaries at the C.M. House should be thus addressed.

Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Thanksgiving for the many mercies of the past year. Prayer that the New Year, upon which we have now entered, may be signalised by much blessing (1) On the Work of God at Home and Abroad; (2) On those engaged in it; (3) On ourselves and those near to us.

Prayer that the Simultaneous Meetings to be held in February may be successfully organised and carried out; that the result may be the creation of a widespread interest in missionary work (p. 1).

Prayer for Archdeacon Johnson and his work on the Niger (p. 2).

Thanksgiving and prayer for the three C.M.S. Unions (p. 3).

Thanksgiving for the opening in the Chagga country; prayer for the success of the new Mission (p. 5).

Thanksgiving for cheering news from Mid-China; prayer for the Bishop and his clergy (p. 11).

Thanksgiving for the missionary movement at Trinity College, Dublin (see above). Prayer for all University students.

RECEIVED:—From "Ande," £5 for the Rev. A. F. Painter, in response to "A Voice from the Travancore Hills" (see GLEANER, Sept., 1885); from D. B., £1 for the Gordon Mission Fund, and £1 for the General Fund; from J. T. Hardy, 10s.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

FEBRUARY, 1886.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

(The Texts are chosen to illustrate the "Te Deum.")

N. M. 4th.....3.15 a.m.
F. Gr. 12th.....2.46 a.m.

February.

F. M. 18th.....6.15 p.m.
L. Gr. 25th.....5.11 p.m.

TO THEE ALL ANGELS CRY ALOUD: THE HEAVENS, AND ALL THE POWERS THEREIN.
TO THEE CHERUBIN, AND SERAPHIN CONTINUALLY DO CRY.
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD OF SABAOOTH;
HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE FULL OF THE MAJESTY OF THY GLORY.

- 1 M Ps. 103. 20. Praise the Lord, all ye His angels.
2 T Job 38. 7. Purif. B. V. Mary. All the sons of God shouted for joy.
3 W 1 Peter 1. 12. Which things the angels desire to look into.
4 T Heb. 1. 6. Let all the angels worship Him.
5 F Luke 2. 13. A multitude of the heavenly host praising God. 1st bapt. at
6 S Rev. 5. 11. I heard the voice of many angels. [Abeokuta, 1848.
[Acts 22. 23. to 23. 12. 1st Telugu ord. 1864.]
7 S Prov. 8. 31. 5th aft. Epiph. Prov. 1. Matt. 21. 23. E. Prov. 8. or 8.
8 M Ps. 97. 6. The heavens declare His righteousness. C. Simeon's Paper
[before Eclectic Society originated idea of C.M.S., 1796.]
9 T Ps. 103. 21. Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts.
10 W 1 Peter 3. 22. Authorities and powers being made subject unto Him.
11 T Ezek. 10. 19. The cherubim...the glory of God was over them.
12 F Isa. 6. 2. Above it stood the seraphim. 1st Tinnevely Ch. Council, '69.
13 S Isa. 6. 3. Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts. Schwartz d. 1798.
[15. Acts 28. 1—17.]
14 S Ps. 72. 19. 6th aft. Epiph. Prov. 9. Matt. 25. 1—31. E. Prov. 11. or
15 M Rev. 4. 8. They rest not day and night, saying,
16 T Rev. 4. 8. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.
17 W Ps. 46. 7. The Lord of Hosts is with us. J. T. Wollers died, 1882.
18 T Hag. 2. 8. The silver and gold is Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts.
19 F Zech. 8. 22. Strong nations shall come to seek the Lord of Hosts.
20 S Matt. 28. 18. All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth, go ye
[therefore. W. Jowett died, 1855.]
21 S Gen. 1. 1. Septuagesima. Gen. 1. and 2. 1—4. Rev. 21. 1—9. E. Gen.
[2. 4, or Job 38. Rev. 21. 9 to 22. 6. 1st C.M.S. Miss.
[sailed for India, 1814.]
22 M Ps. 19. 1. The heavens declare the glory of God. [app. Hon. Sec., 1872.
23 T Ps. 148. 3. Praise Him, sun and moon...all ye stars of light. H. Wright
24 W Jer. 10. 12. St. Matthias. He hath made the earth by His power. First
[three Malas ord., 1884. Bp. Ingham, S. Leone cons., 1883.]
25 T Ps. 189. 14. I will praise Thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.
26 F Ps. 104. 24. O Lord, how manifold are Thy works.
27 S Isa. 6. 3. The whole earth is full of His glory.
[E. Bickersteth died, 1850.]
28 S Gen. 8. 15. Sexagesima. Gen. 8. Mark. 4. 1—35. E. Gen. 6. or 8. Rom. 10.

TE DEUM.

II.

THose glorious realms where sin has never entered, life is all praise. Even the unreasoning skies above us are ever declaring the glory of God, "and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." Sun and moon praise Him, "and all ye stars of light."

Much more are the lips of intelligent beings, bright with His glory, filled with His praises. Angels are His "ministers," standing before Him, ready to do His will, living only by Him and for Him. Angels have no will. Shall I say so? I will say rather the will of God is their will. I remember a tiny boy, laid a-dying. I was young then, and I thought it was sad to die, and I asked him if he did not wish to recover. The lad lifted up his thin, white finger, and slowly said, as he pointed upward, "I have no will; Thy will be done." I never forgot it. I thought, An angel could say no more. I thought again, And I will try to say no less.

"To Thee" those radiant beings live. "To Thee all angels cry aloud—To Thee Cherubin and Seraphin continually do cry." I wonder not, for "He dwelleth between the Cherubim." The Seraphin, the burning ones, burn only for His glory.

The chief thought of heaven is in their "cry." All there is holy. God is there, and whatever other excellencies they see in Him, too great, too glorious to utter, this is supreme—He is holy. The white robes of angels are dimmed before the holiness of

their Maker. They stand entranced at this, crying, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth."

When Isaiah saw the vision and heard the cry, the purity of the rapt seer was turned into corruption. The brightness of the inspired prophet was darkened. He stood confounded, because he stood before the Holy One. The lips that longed to tell out the messages of God to an apostate world were "unclean." He could only say, "Woe is me."

Ah, here is the best, the only true preparation for either the worship or the work of the Lord. Jeremiah says, "I cannot speak," before he is sent forth to speak. Isaiah says, "I am a man of unclean lips," before he was commissioned to speak as never man, but One, spake. Conviction is before conversion. Sense of sin before sense of safety. The knowledge of our ruin before the knowledge of our redemption.

When "the evangelical prophet" cried out his "Woe," beneath the burden of his sin, "one of the seraphins" laid a live coal from off the altar upon his mouth, and said, "Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged."

Oh, what a difference then! When, by the blood of Christ, the heart is purged from an evil conscience, the lips are open then! "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? Here am I, send me." One thing only then is longed for, the fulfilment of those words of hope, "Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of Thy Glory."

When He hath "washed us from our sins in His own blood" then we can look without shrinking upon the face of God, and see His smile of love and hearken to His word.

And what is His word? Is it not "Go"? "Go, and tell," He said to the prophet. "Go, and preach the glad tidings," He says to you and to me. Yes, it is even so, to every child of His who is not hindered by His own providence.

When you sing *Te Deum*, think of this. Here is a great missionary promise. In that promise lies a great missionary command.

J. E. SAMPHSON.

THE "HENRY VENN" STEAMER, NO. 1 AND NO. 2.

IN reading the early history of the Niger Mission, one is struck by one great difficulty that had to be encountered, the infrequency of communication. In one of the chapters on Samuel Crowther's life which appeared in the *GLEANER* of 1878, several instances are given. Thus for two years on one occasion, 1859-61, Crowther was unable to get up the river to visit the stations, because not a single steamer went. In after years this difficulty was much lessened by the increasing trade; and now the National African Company has a great many steamers there. But for regular visitation and proper supervision of a Mission extending 920 miles up the stream, besides the stations in the delta, a vessel for its own service has been found indispensable.

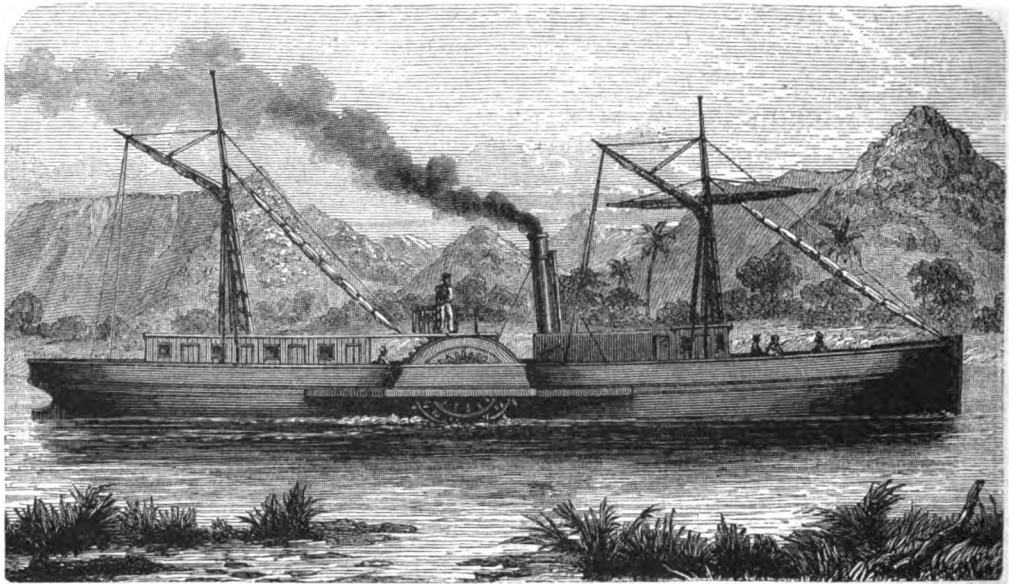
This boon was first supplied in 1878, when the first *Henry Venn* missionary steamer was launched on the Clyde, and sent out to the Niger. Her cost was mainly borne by special contributions from friends interested in Africa. She proved most useful for some years, and on one memorable voyage up the Binu River she steamed 150 miles further than any vessel had done before her, and about 800 miles from the sea. She met, however, with several accidents from time to time, and at last became too much damaged to be further repaired.

The Committee desired to avoid the expense of a new steamer, and made careful inquiries as to the possibility of doing without

one. But every inquiry ended with the same inevitable conclusion. It is absolutely necessary if the Mission is to be carried on properly. A new one was therefore ordered, of an entirely different construction, not for carrying goods, but very light and drawing very little water, to escape the sunken rocks and snags. The two pictures now given will show at a glance the great difference between the two vessels. The cost, however, of the second is as great as that of the first, £5,000; and the Committee hoped it might be covered by special gifts from the many friends who have a peculiar interest in Bishop Crowther, Archdeacons H. Johnson and D. C. Crowther, and the whole Niger Mission. But the response so far has been very small, and it looks now as if the sorely-pressed General Fund would have to find almost all the money. May we suggest that contributions to the *Henry Venn* Steamer Fund will be very welcome, and will be a real relief to the Society's whole work?

The new *Henry Venn* was carried to its destination in sections by the mail steamer, under the care of Mr. E. J. Hales, who has been appointed to take charge of her, and who, having put the pieces together, succeeded in launching her at Akassa on the Niger on September 25th. At one time an accident seemed imminent, but was averted by Mr. Hales' presence of mind. He sends the following account of the launching:—

The steamer which was to tow her off was anchored opposite, so the captain sent a four-inch hawser ashore. I made it fast to our vessel and gave the order for him to go ahead easy; the launch trembled, gave one slight move, and then the hawser snapped. We now got a six-inch rope made fast, and the steamer went ahead again, and the *Henry Venn* was gliding down nicely, when the Kroo boys, seeing her move, became very excited, and ran about throwing up their arms and shouting at the top of their voices. The captain hearing this noise thought something had gone wrong, and stopped towing, and soon drifted out of line with our launch. I called to him to come into line, but owing to the Kroo boys' noise he mistook the order for "go ahead," and not being in a line he pulled the launch right across the ways. However, to my great delight, we managed to pull her straight, and the steamer once more went ahead, and this time, without any trouble, the *Henry Venn* glided gracefully into the water amidst the shouts of the Kroo boys and the cheers of the Europeans.



THE "HENRY VENN" STEAMER, NO. 1.

THE REV. T. WALKER AT MADRAS.

[Mr. Walker, late Curate of St. James's, Holloway, sailed in October for Tinnevely.]

MADRAS, Nov. 16th, 1885.

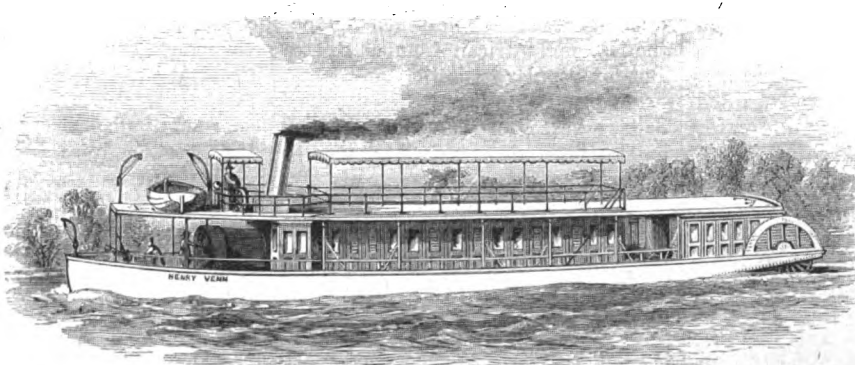
WE reached Madras last Thursday, after a very happy and enjoyable time on board. We were able to have prayers, morning and evening, as well as little daily prayer-meetings in private. Our Sunday services brought all the passengers, without exception, under the sound of the Gospel of God's grace; and we had opportunities, from time to time, for personal conversation with individual souls. The results we must leave in God's hands; but we have good reason to believe that our labour was "not in vain in the Lord."

We cannot thank God sufficiently for all His goodness towards us, and for the many journeying mercies vouchsafed to us. For the encouragement of those who have been following us in prayer I should like to mention that our captain has never made so good a passage before. He told us that he had always heard that missionaries were a bad cargo to carry; but this voyage had quite undeceived him on that score.

I need scarcely say that I do not regret leaving the work at home for the more important work abroad. It was a great wrench for me to leave St. James's, Holloway; but I have already seen enough of what heathendom really is to make me very grateful to the Lord of the harvest for thrusting me forth into the whitening fields. Darkness which can be felt—is my first impression of India. I only wish that every English Christian could be set down here for a few weeks, to see the crying need of perishing millions. How one rejoices to find rays of light in the darkness! I have met Mr. Sathianadhan and Mr. Samuel Paul, and other Native Christians, who are bright and active in the Master's service. Yesterday I received a warm, glowing letter from Bishop Sargent, stretching forth loving hands of welcome to myself and my fellow-workers.

I am agreeably surprised to find Madras so green and fair, and it is delightfully cool just now. Everything is lovely, except fallen humanity, which appears here in all its degradation. The means of grace and the hope of glory become doubly precious now. Last Sunday night I preached in Christ Church, and assisted in the administration of the Lord's Supper there. It was very sweet to join in family prayers at the Harris School for the first time, reading our Scripture portion round, verse by verse, some in Hindustani, some in Tamil, and some in English—worshippers of one heart, though of different tongues. Surely, this is the converse, or rather the reversal, of Babel!

T. WALKER.



THE "HENRY VENN" STEAMER, NO. 2.

C.M. CHILDREN'S HOME.—C. Erhardt, son of the Rev. J. Erhardt of Secundra, has been elected to a Foundation Scholarship at Marlborough College. He was a pupil at the Home, from which he obtained the Blackwell leaving Scholarship in July last. He had previously obtained the Indian Scholarship at Marlborough.

A MOHAMMEDAN KING'S APPEAL AGAINST RUM AND GIN IN AFRICA.

IT is humiliating that Christian England and Christian Germany should send huge quantities of rum and gin to Africa, when even Native Mohammedan princes protest against it. The following is a translation of a letter written in the Hausa language by Maliki, Emir of Nupe, a country bordering on the River Niger, to the Rev. C. Paul (Native Missionary) to hand to Bishop Crowther:—

"Salute Crowther, the great Christian minister. After salutation, please tell him he is a father to us in this land; anything he sees will injure us in all this land, he would not like it. This we know perfectly well.

"The matter about which I am speaking with my mouth, write it; it is as if it is done by my hand; it is not a long matter, it is about Barasá [rum or gin]. Barasá, Barasá, Barasá, by God, it has ruined our country; it has ruined our people very much; it has made our people become mad. I have given a law that no one dares buy or sell it; and any one who is found selling it, his house is to be eaten up [plundered]; any one found drunk will be killed. I have told all the Christian traders that I agree to everything for trade except Barasá. I have told Mr. McIntosh's people to-day, the Barasá remaining with them must be returned down the river. Tell Crowther, the great Christian minister, that he is our father. I beg you, Malam Kipo [Rev. C. Paul, Native missionary], don't forget this writing; because we all beg that he [Bishop Crowther] should beg the great priests [Committee, C.M.S.] that they should beg the English Queen to prevent bringing Barasá into this land.

"For God and the prophet's sake, for God and the prophet His messenger's sake, he [Crowther] must help us in this matter, that of Barasá. We all have confidence in him; he must not leave our country to become spoiled by Barasá. Tell him, may God bless him in his work. This is the mouth-word from Maliki, the Emir of Nupe."

"THE REGIONS BEYOND."

II.—THE MAHRATTA STATE OF GWALIOR.

SOME of our readers may have seen mentioned in the newspapers "the cession by Lord Dufferin of the Gwalior Fort to the Maharajah Scindia." Gwalior is the capital of a territory in Central India ruled by Scindia, a great Mahratta chieftain under the protection of England. Now this territory, though in the heart of India, is a "region beyond," for there is not a single Mission in it, though the population is nearly as large as that of Ceylon.



THE FORT AT GWALIOR.

Indian history tells of many conflicts between the Mohammedan Mogul Emperors at Delhi and the fierce and war-loving Mahratta chiefs. Hard, sturdy warriors of the plains and hills of Central India, it seemed as though they were as unconquerable as the mighty fortress which had a fame as far back as 1028, when it was besieged by Mahmoud of Ghuzni, the great Afghan conqueror. Their power was not broken until 1779, when Scindia's troops were defeated by the British and the fortress captured. This fortress measures a mile and a-half in length, and is situated at the top of a solid rock, which, from a distance, looks like a huge lion on an extended plain. Its position is said to give complete control of the surrounding country. This fort for many years was held by the British, but the recent transfer of it to Scindia has been as a reward for his unswerving fidelity to the English Government in India.

In the neighbouring dominions ruled by the Maharajah Holkar, which, with Scindia's territory, cover an area of 38,000 square miles, with an estimated population of over three millions, there are two small Missions, one began by Canadian Presbyterian missionaries in 1877, and the other by the Rev. Nehemiah Goreh, a convert of the C.M.S., but who is now working independently. But in Scindia's territory not one.

MARCOS THE CHICKEN-RAISER, And other Sketches of Humble Life in Egypt.

By Miss M. L. WHATELY.

CHAPTER II.



THE genial sunshine of Egyptian winter had already warmed the clear, keen, morning air, and threw beams of golden light on the sand-hills around the Great Pyramid, as the two Coptic brothers, accompanied by the cousin who owned the chicken-raising establishment in which they worked, made their way towards the little Bedouin village.

It was Sunday, but so long had these isolated Christians dwelt among Mohammedans, that they had lost the habit of noticing the day; there was no place of worship within their reach, and the little instruction they had received in childhood on religious matters had long been covered thickly with the dust of forgetfulness. When religion is mainly external instruction, relating to days and seasons, and reverence to be paid to pictures, &c., and when these are beyond the power of the poor people to obtain, one can hardly wonder that the whole fabric of their faith should become a mere name. Those who can visit the city at Easter or Christmas and see their friends, and attend the grand religious festivals of their Church, would retain their respect, if nothing more, for their faith; but poverty had prevented this in the case of Michael and his brother, and the cousin was worldly and selfish, and cared for none of these things. There was, however, a feeling of curiosity and interest aroused in all three by the Bedouin's words, and leaving the oven in charge of a Mohammedan lad who was servant to the owner, they walked towards the humble temporary abode of the stranger, two native huts, which had been whitewashed, and one of which boasted a glass window of the rudest kind, the other and larger hut only possessed a wooden shutter. Here their new friends were awaiting them, and here they spent the two hours which were the turning-point of their lives, as they afterwards declared.

It was considerably past noon when the brothers separated, one going to the scene of their labours with his cousin, to attend to the warming of the egg-oven, while the other, Marcos, went to his own hut. He found the clumsy wooden door locked, for his wife, not expecting him at that hour, was gone to get water from the river, and the children were playing with a great brown sheep and two pretty brown and white lambs in front of the wretched abode. Egyptian peasants usually possess the virtue of patience, and Marcos, without a word of annoyance, sat calmly down in the sand, and clasped his hands over his knees. After some minutes he roused himself and took from the bosom of his vest a small, new-looking, and well-printed Arabic book, and began to read in a low voice to himself; the children looked up amazed, and the eldest, a boy of ten years old, came and sat at his feet to listen, without interrupting him, however, by a single question. He was awed, not only by the novel sight of a book in father's hands, but by the solemn tone in which he read. The mother of the family presently made her appearance, stepping briskly and gracefully along, as is the wont of Egyptian countrywomen, poising her heavy pitcher full of water on her head as none could do but one long used to it. Her ragged garments of dark blue cotton very imperfectly protected her from the wind which, though delightfully fresh, seemed to need tolerably warm clothing; but as we know, this family were very poor. Marcos was fortunate in one respect: his wife, though totally without education, was naturally more intelligent than the average of peasant women, and to say truth, more intelligent than he was himself. Her rough features, only redeemed from positive plainness by the sparkle in the black eyes, and by two rows of perfect white teeth, lit up with surprise and pleasure at seeing the volume in her husband's hand, and she at once guessed what it was from the few words that caught her ear as she set the pitcher on the ground.

"Why, Marcos, surely that is the Gospel? How long is it since we heard a word of the holy book? Mashalla! we were getting to be Kafir" (i.e., unbelievers or heathen).

And she stooped and kissed the book, which he had closed and laid on his knee, and then made the sign of the cross. Poor thing! she was very ignorant, and the little atom of truth which she had long ago heard

was half choked with superstitious observances. Still a reverence for the "Gospel," by which she meant the "New Testament," remained in her mind.

"Give me some water, Salome, and then I will tell thee all about it, and how I got the book," said her husband. He was sincerely attached to his wife, and from her intelligence respected her more than is very common in the East in that relation of life. He not only listened to her gossip about the neighbours (every husband would do that, when no better amusement was to be had), but talked over business with her, and trusted her to go occasionally to Cairo to dispose of chickens and buy what was needed for the family. In general the man is the purchaser, many of the women being so ignorant and stupid as hardly to be able to count up to twenty. Others, however, are sharp enough to get on wonderfully, in spite of want of education of even the most rudimentary kind. Salome, when she had brought the *kullek* (or porous water-vessel) to her husband, placed a flat loaf of very coarse bread, as hard and dry as wood, before him, saying—

"Would to God I had anything better to set before thee, but the cheese is finished, and our hens are not laying just now."

"Thank God for this," replied Marcos, breaking a morsel and pouring water over it, as is often done by the poor in Egypt when the bread has become very hard, for their bread, made with a great deal of leaven, soon becomes dry. "I have eaten of the bread of life to-day, wife," he continued, after taking a few mouthfuls. "Yes, truly God has sent these strangers here in order to save our souls, mine and my brother's!"

The woman looked at him in surprise. "What," said she presently, "the party of strangers up at the Bedouin village near the Pyramids?"

"The same; they are God's servants. They have the Gospel, and also the Old Testament, and are learned in God's Word. A Bedouin we know told us to go and hear them, for he said, 'You do not know anything of your own book, though you pretend to be Christians.' Alas! Salome, it was too true. Michael and I had very nearly been persuaded by the old Sheikh Hussein to turn Mahomedans."

"Why, Marcos! thou couldst not surely do that? We are Christians, and it is a shame to leave our religion," said she.

"Aye, a shame; I knew that, and so did Michael, but I did not know it was a great sin also. We were both so poor."

"Heaven knows that is true," interrupted the wife.

"Well, the Sheikh offered us a piece of gold and a new suit of clothes, and we were so foolish—so wicked—that we did not recollect that those who deny Christ He will deny at the day of judgment." Salome began to cry. "Hush, wife, don't cry; I am not going to turn Mahomedan, my eyes are opened. I hope God will forgive me for the thought. Let me tell you all from the beginning. We went, with our cousin, this morning to hear the strangers read from their book, for we all felt ashamed that the Bedouin should be able to say what he did about our ignorance, and Michael said to me in a whisper, 'We ought at least to know what our religion is before deciding to give it up.' 'It has done us little good,' said I, 'however, I will go with you.' I was curious, and so was my cousin, and we went together. You know the place where after the water retreats a short green turf is found, outside the village of the Bedouin. Well, there we saw, as we approached, two men, dark in complexion, but not like us—they are from Lebanon, I believe, in Syria. One was very tall; he was standing by a beautiful little horse of a light colour, and holding its thick mane while it cropped the grass. I saw two ladies at a little distance talking with Bedouin women in a friendly way. There were servants also who were busy sweeping and arranging one of the huts they occupied. Presently they saw us. Ahmed the Bedouin came to salute us, and he brought us to the gentleman, and told him just what he had told us. They greeted us in a very kind manner, and the tall man smiled as he asked us to come into the hut with them. 'It is Sunday, and we are going to pray and read the Gospel,' said he. I do not think I ever saw such a smile as that—it was like the sun shining in the early morning. We came into the hut, and sat down on a clean mat that was spread on the ground. The ladies came in, and two of the

* These words were actually spoken by a poor peasant to the late Mr. Shakkor. "Sir," he said, "God sent you here to save our souls, for we did not know our Saviour, and were going to deny Him!"

Bedouins; the rest stayed at the door. They were afraid of being supposed to join in Christian prayer. The tall gentleman prayed—not out of any book, as in our churches—nor in an unknown language, for thou knowest our holy language is one we cannot understand, though of course we revere it. But this was a prayer in Arabic, and the words just as if they came straight out of our hearts, and yet as if he were quite sure God was hearing.”

“I wish I had been there,” said Salome. “What did he say?”

“I cannot recollect exactly; it was about our being all sinners, and like the sheep lost in a wilderness; and how Jesus Christ the Son of God loved us, and gave His life for us; and then asking God for His sake to forgive all our sins, and how some of us knew nothing about the love of our Saviour. And he prayed God to give us all the light of His Holy Spirit, and a great deal more; I felt my tears running down before he ceased. Then the other took the book and read a Psalm of David, and then a chapter of the Gospel of Matthew, or indeed two or three, I think, and then they both by turn spoke and explained to us.”

“Did they know—had the Sheikh or Ahmed told them about your meaning to turn?” asked Salome, rather anxiously.

“No, but we did ourselves,” said Maroos, looking rather ashamed. “The tall one looked at me as if his eyes went through to my heart, but he never guessed, only I felt as if I could not conceal it. I said, ‘Sir, you were both sent here by God to save our souls. My brother and I were going to commit a great sin.’ And then I told him all, and thanked him for showing us what the Christian religion really is. And he took my hand and Michael’s, and said some kind, friendly words, and then he turned to his brother, and said, Joseph, where are those books? Then he brought some Gospels of Matthew and John, and gave each of us one, and said, ‘Be faithful to the Lord Jesus Christ who died for you.’”

The little boy here looked up. “Father, will you read to mother and me from that book?”

“Surely, my son; and may God forgive me for my thought, and bless those servants of His who bring His Word to the ignorant and the poor.”

The sheikh renewed his offer a few days later, when the strangers had returned to Cairo, and the little episode of their arrival and of the readings here and there among peasants and Bedouins might, he thought, be forgotten. But he found he was mistaken. Michael and Maroos were timid men, and did not wish to quarrel with their powerful neighbour, but they only replied they had changed their minds, and would not change the Christian religion for a hundred pieces of gold, and twenty changes of raiment.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Missionary Chant.

SIR,—I have just noticed the letter in the GLEANER of this month, signed E. M. Mosey, about the authorship of this Chant, and assigning it to my dear sister Mrs. Paley. It certainly was not hers, though I well remember her often singing it. In a MS. copy I have by me, written out at that time (1852), I see the words are given as by Rev. A. Brown, Assam; and the music by Edward Howe, jun.

Gosberton Vicarage, December 11, 1885.

S. B. SHALY.

A Criticism on the C.M.S. Periodicals.

DEAR SIR,—The Periodicals issued by the C.M.S. need improvements, except the *Juvenile Instructor*, which is good and is liked. The *Gleaner* is well got up, but contains little or no information. The *Intelligencer* is too ponderous, argumentative, and prosy for modern readers. It is a labour even to look through it, and I doubt if any young person ever reads it.

A periodical at 8d. or 4d., written in a bright, terse, modern style, would obtain many more readers, and create a much more extended interest.

AN OLD FRIEND OF THE SOCIETY.

[The writer of this letter has not enclosed his card. Anonymous letters ought to be thrown at once into the waste-paper basket. We are always sincerely grateful for friendly criticisms, but the critics ought, in all Christian honesty, to give us their names. In this case, however, we print the letter, and shall be glad if any who agree with it will kindly let us know. We will only make one remark, viz., that the *Intelligencer* is not intended for “young” readers, but for those who desire and can appreciate solid information. As a matter of fact, it is read by “old friends of the Society,” and new ones too, all over the world; and it is frequently referred to, and quoted from, in other missionary periodicals, English, Scotch, American, German, Indian, &c.—ED.]

BISHOP HANNINGTON.

IN the afternoon of the 1st of January the following telegram appeared in the London evening papers, received by Renter’s agency from Zanzibar:—

“Bishop Hannington, who left Mombasa in June last, in order to find, if possible, a new road to the Victoria which will obviate the long detour by Unyanyembe, has been seized by order of the king, within two days’ march of U-Ganda. The latest report is that the king has given secret orders to have the Bishop executed.”

Throughout the country this news was received with general alarm. At the Church Missionary House we did not share it to the same extent, because a letter received from Mr. Mackay just before Christmas had prepared us for the Bishop being, in a sense, “arrested” when he should arrive near U-Ganda, and it did not seem that this would involve him in any serious peril. Moreover the news was good in one respect, for it showed that he had successfully accomplished his difficult and dangerous journey through the Masai country, about which we had been really anxious. That he was within two days’ march of U-Ganda seemed a cause for much thankfulness. As to the statement that the king had ordered him to be executed, it was remembered that the lives of our brethren in U-Ganda had often been threatened, but that no hair of their heads had ever been touched, and that no missionary or traveller has ever been deliberately put to death by an African king.

Our last letters from U-Ganda, received on December 21st, were dated October 3rd, by far the quickest mail on record. In the middle of September our brethren had received intelligence from the coast, by the old and ordinary route, that Bishop Hannington was going to try a new route direct from Mombasa, past Mount Kilima-Njaro, and through Masai-land, which would take him to the north-east end of the Victoria Nyanza instead of the south end. They immediately went to the king, Mwanga, to ask leave to take the mission boat and go and meet him, and bring him to U-Ganda. But the king and his chiefs were already alarmed at rumours of the German annexations, and connected the Bishop with them. Mr. Mackay writes:—

It must be remembered that Baganda have no acquaintance with the geography of Europe, and look on all pale faces as of one race. All are called Bazungu. The Arabs have even averred that we are only the pioneers of annexation—spies in fact. Mtesa was suspicious, yet prudent. When the Arabs continually reiterated their warnings as to our ultimately eating the country, Mtesa replied, “Let the Bazungu alone. If they mean to eat the country, surely they will not begin at the interior. When I see them begin to eat the coast, then I shall believe your words to be true.” Now, the beginning has been made at the coast—Bismarck versus Burgash.

On September 25th Ashe and myself went to court. We told the king that we wished his permission to let the boat go to Kavirondo to fetch his guest, whom we had been expecting for some time. He was our Bishop, a chief of the Church, and our superior. We mentioned that his reason for coming that way was to avoid the Germans (Ba-dutchi) who had some misunderstanding with the Sultan of Zanzibar. We did all we could to remove from the king’s mind suspicion as to our having any connection with the Germans. We were cross-questioned as to the Germans’ quarrel with the Sultan, and as to what they wanted there at all. Our information being very meagre, it was difficult to say much.

King: “Is the Bishop an Englishman?” “Yes.” “Is he bringing much bintu (goods)?” “He will not come empty-handed, but he is a chief not of this world’s goods, but of religion; he is a great teacher.” “Do you want to go to fetch him?” “I do not want to go myself, but we should like the boat to go to Msalala, where Mr. Stokes will join her and go to Kavirondo to try and find the Bishop.” “Where is the Bishop just now?” “He is probably at Chagga.” I then asked if he would kindly send a mubaka (messenger) with the boat, and to this he consented.

Next morning the king had a council of his chiefs. All seemed to be of one mind, that white men were all one, and that we and the Bishop were only the forerunners of war. We were only waiting for our headman to come, when we would commence to eat the country.

The general opinion was that the Bishop was not to be allowed to come, especially as he was coming by a back door through the Masai.

At last it was arranged that an officer should go in the boat to meet the Bishop, and take him away to Msalala, at the south



THE C.M.S. MISSION AT AIYANSH, NAAS RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

end of the Lake, and then return to the king and report. At first we thought the "arrest" might only be the carrying out of this order. But the mention of 'two days' march from U-Ganda" suggests that the boat did not meet the Bishop, but that the latter went on by land round the north-east corner of the Lake; and if so, the king would no doubt be startled and alarmed at his approach, and might naturally threaten to kill him.

The Government telegraphed at once to Sir John Kirk at Zanzibar, directing him to send quick messengers to U-Ganda. So the matter stands as we go to press (January 14); and we can only look up to the Almighty and All-wise Father who reigneth over all, and trust Him.

THE MISSION AT AIYANSH.



THE Indian village at Aiyansh is situated at the head of the Naas River, about a hundred miles north of the familiar Metlakahla Mission in the North Pacific. The mouth of the Naas River is one of the great fishing resorts of the Indians, and, during the season, besides the settled population, who are of the Nishkah tribe, as many as five thousand Indians gather together, and encamp for miles along both banks of the river, thus affording a grand opportunity to the missionary for making known to them the blessings of the Gospel.

The Mission station at Aiyansh was founded two years ago



NIGHT SCENE IN INDIAN HOUSE, NAAS RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA. (See next page.)

by Mr. J. B. McCullagh. Like most new work, he found it very trying at first, but prayer and patience have overcome many difficulties, and he is able to write hopefully of what has been done. Some passages in his Annual Letter are very interesting. Let us first see how he is using Native evangelists. He writes:—

I conceived the idea of forming a company under the leadership of two chiefs, assisted by a Native teacher, to work on Sundays among the many hundreds of heathen at the spring fishing; their manner of performing it being to walk in procession from their own place of meeting, singing hymns as they went, until they reached a group or camp of heathen Indians, where they would halt and hold a short service, and so on until they should have visited as many camps as possible during the afternoon. I believe they did their work faithfully and well, finding much favour in

the eyes of their heathen brethren, and much opposition from other Christians. During the spring I received a letter from the teacher Stephen, in which he says, "We have done our works on Sunday, this week and last two weeks. All our people from Aiyansh they strong hearts, and I am very glad to them, because I saw they good works before God. Now I sent my love to you."

This little band of "strong hearts" has been scattered far and wide during the summer months, but Abraham always puts on his badge on Sundays, and holds service wherever he goes. It was he who said, before going off to the spring fishing, "We have not much knowledge; we may not be able to show a great light; but if we can only strike a match in the darkness it may show the way (path) of salvation to one of (among) the lost."

One of the encouragements of the year was the joining of

the Mission by two natives, Muguiliksqu and another named "Billy" :—

The former is heir to the chieftainship of the Gitlakdamuks, and great efforts were made on the part of his tribe to induce him to return. They offered him gifts and dollars (100 dollars); visited him in canoes decorated with bunting; spread eagles' feathers upon his head; made feasts in his honour; flattered, scolded, and threatened, but all to no purpose; Muguiliksqu remained steadfast. Both are very superior Indians, and it will greatly rejoice me should I be permitted to see them grafted into the body of Christ's Church. I was so struck by Muguiliksqu's first prayer at one of our prayer meetings, that I made a note of it the same evening. It shall speak for itself :—

"O Almighty Chief on high, I humbly cast myself down before Thee. Have mercy on me! Only Thou, O Chief, art merciful. I heard where Thou hast promised out of Thy Word. Be merciful to me, O Chief. I hear Thou sittest in light, but I have sat the length of my life among the darkneses. Good Chief, if Thou wilt lighten my darkness, send down Thy Spirit into my heart, that He may lead me to where I may rest. I ask this because Thou art Jesus Christ."

Mr. McCullagh next gives us a glimpse of his direct work among the heathen :—

The Gitlakdamuks (men-upon-the-pool) are the particular tribe with which I have to do. I began my work last winter among them by holding services as usual in one particular house. My congregations were generally very small, and on one occasion I had none. Upon inquiring as to the reason of this, I was told the chiefs had made a "*new law*" forbidding any person to attend Christian services. I thereupon went from house to house, holding a short service in each, at the conclusion of which I found I had preached that day to a very large congregation, about six times the usual number, so that their *new law* turned to my purpose, and will also turn, let us hope, to their advantage; for it is a law to which I shall adhere while among the Indians.

On another occasion I came to a house where they were making medicine-men. My people would have dissuaded me from entering, but I thought it would be a pity to pass by so large a congregation already assembled, and so went in and sat down. The yelling and tom-toming was quite deafening; now and again a lull was reached in the performance, when one of the number was left to sing solo. This he did as if enduring great agony, always ending with the words, "Go away! Go away!" in English. Of course I did not go. Presently there was a pause, of which I quickly took advantage to stand up and speak, taking them, as it were, in the flank, for they only paused a moment, that they might come down on their tom-toms all together. They did not attempt to interrupt me, but sat, as it were, in a state of suspension and surprise, listening, it seemed almost unconsciously, while the truths of the Gospel flashed in upon them through the *darkness*. Some at length began to be ashamed, some sullen, and others angry; but I had said what I wanted to say, and departed before they could recover themselves.

For a long time after this I sought to find "Go away," as he is now generally called, but he always hid himself. However, one Sunday afternoon, I found him sitting alone in his house, by the fire; and, sitting down by his side, I talked long and earnestly to him, seeking to fix the all-important truth upon the words "Go away," which I was sure he would never forget.

There are many other interesting passages in Mr. McCullagh's Letter which we must omit here; but we hope to give them in an early number. The two engravings on our centre pages, with another which will appear hereafter, have been engraved from some admirable water-colour drawings done by Mr. McCullagh. That on page 18 shows the Mission premises and the surrounding scenery at Aiyansh. The other is thus described by Mr. McCullagh :—

This sketch represents a winter night scene in an Indian house. A sick woman is being healed by the craft of the sorcerer, who, arrayed in his medicine garments, is busily engaged in rattling over her. His object in doing so is to frighten away the evil spirit which afflicts her. If she recover, his fee will be equal to four or five pounds in English money; indeed he will not begin his cure until a good round sum has been paid down. The standing figure to the left of the group is a newly qualified practitioner. He has recently been to heaven to receive his "diploma," or the qualifying secret of his profession. He will have the honour of first exercising his skill in the case depicted when the present doctor is tired. This new medical man has eagles' feathers in his hair. He holds his rattle under his blanket. Another figure may be seen to the left in a sitting posture contemplatively smoking his pipe. He is a medical student just begun his course; a bark band, it may be observed, encircles his head, while a collar of the same material hangs round his neck. These are badges of honour to show the *public* that he has eaten, raw and bleeding, his first dog. On the other side of the sketch sits an

old man. His strength and vigour have long since passed away, nevertheless he can still accompany the medicine men on the tom-toms, and howl more unearthly than all the others, perhaps because of his being so near the grave. Yet, he has heard the Gospel many times, and though he declares his power for believing it to be gone, his power for doing evil is evidently not gone; for, see, the youth by his side is his pupil in the medicine song. There are a few more minor figures, one of which shows the manner in which Indian mothers carry their children in infancy.

A MISSIONARY HYMN.

FOR THE FEBRUARY SIMULTANEOUS MEETINGS.

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."—*Rev. xiv. 6.*

Go forth, eternal Gospel,
To earth's remotest shore!
The message of salvation—
Of life for evermore!

Lord, send Thy promised Spirit,
While at Thy feet we wait;
Baptize the outcast nations,
Illumine their dark estate!

Go forth, ye saints of Jesus,
The Truth hath made you free;
Obey the Heavenly calling,
Proclaim Christ's liberty.

Lord, give the needed wisdom,
The holy unction give;
Then shall Thy servants' message
Cause e'en the dead to live!

Holy Trinity, Eastbourne.

Retreat, deceiving Tempter,
In Jesus' name obey!
Give up thy hapless captives,
Relax thy tyrant sway!
Lord Jesus, Thou Destroyer
Of Satan's cruel might;
Regard our supplications,
Assert Thy blood-bought right!

Go forth, triumphant Saviour!
The heathen are Thine own:
Set up Thy blessed kingdom;
Be idols all o'erthrown!
Make willing every steward
Of earth's uncertain store,
Go forth! reclaim the nations,
And reign for evermore!

W. A. BATHURST.

THE "AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT."

THE above was a heading that used to please us when we saw it in the newspapers last year, and read of the brave soldiers who came from Australia to help our troops in the Soudan. Thank God there is an "Australian Contingent" in the C.M.S. Mission fields. We have before told the readers of the GLEANER about our dear friend and brother the Rev. H. B. Macartney, jun., of Caulfield, Melbourne, and his large contributions he raises year by year in aid of our Missions in India, and now also those in Ceylon and China; and of the missionaries he has sent to India. Here is part of a private letter from him to the Editor of the GLEANER :—

CAULFIELD, VICTORIA, Oct. 21st, 1885.

This is eminently a Church Missionary day with me. Dear young Peate* left us this morning to enter on a readership which my father† has given him, about fifteen miles from Melbourne. He conducted three services last Sunday in this place without being tired. He loves India, and would gladly return if it was safe.

Soon after he had gone, I started to our bank to get £100 in gold to send to the Mission field to-morrow, some for Bishop Sargent, some for Mr. Ratnam,‡ some for Miss Branch,§ £50 of it was for dear good Mr. Ireland Jones of Ceylon—alas! too late for him to receive into his own hands.¶ His appeal was published in the September *Missionary*,¶ and brought in £44. I am writing with it to Mr. Dowbiggin** to expend on the Divinity class, if, as I most earnestly hope, that class exists.

From the bank, after a visit to a dying man, I went by rail to Melbourne, and got just in time to meet Miss Digby,†† who this morning said farewell to mother, brothers, and sisters at Geelong and is to sail for Madras to-morrow. She has come to stay the night with us, but has now gone down to Mr. J. H. Davies' Grammar School (a splendid institution: you know Mrs. Cain was Sarah Davies) to see the three great cases of Christmas presents, one for Miss Clay at Jandiala, one for Ellore, and one for Miss Digby and her friends at Masulipatam. She is to return with the Davies's to tea, and to-night I am to transact final business with her, and, with them, to commend her to God. I was in God's mercy able to send £512 of regular half-year's income to India a fortnight ago. The £100 is of course extra.

Now all this seems very selfish, but I know from long experience that a little peep into a friend's life is not unwelcome.

[No: certainly it is very welcome in this case!—ED.]

* One of the missionaries Mr. Macartney sent, whose health failed.

† The Dean of Melbourne. ‡ Native pastor at Masulipatam.

§ C.E.Z.M.S., Jabalpur, Central India. ¶ He has come home invalided.

¶ Mr. Macartney's magazine. ** Ceylon missionary.

†† C.E.Z.M.S., Masulipatam.

MISS GORDON CUMMING'S NEW BOOK ON CHINA.



IN her former delightful books, Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming's travels have several times led her to speak of missionary work. In *At Home in Fiji*, in *A Lady's Cruise in a French Man of War*, and in *Fire Fountains*, graphic and appreciative accounts of the work of the Wesleyans, the London Missionary Society, and the American Board, were, with admirable skill, mingled with the vivid scene-painting, the bright adventurous spirit, and the keen observation, which have made those volumes so popular, and were thus presented before Mudie's readers in such a way that they could not well be skipped. It is the same now in the two substantial volumes just out called *Wanderings in China* (W. Blackwood & Sons); only we think Miss Gordon Cumming has never before given so much space to Missions—more than 150 pages altogether out of 750.

A full review of the work will appear in the *C.M. Intelligencer*. Here we can only briefly notice the contents, and give two or three short extracts. Miss Gordon Cumming begins at Hong Kong and Canton, thence goes to Fuh-Chow, and then on to Ningpo, Shanghai, Chefoo, and Peking. Of course the pictures of Chinese life are full of interest: that goes without saying; and of the many books on China, few are so tempting and few so instructive. But we must only here notice the references to missionary work.

At Hong Kong Miss Gordon Cumming meets Bishop Burdon, and sketches his missionary career. At Fuh-Chow she enters thoroughly into the work of both the Americans and the C.M.S., and gives most interesting details of our Mission, of the converts and their persecutions, the Native clergy, &c. She tells the whole story of the destruction of Mr. Stewart's College in 1878, of the prolonged difficulties that followed, of the betrayal by a high British official of the cause of justice in order to get a race-course! and of the action for ejectment against Mr. Wolfe which resulted in the exclusion of the C.M.S. from the Native city of Fuh-Chow after thirty years' occupation of it. Miss Gordon Cumming was there part of the time that all this was going on, and her information is quite independent of the missionaries. She tells some things that are new even to us, and other things which, although we knew them, we did not dare publish them at the time. She also describes the woman's work of the American Missions, and of the Female Education Society, and has a pleasant notice of Mr. Ahok, the Chinese Christian merchant, about whom Mrs. Fagg told the readers of the *GLEANER* two or three years ago. At Ningpo she is under the guidance of Bishop Russell (it was just before his death) and Miss Laurence. At Peking she is with the L.M.S., and has much to say about medical work and the evils of opium. She says but little of the China Inland Mission, as she did not go inland, and that Mission, too, was not so large in 1879 as it is now.

Readers of this book will be deeply impressed with China's need of the Gospel, and also with the smallness of the efforts we have put forth after all—not a missionary to every half-million of souls! But they will see that God has been pleased to bless abundantly the poor services of His people. They will see not merely statistics showing "definite results," not merely outward pictures of attentive congregations, but real examples of Christian faith and courage and of signal answers to prayer. Miss Gordon Cumming has done a work, by writing this book, for which we not only thank her, but thank God.

We give two or three short extracts:—

How the Gospel spread in Fuh-Kien.

The Bishop and his friends have been visiting an exceedingly interesting group of very small Native congregations which have sprung up in a great many remote villages on the north side of the river. Many of these are especially interesting from the manner in which they have evolved themselves from infinitesimal germs. Perhaps one man has chanced to

visit some other town or village where a foreign preacher or Native catechist was addressing the people, or perhaps selling Christian books, of which the traveller bought one just for curiosity, and the word spoken or read has taken such root that he has again started on his travels and gone to some place where he knows that there are Christians who can tell him more of this new doctrine.

So he stays awhile for instruction, and buys more books, and then goes back to his village; and though friends and relations deem him mad, and beat him on the face and boycott him because he will not subscribe to idol feasts, nevertheless he holds on steadfastly, never ceasing to tell them of One whose service he has found to be far better than that of the idols; and he perseveres in prayer for them all; and at last, when he has stood utterly alone for perhaps seven or eight years, a reaction commences, and many regret that they have been so cruel to one who has only tried to do them good. Then half-a-dozen decide that they will be Christians, and a few months later half-a-dozen more; and within four or five years there are perhaps sixty or a hundred Christians in that village—real earnest men, whom no amount of persecution, social or official, can turn from their quiet, consistent Christian lives. [Vol. I., p. 148.]

Is the work real?

I often wish when I hear men lightly quoting from one another the stock phrases which are accepted as conclusive evidence of the uselessness of Mission work, and of the hypocrisy which it is supposed to foster in its converts (all of whom are supposed to be merely nominal, or attracted by gain), that the speakers would just take the trouble to inquire for themselves as to the truth of their statements. They would learn a very different story from the lips of men who really know what they are speaking about, and who would gladly give them a thousand details of individuals who have proved the intensity of their convictions, by voluntarily resigning lucrative posts in connection with idol worship, or involving Sunday work; by enduring bitter persecutions from their own nearest and dearest relations, deliberately giving up all ease and comfort in life, and accepting a lot of assured poverty and suffering, all in the one great effort to live worthy of the Light and Love which has filled their hearts—a Light which in many cases has long been steadily and bitterly resisted, ere it has thus triumphed. [Vol. I., p. 204.]

A Convert crucified.

At Christmas-time, 1879, there was a fearful persecution in a district within a hundred miles of Canton, where a wealthy Christian convert, having determined to build a church in his village, was seized and tortured, to make him forswear Christ. On his remaining steadfast, he was bound to a cross and swathed in cotton wool saturated with oil, and so was burnt alive. Four of his fellow-Christians were also fearfully tortured and mutilated, and then they likewise (since they could not be induced to recant) were tied to crosses and burnt. [Vol. I., p. 206.]

The World's opinion of Missions.

There is no gainsaying the fact that many persons look upon missions and their work as altogether a mistake—an annoying effort to bring about undesirable and unprofitable changes. What a pity it must seem to such thinkers, that St. Columba or St. Patrick ever took the trouble to come to Britain, or indeed, that a handful of low-born Jews should have presumed to preach in Greece or Rome—to say nothing of their little troubles with the literati of Judea. As regards obedience to the Master whose Last Commandment these troublesome missionaries are trying to carry out, that may be all very well in theory, but not in practice; and as to a Chinese St. Stephen, they have neither interest in, nor sympathy with any such, even when his martyrdom is enacted almost at their doors!

To an unbiassed stranger like myself, continually receiving kindness from all ranks and conditions of my fellow-countrymen, few things are more remarkable than the singular indifference of the majority of the mercantile community in Oriental countries to all missionary matters. [Vol. I., p. 352.]

A Prediction.

It may be that in years to come, when China has taken her place as THE GREATEST CHRISTIAN NATION IN THE WORLD, such troubles as these will be remembered, as we in Britain remember the persecutions of the earliest Christians by our pagan ancestors. [Vol. I., p. 368.]

"A Beginning."

There is small wonder that when the preachers have hitherto been so few the disciples have likewise been few, especially as their own systems of faith are deeply rooted, and they are the most conservative race in the world. Yet a beginning has been made. Fifty years ago there was not one Christian in all China connected with any Protestant Mission. Already, notwithstanding all hindrances and the fewness of teachers, THERE ARE UPWARDS OF A HUNDRED THOUSAND RECOGNISED MEMBERS OF DIFFERENT BRANCHES OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH, AND TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND COMMUNICANTS; and some even fancy that a day may come when this vast empire shall be numbered with those "last, who shall be first," in Christ's kingdom. [Vol. II., p. 241.]

(N.B. The italics and small capitals are Miss Gordon Cumming's.)

A JAPANESE CHRISTIAN WEDDING.

BY THE
REV. A. B. HUTCHINSON,
Nagasaki.

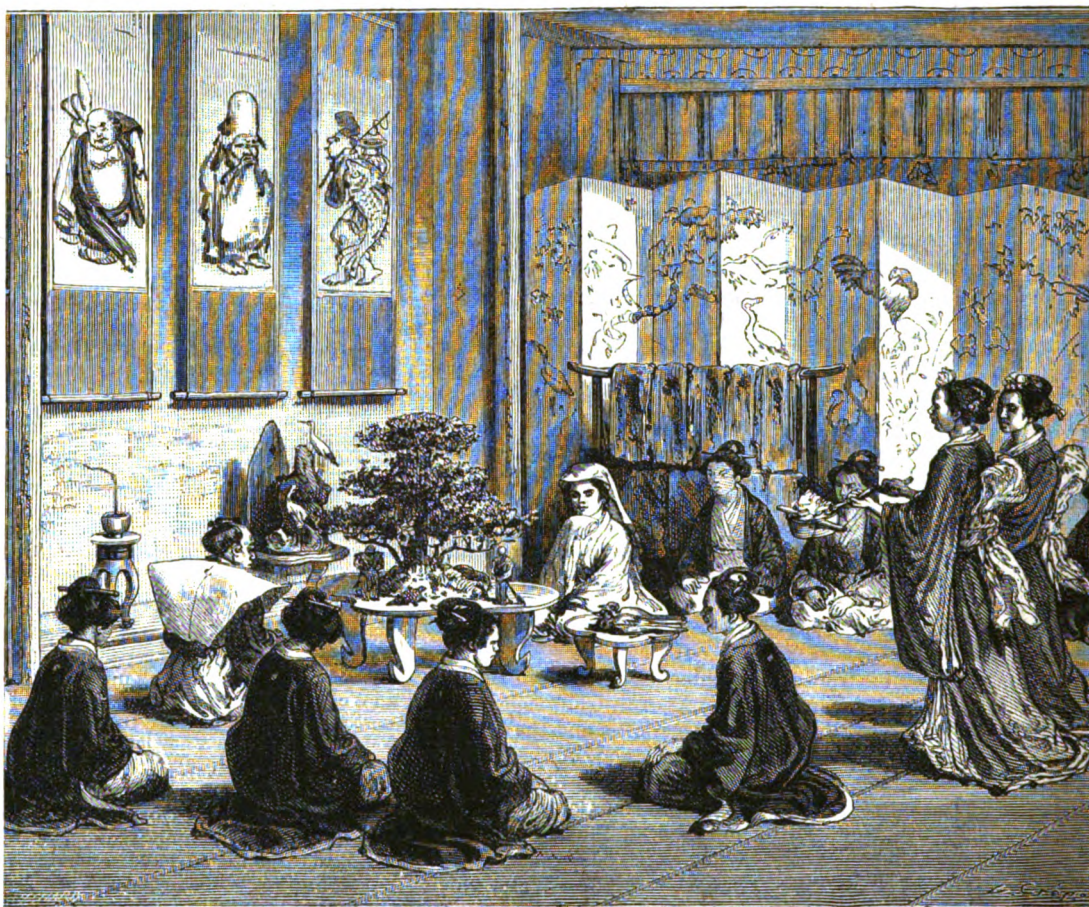
ON St. John the Baptist's Day we had a very interesting wedding in our pretty little church at Deshima. Nakamura San, who has been for some years teacher of Chinese in our College, and also himself a theological student, and latterly an acting catechist, married Mary Chisa, the assistant teacher of Mrs. Goodall's school, one of Mrs. G.'s first pupils.

When I was visiting Japan seven years since, I saw Mary, then a bright child of about twelve years of age. I was asking Mrs. Goodall some questions about her, when I was told that Mary could speak English, and such I found to be the case. Since that time she has become so proficient, that she can translate at sight to a class any elementary book. She is of great value as a teacher, and hopes to continue her work. Both are sincere, humble-minded believers, and the marriage is quite an answer to prayer.

When we arrived in Nagasaki three years since, Mary was engaged to a student who unhappily turned out badly as soon as a little responsibility devolved upon him. He fell into sin in various ways, and at last, to our great grief, withdrew altogether from the profession of Christianity. He is now an interpreter in Government employ. On his defection the engagement was broken off, but Mary's brother, who was once one of our converts but had joined the Methodists, was determined that she should marry his friend. All sorts of stratagems were tried. Policemen visited Mr. Maundrell and Mrs. Goodall, and threatened them with a trial at the Criminal Court for keeping a Japanese girl from her friends, and all sorts of annoyances were experienced; at last the parents insisted on Mary's return home. For nearly two years she lived with her mother, who at first tried hard to induce her either to fulfil her first engagement or to marry a heathen.

During the time of trouble here before her return Nakamura San sought her as his wife; none of her family would hear of it at first, but the two young Christians became engaged with our full approbation. Mary remained steadfast to her promise amid many provocations. Her letters to Mrs. Goodall during this time were very simple and touching. She just put her faith in God and asked our prayers.

By degrees first one then another of her friends came round, and gave their consent, her mother, her father, and last of all her brother. She was permitted to come back as teacher at Christmas last, but her father refused to give his written consent, which is necessary for a valid marriage in Japan. At length this was obtained, but to the last he refused to give her any dowry at all, so the young people had everything to provide themselves. So dear Mrs. Goodall set to work, helped and counselled by Mrs. Laurence, who is a Japanese lady, and by the help of friends everything was ready. We had morning service at nine o'clock, and then set to work decorating the



A WEDDING PARTY, JAPAN.

upper room at Deshima School with flowers, so that it was quite gay with hydrangea, gladiolus, lilies, gardenias, chrysanthemums, and palm leaves. Then there were sandwiches to be cut and tea provided, with gay-looking sweets and cakes; and in the centre of the floor was the wedding cake, made of three cakes one on the other, all iced over and decorated with silver paper white flowers. At three o'clock the church began to fill. Only Christians were admitted, for it was to be a real service of prayer and thanksgiving, and when the bride arrived it was full, Methodists and Presbyterians joining with our own people. It was my first Native wedding, and the first occasion of using the marriage service from the Prayer-book which was only printed last year.

The only decoration in the church was a row of five bouquets of pure white lilies in the east window. The bridegroom and bride took their places at once at the chancel step on a carpet laid down for the occasion, and a few friends stood on each side. Mary wore a *kimono* of a gauzy grey silk which her brother had given her a few days before for a wedding dress; her hair was dressed for the first time like a married woman's; one ornament which is highly prized is a bar of yellow tortoise shell, about 8 inches long, 1 inch wide, and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, which cost twenty-five shillings, Mrs. Goodall's gift. Her *obi* or broad belt was of satin of some quiet colour, and she looked exceedingly nice.

Both joined earnestly in the prayers, and said quietly and distinctly those parts of the service in which they were required to speak. Then we joined in a hymn, translated by Koba San for the occasion from the S.P.C.K. Hymn-book, No. 240, "Oh Christ, the King of human life." Captain Brenton of H.M.S. "Merlin" was present and enjoyed the service, especially the singing. We then all went into the school except the bride, who in accordance with Japanese etiquette went to change the wedding dress for another, a dress of dark blue silk, also the gift of

Mrs. Goodall. Then we all sat down on the mats to a Japanese feast, to which sandwiches and European cakes were added. In due course the bride came to begin cutting the cake, and I found it quite hard work before all the guests were supplied. Then came a few speeches, I first wishing the happy pair, who sat at the head of the room, all blessings, and pointing out what an encouragement to prayer we had that day. Then Mr. Brandram, and then the catechists present, Watanabe and Muteuka San. One of these made a very suitable allusion to the day, to John the Baptist being called the "friend of the bridegroom"; the other spoke of Cana of Galilee and the wedding there. The bridegroom returned thanks in an appropriate speech, remarking that Jacob had served seven years for a wife and then had great difficulty in getting the right one. He was quite sure Mary was worth working for all these years, but he was very glad that God had answered their prayers and given her to him after two years of anxiety. Then he recalled David's experience, and his having to slay 200 Philistines before he could be married. Well the heathen are Philistines and we have to slay them with the Gospel sling that they may live as captives of Christ; but he was glad he had not to wait till he had captured 200 before being blessed with a helpmeet who he trusted would be his helper in winning souls for the Master.

Was not all this very appropriate? The people in church behaved like sincere believers; there was a quiet happiness about the feast that pleased us all. Thirty-two guests sat down in the afternoon, and then in the evening the servants and their families had their feast in the same room; altogether our guests were fifty-seven in number. The following Sunday the newly-married pair received Holy Communion, and settled down to their work in the most prosaic manner possible on the Monday.

It was quite noticeable that the day was the only break in a long heavy downpour, which recalled the old saying, "Blessed is the bride that the sun shines on." I am sure you will heartily join in saying, "God bless them now and for evermore!"

Nagasaki, Japan, July, 1885.

Cambridge Church Missionary Women's Union.

THE first report of this Union has recently been published. Ninety members have been enrolled. The society was formed on the model of similar ones in Norfolk and Bedfordshire. An interesting feature of this Union has been a series of lectures on missionary subjects during the winter by clergymen, and when practicable, by missionaries. The first of the series for this winter somewhat partook of the character of a social gathering. It was held on Dec. 7th, in the large room of the Young Men's Christian Association, St. Edward's Passage. Every member was invited, but only about fifty, including the Committee and a few outsiders, were present. The proceedings began at 7.30 P.M. The first half-hour was spent in conversation, while tea, coffee, bread and butter and cake was handed round by the Committee. Then the meeting began by singing the hymn "To the work"; the Rev. F. F. Tracy opened it with prayer, the Rev. J. Barton spoke on the objects of our Union and the duty of its members. The Rev. A. H. Archer also said a few words, urging the members to try to extend the Union in the county. The Rev. C. F. Warren, from Japan, gave some interesting particulars of missionary work, and Mr. Lang closed the meeting with a few words.

Or eleven essays sent in to Mr. Stokes in competition for the prizes offered in the notice in the GLEANER of October, 1885, p. 119, the Examiners, the Rev. R. B. Meadows and the Rev. Canon Girdlestone, have adjudged the three following to be best:—(a) Miss Caroline Hole, Camberwell; (b) Miss Alice Tuting, Wallingford; (c) Miss Lines, Worcester. The remaining eight are highly commended, and classed alphabetically.

Dear Mr Will
you kindly
except this
little sum
for the Church
Missionary
Society (and)
Wish I could send
you more Sir
but I am but
a sailor's wife
and a reader
of the Gleaner

A LETTER TO THE C.M.S.

MANY thousands of letters from all parts of the world, and from all sorts and conditions of persons—the rich and the learned, the poor and the unlettered—are received at the Society's House every year. All these are connected in some way, directly or indirectly, with the great work which the C.M.S. is doing in the far off regions of the earth. We give above a facsimile of a letter recently received from a sailor's wife enclosing a donation of five shillings to the Society's funds. It is as follows:—
"Dear Sir, Will you kindly accept this little sum for the Church Missionary Society, and I wish I could send you more, Sir; but I am but a sailor's wife, and a reader of the GLEANER."

Thank God for such a letter! It could scarcely be more welcome if it enclosed £1,000.

THE MONTH.



THE February Simultaneous Meetings are now very near at hand. They will be held at more than 140 centres, including Barrow-in-Furness, Bath, Bedford, Birkenhead, Birmingham, Boston, Bournemouth, Bradford, Brighton, Bristol, Cambridge, Canterbury, Carlisle, Cheltenham, Chester, Colchester, Derby, Doncaster, Dorchester, Dover, Durham, Eastbourne, Exeter, Falmouth, Folkestone, Gloucester, Harrogate, Hereford, Hertford, Huddersfield, Hull, Leeds, Leicester, Lichfield, Lincoln, Liverpool, Macolesfield, Manchester, Margate, Middlesbrough, Newcastle, Northampton, Norwich, Nottingham, Oldham, Oxford, Peterborough, Plymouth, Preston, Ramsgate, Salisbury, Scarborough, Sheffield, Shrewsbury, Southampton, Southport, Southsea, Stafford, Stockton, Sunderland, Swansea, Taunton, Torquay, Truro, Tunbridge Wells, Weymouth, Wolverhampton, Yarmouth, York, and many other places. We earnestly ask all friends to help this effort—(a) By constant and fervent prayer for a rich blessing upon all the proceedings; (b) By obtaining and circulating the numerous papers issued in connection with the Meetings; (c) By promoting the success of the Meetings by personal attendance and by inducing others to attend.

LONDON is not included in this scheme; but it is hoped that an autumn campaign may be arranged for it. There will, however, be several devotional meetings in London in the same week, to pray for a blessing on the work in the country. We go to press too early to give particulars of them.

In addition to the papers for circulation in connection with the February Meetings mentioned last time, the Bishop of Exeter has written an earnest and touching Letter to Christian people; the Rev. W. A. Bathurst has reprinted a paper contributed by him to the *Churchman* on "The Reflex Benefits of Missions"; a powerful address by General Haig on "The Claims of India" has been printed; and Mr. R. N. Cust has presented 5,000 copies of "A Cry for Missions and a Missionary Spirit."

A CONFERENCE of the friends about to take part in these Meetings was held at the C.M. House on Jan. 14th. The Rev. F. F. Goe and Mr. Stevenson Blackwood gave addresses, and full discussion followed, concluding with a prayer-meeting.

NEW YEAR'S DAY brought the alarming telegram from Zanzibar about Bishop Hannington, which has so startled our friends throughout the country. We refer to it further on another page. Our eyes must be upon the Lord our God, Who doeth all things well.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has consented to preach the C.M.S. Annual Sermon at St. Bride's on Monday evening, May 3rd.

THE deaths of the Archbishop of Armagh and the Dean of Chester remove two names from the list of Vice-Presidents of C.M.S. Dean Howson was a hearty friend, and always took a leading part in the Chester Anniversaries.

THE usual New Year's Communion Service for the Committee and friends of the C.M.S. was held at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, on the Epiphany. The sermon was preached by the Rev. F. A. C. Lillingston.

THE Rev. H. Sykes, being forbidden by the doctors, to his own and the Society's great regret, to go to West Africa, has been now appointed to the Palestine Mission, whither he is to sail this month.

THE Rev. J. Field, who has been in the Yoruba and Ceylon Missions, but has been obliged to retire from both owing to Mrs. Field's health, is now appointed to the North Pacific Mission.

THE Society's Tukudh or Youcon Mission, in the Diocese of Mackenzie River, the most remote of all its Missions, has sustained a heavy loss by the death of the Rev. Vincent C. Sim, who went out in 1879, and has (during Archdeacon McDonald's absence) been the only missionary there. The exposure and want of good and sufficient food brought on an illness, and he died on May 11th last. He was a most zealous and devoted missionary; and Bishop Bompas writes in deep grief at his removal.

THE two "Missioners" for West Africa, the Rev. S. W. Darwin Fox (with Mrs. Fox) and the Rev. F. W. Dodd, arrived at Sierra Leone on

Nov. 23rd, and held preparatory services and conferences there. They then went on to Lagos, where they were to hold the "Mission" in December, returning to Sierra Leone for January.

SPECIAL Mission Services for Native Christians have been again held in Santalia, on Sept. 23rd and 24th, at Dharmapur. The Revs. A. Stark, J. Brown, F. T. Cole, A. J. Shields, J. Tunbridge, Ram Charan, Sham Besra, W. Sido, and Bhim Hasda took part. The general subject of the addresses was "The New Birth." The Rev. Sham Besra is thus referred to in the localised *Calcutta C.M. Gleaner*:—"Pastor Sham gave us a really stirring and splendid address, to which we all listened with surprise and gratitude to God for being so evidently present with our Native brother."

THE Native Christians of Fuh-Kien having resolved to send a Mission of their own to Corea, two evangelists started in October with Mr. Wolfe and Mr. Ahok (the Christian merchant mentioned in the *GLEANER* a year or two ago). A deeply interesting Valedictory Dismissal was held at Fuh-Chow, on the plan of our Dismissals at home. On their way the party stopped at Nagasaki, where some interesting meetings and services were held with the Japanese Christians there. Finally, writes the Rev. A. B. Hutchinson, "we knelt in prayer, and first in Japanese, then in Chinese, and then in English, commended the work and workers to God, concluding with the Lord's Prayer simultaneously in three languages."

NAGASAKI in Japan has been suffering from a visitation of cholera. The harbour was completely deserted by the ships that usually crowd it, and the streets became empty and desolate. The Rev. A. B. Hutchinson writes thankfully that none of the Native Christians were attacked. They held special prayer-meetings, and when the epidemic declined, held a thanksgiving service, at which they made a handsome collection for their afflicted heathen countrymen.

THE first meeting of the Lahore Diocesan Synod took place on Nov. 24th, and was presided over by Bishop French, and attended by a large number of missionaries and chaplains and Native clergymen and laymen. Some important debates took place on the future of the Native Church and many other subjects.

A CLERICAL Union has been formed at Lagos, for the mutual improvement of the European and African clergy; also a Young Men's Christian Association, for the large body of young Africans belonging to the various congregations. An admirable paper was lately read by the Rev. James Johnson, Native Pastor of Breadfruit Church, before the Clerical Union, on "How to reach the young men and benefit them."

THE Rev. T. Richardson, the founder and conductor of the Bible and Prayer Union which has spread over the world in so remarkable a manner during the last few years, has presented the Society with 400 volumes of the third series of the "Monthly Notes" which are sent to all members, for distribution among the missionaries and English-speaking Native clergy. We are sure this generous gift will be much valued. The "Notes" combine suggestiveness with brevity in an unusual degree; and they have been a real blessing to many.

THE *GLEANER* has been noticed in the *Times*. In a review of Christmas books and magazine volumes on Dec. 23rd, appeared the following:—"The *Church Missionary Gleaner* gleans from all corners of the Church missionary field, and contains a panorama of appropriate illustrations from all nations and peoples of the heathen world."

Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Thanksgiving for the interest already excited by the coming February Special Simultaneous Meetings. Prayer that they may be largely attended, and greatly blessed. Specially, prayer for the speakers.

Thanksgiving and prayer for the good work begun at Aiyannah in the North Pacific Mission (p. 18).

Prayer for the *Henry Venn* steamer (p. 18), for the Mission of the Fuh-Kien Christians to Corea (above), for the Santal Christians (above), for the bereaved Tukudh Mission (above).

Prayer for Bishop Hannington (if still spared), and for any other brethren in Africa who may be in peril. (P. 17.)

Continued prayer for more men.

REMOVED for the C.M.S.:—10s. from John B. Hill.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

MARCH, 1886.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

(The Texts are chosen to illustrate the "Te Deum.")

N. M. 5th.....10.4 p.m.
F. Qr. 13th....1.17 p.m.

March.

F. M. 20th... 4.36 a.m.
L. Qr. 27th... 10.44 a.m.

		THE GLORIOUS COMPANY OF THE APOSTLES PRAISE THEE.
		THE GOODLY FELLOWSHIP OF THE PROPHETS PRAISE THEE.
		THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS PRAISE THEE.
		THE HOLY CHURCH THROUGHOUT ALL THE WORLD DOETH ACKNOWLEDGE THEE.
1	M	Luke 6. 18. He chose twelve, whom He named Apostles. <i>J. J. Weidbrecht</i>
2	T	John 1. 14. We beheld His glory. [<i>died, 1852.</i>]
3	W	Acts 16. 25. At midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises.
4	T	2 Pet. 8. 18. To Him be glory both now and for ever. <i>Abdul Masih, 1st N. Clergyman in India, d., '27. Enlarged C.M.S. House op., '85.</i>
5	F	Jude 25. To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty.
6	S	Acts 4. 24. They lifted up their voice to God with one accord. [<i>Gen. 12. or 18. Rom. 16.</i>]
7	S	Rom. 16. 27. Quinquagesima. Gen. 9. 1—20. Mark 7. 24 to 8. 10. <i>E.</i>
8	M	Luke 1. 70. His holy Prophets which have been since the world began.
9	T	Pa. 99. 6. Moses and Aaron among His priests, and Samuel.
10	W	Acts 10. 43. Ash Wednesday. To Him give all the prophets witness.
11	T	Rom. 16. 26. Made manifest by the scriptures of the prophets. <i>Sargent</i>
12	F	Rev. 19. 10. The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy. [<i>cons., '77.</i>]
13	S	Pa. 99. 5. Exalt ye the Lord our God, for He is holy. [<i>Gen. 22. 1—20, or 23. 1 Cor. 7. 1—25.</i>]
14	S	John 8. 56. 1st in Lent. Gen. 19. 12—30. Mark 11. 27 to 12. 13. <i>E.</i>
15	M	Rev. 16. 6. They have shed the blood of saints and prophets. <i>Fox & Noble</i>
16	T	Heb. 11. 38. Of whom the world was not worthy. [<i>sailed for India, 1841.</i>]
17	W	Acts 7. 59. They stoned Stephen, calling upon God. [<i>U-Ganda, 1882.</i>]
18	T	Rev. 14. 3. They sung as it were a new song before the throne. <i>1st bapt.</i>
19	F	Rev. 6. 9. The souls of them that were slain for the word of God.
20	S	Rev. 19. 3. And again they said, Alleluia. [<i>or 82. 1 Cor. 12. 1—28.</i>]
21	S	1 Cor. 12. 3. 2nd in Lent. Gen. 27. 1—41. Mark 15. 1—42. <i>E. Gen. 28.</i>
22	M	Pa. 22. 25. My praise shall be of Thee in the great congregation.
23	T	Pa. 99. 3. Declare His glory among the heathen. [<i>Trade abol., 1807. Special Exeter Hall Meeting, 1885.</i>]
24	W	Isa. 40. 9. Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God. <i>British Slave</i>
25	T	Eph. 3. 10. Annun. V. M. (Made) known by the church the manifold [<i>wisdom of God. S. Leone Grammar School op., 1845.</i>]
26	F	1 Tim. 8. 15. The church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the
27	S	Eph. 3. 21. Unto Him be glory in the church, world without end. [<i>truth. 2 Cor. 1. 1—23.</i>]
28	S	2 Cor. 1. 20. 3rd in Lent. Gen. 37. Luke 8. 1—23. <i>E. Gen. 89. or 40.</i>
29	M	Rev. 7. 9. A great multitude, which no man could number.
30	T	Rev. 7. 9. Of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues.
31	W	Rev. 7. 10. Cried with a loud voice, Salvation to our God.

TE DEUM.

III.

RAISE is everywhere in the kingdom of God. "We praise Thee, O God," angels cry. Cherubim and Seraphim tell out His praises. And not angelic beings only. The servants of God in the past, and in the present, whatever their service may be, are one in this—they "praise Thee."

Apostles, and prophets, and martyrs, and all the Church in all the earth, unite in praising Thee.

We see the grand unity of the Church, we live in the past and in the present. The saints on high are one with us. We see them pass phalanx after phalanx before our eyes. "The glorious company of the Apostles," with all who believed on Him through their word, unite with us in praising Thee. Their toil, their conflict, their weary pilgrimages, are over. No more may they "preach the Gospel to every creature." They sounded forth their trumpet-note of liberty while they might. But now they are where there are no captives to be freed. Now they "praise Thee."

One could wish them back again. Nay, they were but "earthen vessels" like ourselves. Their power in their ministry lay in this, they were full of the Holy Ghost. "Be ye filled with the Spirit." Let us, as they, be faithful to our trust, living out, in daily life and service, our song, "we praise Thee."

"The goodly fellowship of the Prophets" too are praising.

Every one, in all time, who has spoken for God, by whom God has spoken to man, they and we are in "one communion and fellowship." Their, and our, one "duty and service, is to praise Thee."

We think next of the "Martyrs" of Christ. A "noble army." We think again of the past. We see them, slain by the sword, burned in the devouring flame, torn to pieces by savage beasts; we see them all, from Stephen crushed by stones, to those young men of Central Africa slowly burnt to death, but still "praising Thee." They were men "of whom the world was not worthy," from Abel onward, witnessing for Thee, O Lamb of God! They praised Thee here, amid all their suffering. And still, where suffering cannot be, "the noble army of Martyrs praise Thee."

We feel to be in heaven while we praise God with the hosts of heaven. But we are still upon the earth. And praise is still here. Because God is here. Here in His "Holy Church," the temple more blessed, more beautiful to Him, than that of Solomon. Here He dwells, and that for ever. There is no casting down of these "living stones built up a spiritual house," the "habitation of God through the Spirit." Here, where Thou art, they will still "praise Thee."

Here is a great missionary incentive. The "Holy Church" is not here only, or there. It is everywhere. Those who are "called unto the fellowship of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord" are gathered by the Spirit out of all nations. There is no kindred, or tongue, or people, or nation out of which there will not be some called out to be joined unto the Lord. The missionary command was not given for naught. Our missionary gifts and labours and prayers will not return empty. The "Holy Church" is "throughout all the world."

Her members may not "acknowledge" us. Our doings may never be known to them. But what of that! They are known to Thee, and to Thee all praise belongs. "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy Name," we give all praise, in all the world. "The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee."

J. E. SAMPSON.

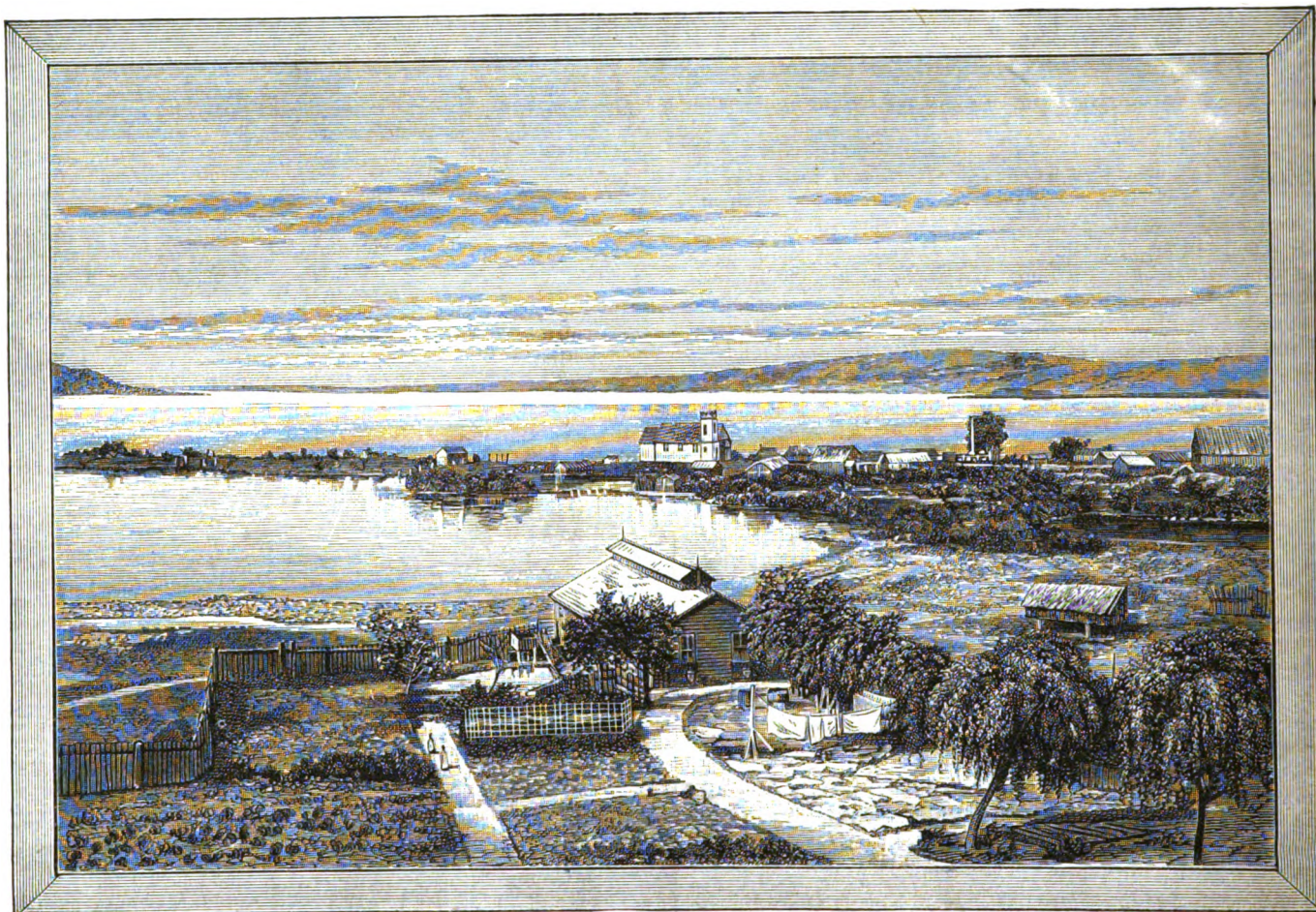
THE BISHOP OF WAIAPU ON VISITATION.



IN the January GLEANER we gave an interesting letter from Bishop Stuart, with an account by his daughter, Mrs. Marsden Clarke, of a Maori *Haraki* or Temperance Festival held at Tauranga. We now give an account of the Bishop's visitation of the lake region of his diocese in May, 1885. This also is written by Mrs. Clarke:—

At the end of May, 1885, the Bishop started for a visit of five days to Lake Rotorua and the surrounding district. On this occasion he made the journey in a small light buggy, and was accompanied by two members of his family. Hitherto he has gone these journeys on horseback, generally with a Maori henchman, but in many ways it makes the journey easier to drive, that is if the roads are fit. Leaving Tauranga on Friday, the 29th May, at about noon, the first halting place was reached soon after three o'clock, at a station called Oropi (Europe). Here a most hearty welcome awaited the party, and arrangements were made for service to be held in the house of one of the settlers at 6.30 P.M. This was very hearty and much appreciated, and all the people of the place attended it. Oropi is situated at the edge of the great bush that clothes the mountain ranges, and from Tauranga it was a steady ascent the whole way.

On Saturday an early start had to be made, as the journey to Ohinemutu is over 30 miles, and it was necessary to be there for Sunday. There is a "Half-way house" where travellers can get some tea and other refreshments, but that is about all the place furnishes. Breakfast was over very early, but parting chats with some of the settlers occupied some time, and it was 9.30 before we were fairly off, with rather a threatening sky overhead and a very muddy road below. However, before long the sun shone out and dispelled the morning clouds, although the road did not improve; indeed the further we penetrated into the bush the worse it got,



THE NEW MISSION CHURCH, OHINEMUTU, LAKE ROTORUA, NEW ZEALAND.

and we soon decided not to attempt that track again if we could possibly get on better by the Te Puke road. The journey took the whole day. Only two halts were made for rest and food for man and beast.

Ohinemutu was reached after dark. We were not sorry to drive up to the door of a comfortable hotel, and the cheerful fire was a welcome sight, for the night was bitterly cold.

The following morning being Sunday, the bell rang at 8 o'clock for Maori service in the pretty new church. This was well attended by about forty Maories, who were all very hearty and glad to see the Bishop. At 11 o'clock there was another service, largely attended. The singing on this occasion was led by a young negro with an accordion, with which he managed wonderfully well to control the somewhat uncertain voices of the natives. The lessons were read by the two churchwardens, who are very energetic and exemplary in the discharge of their duties as lay-readers. The Bishop read the service and preached in Maori, and the congregation was most attentive and orderly. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon there was a children's service and baptism, and at 7 o'clock there was English service in the large room of the hotel, which was well attended.

On Monday, after exploring all the hot baths in the neighbourhood, we started at 3 o'clock for Wairoa, accompanied by Mr. Goodyear, the C.M.S. missionary of this district, who found us here. This was a beautiful drive of two hours. It was just getting dark as the buggy stopped at the door of the hotel at Wairoa, and several Natives came round us with words of welcome. The church bell was rung at once for *karakia*, some zealous Native considering that was the first thing to be done when he saw the Bishop arrive.

Leaving the Wairoa at 12 o'clock we had lunch on the shores of the blue lake, and driving past the lovely lake Rotoiti reached the Taheke at dusk. The place was full of Maories, come for the Land Court, which had been sitting there for six weeks, and would probably go on for six weeks more. After dinner the Bishop and Mr. Goodyear went out and held service with the Natives. It was a bitterly cold and frosty night.

The next morning, Wednesday, we left Taheke by 8 o'clock on the return journey by Te Puke, a distance of forty-two miles. It was

intensely cold, with a thick mist unfortunately hiding Rotoiti and enveloping the mountain tops. After an hour or two it lifted, and by the time we had ascended to the summit of the range it was perfectly clear, and we saw to advantage the magnificent panorama spread below and around us for many miles in all directions. The Bishop's house at Tauranga was reached by 6 o'clock in the evening, and thus ended a most interesting and successful expedition.

The church at Ohinemutu referred to above has been engraved, and appears on this page. The following account of the opening and dedicatory service is condensed from *The Church Herald*, published in New Zealand:—

On Sunday, March 15th, 1885, the ceremony was performed by the Bishop, of opening the new Mission Church, St. Faith, at Ohinemutu, on the shores of Lake Rotorua. The past and present generation of missionaries were represented by the Rev. S. M. Spencer, who was for over forty years C.M.S. missionary in the Rotorua district, but is now retired, and the Rev. W. Goodyear, who has succeeded Mr. Spencer. These, with the aged Maori clergyman, the Rev. Ihiaia Te Aihu, who has been in orders since 1861, and is the oldest C.M.S. Native pastor in the Waipatu Diocese, took part in the service.

The arrangements for the day were made and superintended by the two Native churchwardens, Whittara Te Waiaatua and Huniperi Te Wheoro. The sermon was preached by the Bishop, who had as his interpreter the Rev. S. Williams (son of the Bishop's predecessor), whose animated Maori style never fails to charm and rivet the attention of a Native audience. One interesting part of the service was the admission into the Church of Christ, by baptism, of a Native chief. He was one of the few chiefs occasionally to be met with who had not received baptism. This chief, who is a remarkably fine-looking man, past middle age, was arrayed in a handsome mat, beautifully worked with feathers.

The dimensions of the church are 45 feet by 22 feet, with a chancel of 12 feet by 14 feet. There is no attempt at ornamentation; but the proportions are good, and the effect pleasing.

THE REV. AINALA BHUSHANAM.



IN the GLEANER for July, 1880, there appeared an engraving of the Robert Noble School at Masulipatam in the Telugu Mission, South India. Some readers now who were not readers then may ask, "What is the Robert Noble School?" Well, it is a high class institution founded by the revered Rev. Robert Noble in 1843 for imparting a liberal education to young men of the upper castes of South India, and at the same time for training them in the fundamental principles of Christianity which are the basis of the Society's work. As he may be called the father of the Telugu Mission, so he may be considered the founder of the system of using education as a Mission agency in the Telugu Mission which has ever since been carried on in that Mission, and which also is largely made use of by the C.M.S. all through India. No Institution of its kind has turned out better men. Apart from those who have left its ranks to fill high official posts under Government, and others who have acted as Native catechists and teachers, no less than five of its students have been admitted to holy orders, three of whom are still faithfully doing a good work in the Telugu Mission, and one at Calcutta; the fifth, the Rev. Ainala Bhushanam, whose portrait appears on this page, having, after a career of usefulness and devotion, been called to the "higher service."

The Rev. Ainala Bhushanam was no common man. He was one of the first two high-caste converts from Robert Noble's School. He, a Vellama in caste, and Manchala Ratnam, a Brahmin (one of the five mentioned above) were baptized together on July 31st, 1852. The account of their conversion will be found in the *Memoir of R. T. Noble*, page 236. The excitement produced in the town by the baptism was tremendous, and continued to grow, until, on August 12th, a general assault was made upon the Mission premises, which was only foiled by the intervention of armed police. For nine days and nights Mr. Noble never took off his clothes. Their conversion reduced the school from eighty pupils to four or five for several months. The grief of Bhushanam's father and mother was intense, and trying indeed was it to hear his old father in the bitterness of his sorrow cry out, "My son, my son, would that thou hadst died! oh, my son, my son!" His old mother was ill for eleven years after his conversion, but joined him in his faith in 1863, just before her death. He was ordained deacon, with Manchala Ratnam, in 1864, and priest in 1866. From that date until his death he was engaged chiefly in itinerating work among the villagers of the Masulipatam and Bezvada districts, a work for which he was eminently fitted. He was most successful as a preacher. He died suddenly on May 8, 1877.



THE LATE REV. AINALA BHUSHANAM AND WIFE.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE MONEY?

IF a contributor gives one sovereign to the Church Missionary Society, how is it used? Taking the various heads of expenditure, and noting their relative proportions, it appears that in 1884-5, out of £1 given to the Society, no less than 7s. 4d. was spent on India, 2s. 4d. on Africa, 1s. 10d. on China, 1s. 8d. on North America, 1s. on Ceylon, 1s. on Palestine and Persia, 6d. on Japan, 4d. on New Zealand, and 3d. on Mauritius; or 16s. 3d. for the actual expense of the Missions. Then 6d. was given towards the preparation of missionaries (at the C.M. College, &c.); and 1s. to support sick and infirm missionaries or their widows and children; making a total of 17s. 9d. out of the £1 used upon what may be called Missionary expenditure at home and abroad. Of the remaining 2s. 3d., 1s. 5d. was spent upon "collection of funds," that is for deputations, &c. and for reports and publications, and 10d. upon "administration," that is the office charges necessary in the management of so large a concern. Of course the proportions here given vary a little from year to year; but these are substantially correct.

A SYMPATHETIC AND A HOSTILE ROMANIST.

IN the Negombo district of Ceylon there are large numbers of Romanists. Although their opposition to Protestant Missions is not very strong, they show occasional hostility which proves trying to the Native catechists and their work. One instance is given by the Rev. D. Wood, of Colombo, in his Annual Letter.

Passing through a village, the catechist in the Negombo district stopped at a bazaar to purchase food, and while there sold some tracts. Some school-boys who were near told this to the schoolmaster, a Roman Catholic, who invited the catechist to the verandah of his house and purchased some books. He, however, secretly sent one of the books to the priest's house. After a few minutes the priest came, and angrily denounced the catechist for selling those "bad books" to Romanists. "My people will go to hell if they read those books," he said. In vain the catechist protested that the books were not bad. The priest said, "A few days ago I went to a village and found more than 100 such books among the people, but I took them all and burned them. Now I shall buy all these books from you and burn them too." "But I will not sell them for that purpose. The books are to be read, not burned," was the reply. "I will have them," cried the priest; and seizing the books, he reckoned up the prices marked on them, laid down the money, and, notwithstanding the protestations of the catechist, walked off with them. A crowd of excited Romanists had gathered round, and the catechist was glad to escape from the place without personal injury.

"F. S. M."

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—I was returning home by rail a few days ago from C.M.S. deputation work, and was musing about the F. S. M., when suddenly a vivid object lesson shot through my eyes to my mind. It was an unpleasant morning; scattered flakes of snow were falling, and disappearing as soon as they touched the moist, warm fields; but here and there, by the side of the line, I observed circular patches perfectly white. *Where the fire had been the snow lay unmelting; the cold dry ashes welcomed it!* Surely the fire will be kindled in many hearts by the Holy Spirit at these Special Meetings. Do urge our friends all over the country to feed even the smallest flame of holy enthusiasm with Missionary Work of some sort, lest the chilly snows of indifference or unbelief should return, and find an easier lodging on the ashes of their burnt-out zeal.

A. M. F.

"F. S. M."

CHELTHENHAM, 9th February.



THE February Simultaneous Meetings are "in full swing" as we write. It is not possible for the GLEANER to wait (in this short month of February) for a report of them, and if it could, space could not be spared. The Editor, who is writing these lines, is doing so at Cheltenham, to which place, with Gloucester, he was allotted by our general commanding, Mr. Sutton, and his chief of the staff, Mr. Grubb. He has just received a letter from Bedford, with these words: "Two most glorious meetings at Bedford—1,500 each time." Thank God for such a message. Perhaps not many places will rival that; but we doubt not that all over the country an ardent spirit of enthusiasm is being aroused.

Why do we not doubt this? Simply because the united prayers of thousands have asked God to grant it. The spirit of prayer evoked is indeed remarkable. London is not included in this effort because it is too large, and must by-and-by be attacked by itself; but London is praying for the country. In many London parishes special prayer-meetings are being held; in others, special petitions offered at ordinary prayer-meetings; while in one important parish at least (St. Paul's, Onslow Square), the Vicar has requested his people to meet at each other's houses during the week, and join together in little companies to plead with God for a blessing on speakers and audiences all over the land.

America, too, is joining the concert of prayer. A writer in the *Missionary Herald*, the organ of the American Board of Foreign Missions, suggests special prayer-meetings *throughout this month*, at different centres in the United States, three or four each day; adding, "If with such public prayer there is also offered the daily secret prayer, may not, *must not*, the month of February, 1886, become the month of months in the history of the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom in the world?"

Every day this week has its particular engagements. *Monday* is the special day at Windsor, Birkenhead, Truro, Newcastle, Colchester, Gloucester, Southampton, Hereford, Rochester, Kettering, Louth, Lichfield, Stafford, Ipswich, Yeovil, Halifax, Middlesborough. *Tuesday*, at Newark, Cheltenham, Falmouth, Launceston, Barrow-in-Furness, Plymouth, Sunderland, Bournemouth, Ramsgate, Gravesend, Preston, Leicester, Boston, Shrewsbury, Bath, Lowestoft, Birmingham, Devizes, Great Malvern, Bradford, Ilkley, Chesterfield, Swansea, Ledbury, &c. *Wednesday*, at St. Albans, Huntingdon, Chester, Liskeard, Redruth, Carlisle, Torquay, Tiverton, Southsea, Ross, Folkestone, Tunbridge Wells, Southport, Melton Mowbray, Lincoln, Lynn, Stamford, Nottingham, Burton-on-Trent, Tamworth, Leamington, Salisbury, Worcester, Huddersfield, Scarborough, Wrexham, Pembroke, &c. *Thursday*, at Watford, Hertford, Reading, Penzance, Buxton, Ilfracombe, Dorchester, Alnwick, Newport (I.W.), Dover, Peterborough, Chepstow, Taunton, Saxmundham, Red Hill, Guildford, Hastings, Trowbridge, Redditch, Harrogate, Sheffield, Leeds, Rhyl, St. Asaph, &c. *Friday*, at Matlock, Sidmouth, Weymouth, Glastonbury, Bury St. Edmunds, Coventry, Stockton, Bristol and Clifton, Deal, Blackpool, Northampton, Oxford, Bridgewater, Brighton, Swindon, Kidderminster, York, Hull, Newmarket, Andover, &c. But at several of these places two days are being occupied; while at Cambridge, Derby, Exeter, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Great Yarmouth, Wolverhampton, Newcastle-under-Lyme, three, four, or five days are mapped out with various meetings and services. Moreover, even where only one day is set apart, there may be many meetings; thus at Brighton (where the gatherings will be specially solemnised by the sad telegram about Bishop Hannington) there are Intercessory Services with addresses (and in some cases Holy Communion) at eight churches in the morning, a Conference in the

afternoon, and a Public Meeting in the evening. Or take another programme as a specimen:—

CAMBRIDGE PROGRAMME.

Sunday, Feb. 7.—Special reference will be made to the subject in the Sermons preached in the following Churches, among others: The Abbey, St. Barnabas, St. Bene't, Christ Church, St. John's, St. Mark's, Newnham, St. Michael's, St. Paul's, Holy Sepulchre, Holy Trinity.

Special Services for Children and Young People will be held on Sunday Afternoon at Holy Trinity, at 3 P.M. for Central Parishes; Christ Church, at 3.30 P.M., for Barnwell; St. Barnabas, at 3 P.M., for Mill Road District.

Monday, Feb. 8.—11.30 A.M. Service with Holy Communion at Holy Trinity Church. Address by Rev. H. C. G. Moule, Principal of Ridley Hall.

8.0 P.M. Meeting at the Guildhall, presided over by the Rev. the Vice-Chancellor. Addresses by the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, Vicar of St. Paul's, Onslow Square, London, and P. V. Smith, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, and formerly Fellow of King's College.

8.0 P.M. Meeting at the Guildhall for *Members of the University only*. Chairman, The Regius Professor of Divinity. Addresses by Mr. Webb-Peploe and Mr. P. V. Smith.

Tuesday, Feb. 9.—8.15 P.M. Meeting for Young Men in the rooms of the C.E.Y.M. Society, 10, St. Edward's Passage. Chairman, Jas. Hough, Esq. Addresses by N. F. Horne, Esq., of the London Lay Workers' Union, and two Cambridge Undergraduates.

Wednesday, Feb. 10.—7.30 P.M. Prayer Meeting with short addresses at Holy Trinity Vestry.

Thursday, Feb. 11.—3 P.M. Women's Meeting at the C.E.Y.M.S. Rooms. Address by Miss Swainson, of the C.E. Zenana Mission at Umritsar, Panjab.

6.0 P.M. Children's Meeting (for Barnwell) in Paradise Street Schoolroom, 8.0 P.M. Meeting at the Paradise Street Schoolroom. Addresses by Rev. G. W. Weldon, Rector of Bickley, Rev. J. B. Whiting, and others.

Friday, Feb. 12.—4.15 P.M. Children's Meeting at Town Hall. 8.0 P.M. General Meeting at the Guildhall. Chairman, The Master of Corpus. Addresses by Rev. J. B. Whiting, Vicar of St. Luke's, Ramsgate, and H. Gibson, Esq., of Ongar.

Saturday, Feb. 13.—Thanksgiving Service, with Holy Communion, at St. Bene't's Church, at 8 A.M. Address by Rev. J. B. Whiting. Meetings for Intercessory Prayer will also be held during the week as follows:—

For Members of the University, daily, from 2 to 2.30 P.M., at the University C.M. Union rooms, All Saints' Passage.

For the public generally, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, at the C.E.Y.M.S. rooms, St. Edward's Passage, from 12 to 12.30.

It is a token of the favour and blessing of God that the spirit we want to rouse by the meetings has been already roused by the mere preparations for them. Here is a letter from one town, which we will not name:—

I have been much encouraged. I have about forty ladies at work, each with a district, and several working men, who have thrown themselves into the work with much spirit. Even the Dissenters are helping. All the Dissenting ministers in the town either have mentioned, or will next Sunday, the Meetings from their pulpits. The Vicar of Watford is not a C.M.S. man; indeed they do nothing for missions at his church, not even for the S.P.G. He allowed me to circulate the papers, &c., through his parish, promised to come to the meetings, and gave me his pulpit to plead the missionary cause last Sunday morning.

A good voluntary choir of ladies and others is formed, and is to attend not only the missionary meetings, but the prayer meetings on the three previous days.

Such a good feeling seems roused, that were there no meetings to take place I feel the missionary cause has taken a great step here. We are warmed up, and the Master's command is a reality to us as it was not before to many of us.

The Archbishops and Bishops are anxious that it should be known that they greatly regret the coincidence in time of their Episcopal Conference in London with the meetings, which prevents most of them from taking any part. But several have written in warm terms of approval and sympathy. But the Bishops of Bangor, Liverpool, Norwich, Newcastle, and Salisbury, at least, have been able to preside at one meeting each. The Bishop of Truro sent a special letter to be read, with his blessing. The Bishop of Chester countersigned the local notices, saying, "I desire to commend this proposal to your deepest consideration, asking your intercession and steady endeavour to help." And the Archbishop of Canterbury has written as follows:—

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E., 6th February, 1886.

MY DEAR MR. WIGRAM,

I am late, but not the less earnest in expressing my sympathy, and promising my Daily Prayers through the week for the "Simultaneous Meetings."

By God's Help, keenest attention will be aroused to the *Duty* of the Mission Work and its maintenance, and that Heavenly Help, sought by united Prayer, will (I believe it) be granted. We shall feel the effect.

It is matter of great regret that the Bishops will be necessarily in London

during the week. Their time had to be fixed by a Committee who found that there was, as a matter of fact, no choice.

But I am sure you will have the united Prayer of the Bishops.

Yours sincerely,

THE REV. F. E. WIGRAM.

EDWARD CANTUAR.

LONDON, February 11th.

The reports are beginning to come in, and are full of encouragement. The Rev. C. C. McArthur writes of the first of a long series of gatherings at Great Yarmouth, that it was "one of the most solemn and blessed meetings it has ever been my lot to attend." But the first of all to arrive was from Bedford, which was the one place in all England where a day not in the week (Friday, February 5th) had to be chosen for local reasons. This report we must give to the readers of the GLEANER. It will surely fill them with thankfulness:—

The effort needed to fill so large a room as the Bedford Corn Exchange, capable of holding some 1,600 persons, was no trifling one; but the earnest workers in the cause proved fully equal to the task. Preliminary meetings of both ladies and gentlemen had been held on several occasions during the few weeks previous, to secure hearty co-operation, and the thorough canvassing of the town and neighbourhood. Circulars had been issued in all directions, large and attractive bills caught the eye in all public places, committees of ladies had been organised to carry out all the details of music and refreshment, and the entertaining of people from a distance, and a most efficient staff of zealous laymen took charge as stewards of all the arrangements needed for the accommodation and comfort of the large numbers of people who were expected to attend.

The results abundantly rewarded the workers for all the trouble they had taken. The afternoon meeting commenced punctually at 3.15. The large platform was completely filled with clergymen and laymen from the town and country, and the whole body of the hall was occupied by a thoroughly representative audience. The chair was taken by A. D. Chapman, Esq., of Milton Ernest Hall, who gave the right tone to the meeting by quoting and emphasising the published words of the appeal of the Society, that the object of the meetings was to "plead, not for any particular Society, as such, but each Society's Master and His Cause." This excellent key-note, thus given at the commencement, was well maintained throughout, and set the strain to all that followed. It was the remark of several that they had never been present at any meetings where man and self were so completely kept out of sight, and where the glory of Christ, the grandeur of the work of Christ, the blessedness of being a helper, even in the humblest capacity, in extending the kingdom of Christ, was so completely made to eclipse all else, that nothing more was remembered.

Mr. Chapman was supported by the Bishop of Sodor and Man, and by Bishop Hellmuth, the Rev. E. Lombe, and the Rev. A. H. Arden.

At the evening meeting Mr. Chapman again presided. On this occasion the hall was completely filled, and many were unable to find sitting room, the audience being chiefly from the town of Bedford, and comprising all sorts and degrees of people. The hymns were sung with great heartiness, both before and during the meeting, and greatly added to the solemnity and impressiveness of the occasion. Bishop Hellmuth touchingly spoke of his long experience of missionary work in Canada, and was followed by the Rev. F. Bourdillon, of Old Warden, who greatly impressed the audience with his solemn appeals to the heart, as he urged upon all present the pathos of the old refrain, "Tell it out among the heathen, that the Lord is King." Mr. Bourdillon was followed by Mr. Lombe, and the deeply interesting meeting was appropriately closed by earnest and soul-stirring words from the Bishop of Sodor and Man. Thus ended meetings which will long be remembered in the town of Bedford.

Here we must stop, with one remark. Let all our readers render praise to God for this wonderful week. And let them very especially remember this, that now the excitement and interest has passed and the time for practical work has come. If there is a single meeting in all England this week which results in no increase of real practical effort in the cause, that meeting is a failure, however stirring it may have been itself! Let every one say, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"—and then go and do it!

P.S.—Feb. 12th. More than a hundred reports are already in. In a few cases there seem to have been only ordinary meetings, generally, strange to say, where C.M.S. is already strongest; but most of the reports tell of extraordinary interest aroused, large gatherings, and much solemnity. God be praised!

THE GLEANER EXAMINATION.



THE Gleaner Competitive Examination for 1885 was held on January 12th, 1886. Thirty-nine Question Papers were applied for but thirty-three only actually competed, twenty-five in Standard A and eight in Standard B. The following were the Questions set for the Examination:—

Questions for Standard A only.

1. As regards Africa:—(1) Name some principal African Explorers, and the territories they explored; (2) State what you know of the Religions and Languages of Africa.
2. What has been told this year of the very diverse work of four missionaries in Mid China—viz., two at Ningpo and two at Hang-Chow?
3. What missionary lessons do we learn from the 7th chapter of the Acts?
4. What accounts have been given of the following:—(a) Work among the young in the Missions; (b) a Religious Revival; (c) Baptism of the first-fruits of a Mission; (d) the Death of a young labourer; (e) Special "Mission" Services for Native Christians; (f) Medical work; (g) Enlargement of a "Cathedral"; (h) Translational work in Africa?

Questions for Standards A and B.

5. Give some account of African Slavery and the Slave Trade, distinguishing between them, and noticing both the East and West Coasts.
6. What events in the past year, at home and abroad, point to the extension and growth of C.M.S. work?
7. Explain—Shid Shidan, Bu-Ganda, Bantu, mallam, potlatch, amah, Copt, charpoy, Swahili, lubari.
8. The Gonds and the Hydahs: Who are they? Give an account of the Mission to either (not both) of them.
9. Mention some old missionaries, either taken from us in the past year, or retired, or still labouring, for whose work we should thank God; noticing what work they did, or are doing.
10. Who are (or were) these persons:—Chitnio, Chow, Nur Khanam, Sebbati, Mrs. Li, John Hensman, Koshi Koshi, Khem Chand, Krishna Mohan Banerjee?

The adjudication this year was kindly undertaken by the Rev. W. Allan, Vicar of St. James's, Bermondsey, and an active member of the C.M.S. Committee. The result is as follows:—

List of Successful Candidates.

STANDARD A. First Class.

1. Finch Perrott, South Lambeth.
2. Lillie Lucas, Hartwith, Ripley.
3. Amy A. Harvey, Bury St. Edmunds.
4. Emily S. Blenkin, Boston.
- 4, 5. Charlotte E. Lloyd, Shrewsbury.
6. M. Emily Preston, Pentonville.
7. Emily H. Green, Greenfield, Manchester.
8. Elizabeth J. Phillips, South Lambeth.
9. Hilda C. Gregg, Eastbourne.

Second Class.

1. Lizzie Storrs, Boston.
2. M. White, South Lambeth.
3. Gertrude F. Stubbs, Pentonville.
4. Janet C. Clarke, Upton, Co. Cork.
5. E. Caroline Stubbs, Pentonville.
6. Annie S. Corser, Shrewsbury.

7. Mark Jones, Sheffield.
8. Mary G. H. Battersby, S. Kensington.
- 9, 10. {Meme Fleming, Leeds } equal.
- {Nelly Miller, Liverpool }
11. Elizabeth M. Leslie, Brighton.

Honourable Mention:—E. J. Boswell, Marie Schiffer, Mima E. Clarke, William Hurcombe.

STANDARD B. First Class.

- 1, 2. {C. E. Fitch, Cromer } equal.
- {Katharine E. Gregg, Eastbourne }
3. M. T. P. Clark, Kingstown.

Second Class.

1. Beatrice M. Prigg, Bury St. Edmunds.
2. G. T. Blenkin, Boston.

Honourable Mention:—Maggie Long, Eliza L. Long.

Mr. Allan says:—"The assignment of the highest place in the Examination is an easy task, for Mr. F. Perrott (a brother of the No. 1 of last year) stands nearly half again as high as any other candidate, and but for two or three slips, would probably be as near perfection as it would be possible to attain in dealing with such a variety of subjects in the limited period of two hours. Miss Lucas, who carried off the first prize for 1882 and 1883 and the second prize for 1884, is again No. 2. Her answers are, as usual, excellent as far as they go, often equaling, and occasionally even surpassing Mr. Perrott's. No. 3 is almost equal to No. 2, and would have easily taken the second place if she had not made some unfortunate slips."

Mr. Allan also sends the following notes:—

Twelve only of the twenty-five candidates who entered for Standard A have attempted to answer Question 3, and of these twelve not more than three or four can be said to have given the right teaching of the chapter. In most cases they are altogether irrelevant. More than one candidate refers to Nur Khanam, or some other Afghan convert, as the first-fruits of the Afghan Mission. Happily we had not to wait until 1885 to obtain such first-fruits. One candidate imputes something like slave-dealing to our Indian officials by speaking of Nur Khanam as having been purchased by the British Government. She was not purchased, but rescued. Another referred to the work of the China Inland Mission as an illustration of C.M.S. work, with which it has nothing to do. Another attributes the discovery of the Albert Nyanza to Messrs. Burton and Speke, mentions Krishna Mohan Banerjee as a C.M.S. Missionary, and locates the scene of the labours of the Rev. C. C. Mengé at Gorakpur. Another refers to Mrs. Reuther as still living, whereas she died last year; and another speaks of Dr. Galt as still at Hang-Chow, when he left the C.M.S. service six years ago.

In spite, however, of occasional blunders, and still more occasional guesses, we are delighted at the wide and generally accurate acquaintance with the work of the C.M.S., as set forth in the GLEANER for 1885.



AINO ABORIGINES OF JAPAN.

WORK AMONG THE AINOS.

THE curious Aino nation, of which other notices appeared in the GLEANER for October, 1875, May, 1877, and January, 1881, are the aboriginal inhabitants of Japan, and once covered the whole of that country; but the few that remain are now confined to Yezo, the northernmost of the four islands which compose the Japanese Empire. The C.M.S. missionary among them is Mr. J. Batchelor. He writes:—

HAKODATE, Nov. 28th, 1885.

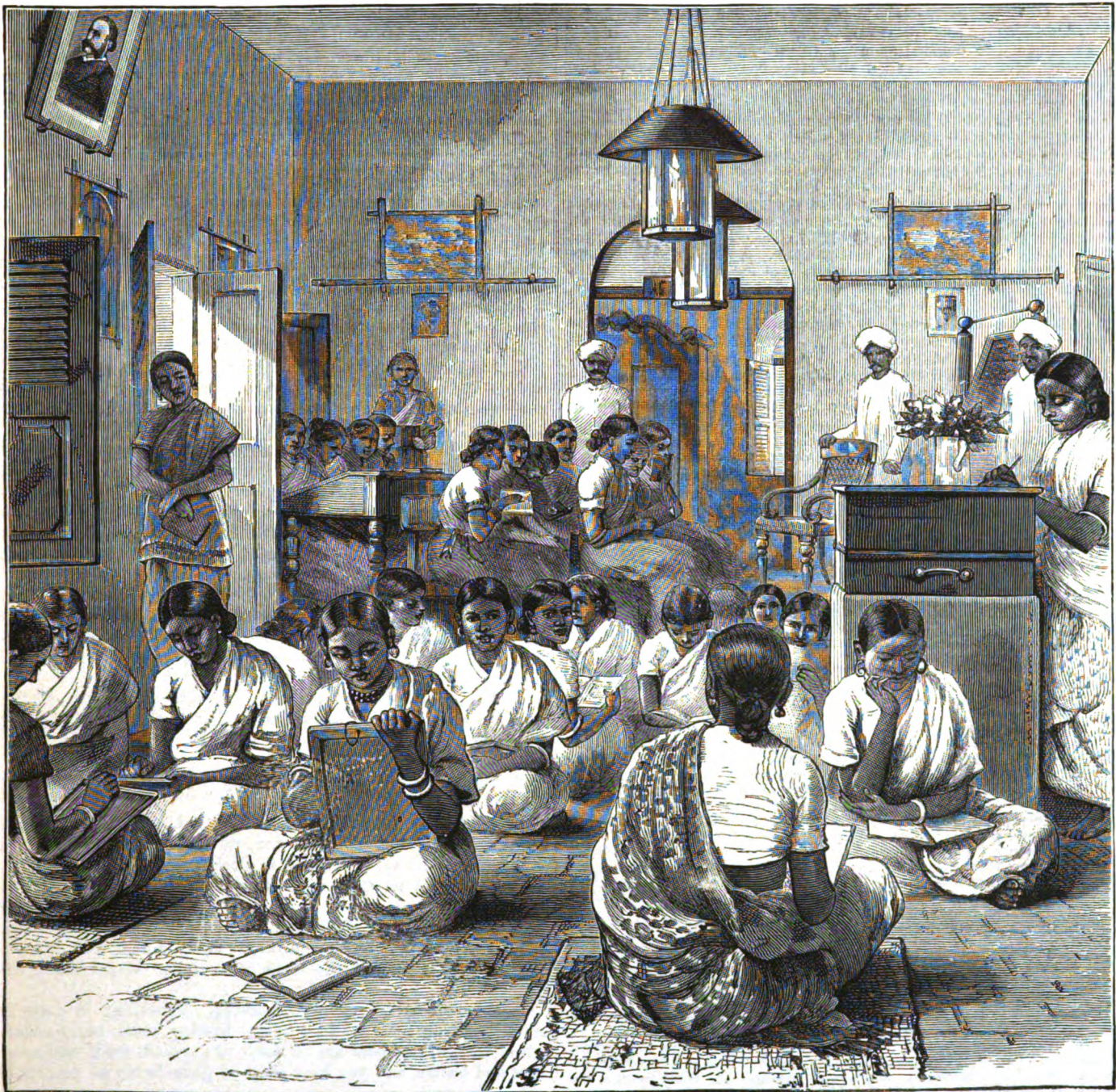
We left Hakodate for the interior on May 6th, but owing to frequent attacks of ague and fever, we were obliged to turn our steps homeward on the 27th of August. During the greater part of this period I was a prisoner, almost unable to move, in a Japanese hotel, at a village called (in Aino) Poropet Kotan. Whilst here we were obliged to carry on the greater part of our work in our hotel. This was a great drawback, for we were

seldom able to collect more than six Aino together in the hotel at any one time, but when well enough to preach in an Aino hut, we were generally much crowded, the congregation never numbering less than thirty.

At Poropet Kotan we became acquainted with a young Aino named Kannari Taro, son of the village chief. I have engaged him as my teacher of the Aino language. Before I engaged him as my teacher, he showed a great interest in Christianity. He is now with us in Hakodate, and is to be presented to Mr. Andrews for baptism on Christmas Day.

Besides this, I have great pleasure in telling you that two Aino servants (man and wife) have professed faith in Christ. There are also two inquirers at Poropet Kotan who we hope will eventually profess Christ.

The letter from which the foregoing extracts are taken enclosed copies of the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the hymn "Jesus loves me," in Aino. These are the first things ever printed in the language. "We printed them ourselves," writes Mr. Batchelor, "with a little press bought with money sent us by the children of Jesus' Lane Sunday School, Cambridge."



INTERIOR OF THE SARAH TUCKER INSTITUTION.

INSIDE THE SARAH TUCKER INSTITUTION.

FEW branches of missionary work are more interesting than those which are directed specially to the training of the young. In fact, it may be said that if the continents now partially or totally shrouded in pagan darkness are to be brought under the enlightening influences of Gospel truth, the result will be mainly dependent upon the present seed sowing in the hearts of the rising generation. The future spiritual fabric will rest upon the foundations now being faithfully and solidly laid.

Of the C.M.S. work among the more than 70,000 children in its 1,700 schools accounts have frequently appeared in the

GLEANER. This month we give a peep behind the scenes of one of its largest educational establishments in India, the Sarah Tucker Institution.* Our readers will remember Mr. Harcourt's interesting letter in the GLEANER for May, last year, and his touching story of the death of little Sebatia. Mr. Harcourt's Report of his work in 1885 has just been received. We give some interesting extracts here:—

PALAMCOTTA, Nov. 30th, 1885.

I commence my Annual Letter with a great deal of thankfulness. This is my fifth letter from the Sarah Tucker Institution, and each year God has enabled me to report progress, progress in which this Training

* Other accounts of the Sarah Tucker Institution appeared in the GLEANER for January, February, March, June, July, and September, 1875, and May, 1886.

College for young women is held in the estimation of outsiders, and I believe progress in the spiritual part of our work.

The Director of Public Instruction, in his last volume on the state of education, says, in that portion allotted to female education:—"This Institution, than which few are doing better work in the country, has progressed considerably, and in the Special Upper Primary and Middle School Examinations 75 per cent. of the candidates were successful."

The present number now studying is 100; and the feature of this year is that we have opened a first or highest grade for women, in Tamil, not in English yet. We are gradually working up to this in our lower classes.

Now for a peep into our inner life. It is 5 P.M., and our day's school-work is over, and the girls ought to be at play, but they are lingering over their books, so I take them out for a walk along some secluded road, or over the green fields. The road within sight of our place leads direct south, almost to Cape Comorin, fifty miles off. A grand road it is, quite overarched near us with the banyan-tree, and we march along thus—a pretty sight—150 girls in their various coloured cloths. On our return, in the dusk, they form into a long line, and sing hymns with Native and English tunes, sounding sweetly in the open air, though at times irregular in time owing to the length of the line, something like chimes in the distance, their voices are so silvery. We talk together as we go along, those about me—if they are not singing—and there is nothing they like talking about so much as some Scriptural subject.

Thank God, ever since we have been here we have had no troublesome case, though the girls and their teachers are so many—some 170 in all. The Good Shepherd keeps us. We have many prayer-meetings. Miss Askwith keeps on her good work. My wife and I maintain our health fairly, so that we have all much, very much, to be thankful for.

I have forty-two other schools, with 1,050 girls in them; five of these are boarding-schools; the rest day-schools for Hindu girls (not Christians). Very hopeful.

Most of the pictures we have given of the Institution have been exterior views. The one on our centre page gives us admission to the interior, and shows us the girls at work. It is engraved specially from a sketch sent home by Mr. Harcourt, with the following explanation:—

You have had several pictures of the *outside* of this Institution, but I don't think one of the inside, so I am sending one. I may say that I myself do not photograph them, it would take too much time, but the Institution tailor does. We are obliged to keep one, with 150 girls who learn all kinds of sewing, plain and fancy; this latter includes embroidery—fine embroidery is in much request by ladies far and near.

We have no less than twelve classes, and 69 girls are entered this year to try for Government certificates as schoolmistresses. As each girl receives her printed paper of examination questions, you may see her, before she sits down, offer up a silent prayer for help, with head inclined. I think many of these little ones would take your heart by storm, they are so pretty and graceful, and their dress also so very graceful. What would you say to their no-jewels? Some are simple little buttons of gold, but some sprays of pearls (mock), and it is always a wonder that the concussion of a sneeze does not scatter them in every direction. The girls are very simple and prayerful, and though we have so many young women, the five years we have been here there has not been a single case of misconduct to sadden us. God be praised for this, for surely He has kept us from harm.

Lately I have been taking in some little girls, outside Christ's fold, to study in the classes with our Christian girls. I have large hopes that they may be won for Christ. Formerly we let them drift into their old ways when they had finished their course in a branch school, but now I am inducing the best and highly respectable girls to continue their studies here by the grant of a small scholarship, three and four shillings a month. Now, I want some Christian lady to take over the cost of a little heathen girl, Suppammal, or some other, at three or four shillings a month.

The portrait seen in the picture hanging from the roof, with a white border round it is a picture of the Rev. A. H. Lash, first Principal and founder of the work. Mrs. Lash's is opposite, but does not appear. The other pictures and texts on the walls are gifts from friends. The harmonium, with a jug of flowers on it, is also a gift. Some of the girls sit on the ground, as they are writing for an examination.

A LETTER FROM CHINA, To intending Missionaries.

[We have been favoured with the following valuable letter addressed by Mr. Stanley Smith and Mr. C. T. Studd, of the China Inland Mission, to a Cambridge friend.]

PING-YANG-FU, SHANSI,
Nov. 3rd, 1885.



I thought we (for Charley Studd is now at Ping-yang) would send you some warnings and hints for Cambridge and other men who may be thinking of coming out to the foreign field. These are our humble but candid opinions, and are mainly the results of not a little trying experiences.

1. Let Christian men wait on the Lord to know His mind and will as to where He would have them go. It is true the Master says, "Go into all the world," but that is "*all* the world," and may not mean England or France to some, or Asia or Africa to others. We are not independent officers, but deeply dependent soldiers. There are some of whom God says, "I sent them not, yet they ran and prophesied." God will guide those who wait on Him.

2. Let them beware of thinking, "Now I have made up my mind to this 'great sacrifice' in going out to the heathen, I shall grow in grace very easily, temptations will be almost gone, and worldliness will have no power over me." As a matter of fact temptations are far stronger and far more subtle. This is our united experience.

3. Beware of thinking when they get out that "learning the language," or later on even "preaching" is *the* great thing. The great thing is to maintain a close personal walk with God.

4. Let them beware of thinking that the body is nothing at all and not to be cared for; while, on the other hand, if a man is very particular about his food, the foreign field is not the place for him.

5. Let them not come out unless they are *grounded* in the conviction that the whole Bible is the revealed Word of God. They will have to face deep mysteries; if the Bible does not explain them, be content to wait for the right time "when we shall know as we are known." At the same time, if they do not believe that men who are not saved are lost, why do they think of becoming missionaries?

6. Unless in the foreign field they are prepared to find their joy and satisfaction in the Living God, and not in circumstances (neither being discouraged by failure, nor puffed up by success), they will not have with them the weapon which is "their strength," namely, "the joy of the Lord."

7. Let them beware of riding one side of truth to death; take the whole Word. Beware of the Devil, who is strong here; and beware of fanaticism—by "fanaticism" we mean "unbalanced truths."

8. Beware of being carried away by the distractions of everything new.

9. Lastly, let them seek to be led of God, and not man.

Blessed be God, *all* these dangers are avoided by being in communion with God—abiding in Christ.

And now let us state a few facts as regards possibilities of service here.

1. The language. It is not so hard as represented often. After three or four months' ordinary study a man can do most useful work in putting the main facts of the Gospel before the people.

2. As regards travelling and living. Travelling in carts is novel, but you soon get used to it. Donkey, mule, horse sedan, wheel-barrow, and boat are all used. As regards food, take away beef and butter, and you have as good plain living as you could get in England.

3. Houses are comfortable.

4. Dress. Native dress a matter of taste; we prefer it to English. On the coast stations they don't wear it.

5. The people, at any rate here in North China, are extremely well-disposed, constantly asking you to drink tea; in two or three provinces, however, it is not so.

6. Lastly, as regards opportunities, they are simply innumerable. Doors open on all hands. In the street you can always get an attentive congregation. Around here, in Shansi, is a blessed work going on. We want *labourers*, who know God, and believe in the Holy Ghost.

Yours affectionately in Jesus,

STANLEY P. SMITH,
C. T. STUDD.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL AND THE C.M.S.



HE recently published *Letters* of the late Miss F. R. Havergal contain several interesting tokens of her love for the C.M.S. In August, 1878, she writes, "I have shipped off all my jewellery to the C.M.S., chain and all, so of course I never enjoyed packing a box so much." In February, 1879, she paid her first and only visit to the C.M. House. It was at the time she was writing for the *GLEANER* the striking series of papers called "Marching Orders," and the Editor had the privilege of showing her over the House; and he can never forget her bright enthusiasm about the portraits of the old fathers of the Society in the Committee-room.

An odd incident occurred on that occasion. She was taken in to see the late Rev. Henry Wright. He was not so genial and smiling with her as usual, but after she had left the House he said, "Who was that lady you brought in to me?"

"Oh! did you not hear the name when I introduced her? Miss Havergal."

"No! was it really? I must write at once and tell her I did not know who it was." He did write; and the following reference to his letter occurs in this volume of *Letters*:—

Mr. Shaw will be amused with dear Mr. Wright's explanation. When I called at the Church Missionary House, I thought him kind, but a little bit stiffer than I expected; so his not knowing who I was explains it. I had no idea he did not know me, but it seems he did not catch the name from Mr. Stock, and, as he says, "we are not in heaven yet!"

Miss Maria V. G. Havergal has lately sent us two interesting relics of her sister, viz., (1) a fragment of a letter of hers written in 1854, and (2) the original MS. of the hymn which she wrote for the *C.M. Almanack* of 1878. The fragment of the letter is as follows:—

I have at last hit upon a new device and earned something by my brains for my pet C.M. Society. There are some very pretty 2s. 6d. pocket-books, wh. advertise so many copies gratis as prizes for poetical enigmas sent up for insertion, so last spring I wrote 16, of all sorts, and sent them up; and a week ago, received 6 copies in return. I reserved one for myself, and the other 5 are all sold already. I mean to try again next year (D.V.). Nobody else got more than 4 copies, so I am well satisfied with my success. . . . This always seems a *solema* month, doesn't it; the *last*, then Advent season too, and my birthday makes it peculiarly so to me. I cannot imagine myself of age [18], and yet I feel years older than last year. As ever Your own F.

The hymn, beautiful as it is, has not found its way into the hymn-books, but it was put in the C.M.S. *Fifty Missionary Hymns*, after appearing in the *C.M. Almanack*, for which it was originally written. The original is written with a type-writer, and is headed "Only, Yet All," but with the "Yet All" afterwards struck out, as shown below. The second verse did not appear in print; we do not remember why, whether she struck it out herself afterwards, or whether space required the omission of a verse:—

ONLY, ~~YET ALL~~

ONLY a mortal's powers,
Weak at their fullest strength;
Only a few swift-flashing hours,
Short at their fullest length.
Only a page for the eye,
Only a word for the ear;
Only a smile, and by and bye,
Only a quiet tear.
Only one heart to give,
Only one voice to use,
Only one little life to live,
And only one to lose.
Poor is my best, and small;
How could I dare divide?
Surely my Lord shall have it all,
He shall not be denied.
All! for far more I owe
Than all I have to bring;
All! for my Saviour loves me so!
All! for I love my King.
All! for it is His own,
He gave the tiny store;
All! for it must be His alone;
All! for I have no more.
All! for the last and least
He stoopeth to uplift!
The altar of my great High Priest
Shall sanctify my gift.

F. R. H.

CRITICISMS ON C.M.S. PERIODICALS.



WE certainly did not expect, when we printed the letter from "An Old Friend of the Society" last month, what a correspondence it would elicit. We think the "Old Friend" would be amused, as we have been, if he could see letter after letter full of indignation with him for writing as he did. We ourselves had no feeling but that of gratitude to him for speaking his mind. That is the part of a true friend. And we should not have returned to the subject, but have rested content with the abundant testimony his criticism has called forth, had it not been that *one* correspondent *agrees* with him, and *that* letter, we think, should speak for itself. It is not anonymous, but the writer asks that no name may be given:—

I quite agree with the criticism on C.M.S. periodicals on page 17 of the *GLEANER*. It (the *GLEANER*) is always taken by a member of this household and much liked, but there is too little information in it. I took the *Intelligencer* at one time, but found it very heavy. The cream of it was always in the *GLEANER*, and the rest was difficult to wade through. . . . The Society is a great favourite with us, but we have long thought the periodicals dull and ill written.

We never wish the *GLEANER* to print its own praises. But it would now be hardly fair to our other friends to suppress all their communications, so we pick out a few short extracts from *some* of the letters, leaving out all the indignant utterances:—

My own impression, and a very firm one too, is that it would be almost impossible to improve upon the *GLEANER*. I am a captious, disagreeable fellow, always ready to find fault; but I thank God for the "GLEANER." Not read the *Intelligencer*! The poor man doubts whether any young person ever reads it—may be not many—but we are not all young, and I consider the *Intelligencer* the best missionary periodical, taking it as a whole, that ever was published. Go on your way, dear friend; and be assured you have at any rate the thanks and the prayers of
W. T. STORRA.

The Vicarage, Sandown.

I think the following incident is a sufficient answer to the criticism on the *GLEANER* in your last number. This afternoon a working man's wife in my parish showed me with great delight a newly-bound volume, containing two years' numbers of the *GLEANER*; and then went on to say both how much she valued them herself, as they had led her to take a deeper interest in missionary work, and also that she thought we ought to have the yearly volumes in the Parochial Library, for she was sure if people would only read them they would be ready to give to the cause.
A TOWN CLERGYMAN.

The *GLEANER* I devour eagerly and regularly—and also the *Intelligencer*, whenever I can get it (I can't afford it regularly), and I am only a young lady. As to "information," it seems to me the *GLEANER* is full of accounts and extracts of letters about your Missions, and the work that is being done, as well as what has been done in the past, &c., &c., and I always thought that was "information."

A GREAT LOVER OF C.M.S. WORK AND PUBLICATIONS.

As a very humble admirer and supporter of the C.M.S. for more than forty years; as the pastor of a very poor and squireless country parish; as a regular subscriber to and reader of the *GLEANER* from its first to its last number; permit me to take the opportunity of expressing my earnest, grateful thanks for the varied, interesting, and valuable information upon missionary work abounding in every number, and, in my opinion, so wisely presented, for the most part, in the letters and reports of the devoted missionaries themselves.

Damerham Vicarage.

WILLIAM OWEN.

In the midst of an extremely busy life, the *GLEANER* is the periodical which I never miss reading with an interest which I cannot put into words. What especially strikes me is its arrangement of topics; giving in so small a space such variety of subjects for interest and prayer.

Streatham Common.

C. HAMILTON.

Above forty young men here take home the *GLEANER*, after scanning it, directly they get hold of it, with much interest, and pay for the privilege of knowing what is the progress of the work, month by month; and there are some of us who are older, who, notwithstanding our press of work as men in business, and our little leisure for reading of any kind, find the *Intelligencer* neither too ponderous, argumentative, nor prosy. On the contrary it is most interesting and instructive. I would add that if our friend will take the pains to get up from these periodicals such a missionary address as they are able to furnish and deliver it, he will be gratified by the result. The difficulty is to keep pace with the mass of valuable information given in them.

New Brighton, Cheshire.

A PLODDER.

I once heard a young man say, after reading Butler's *Analogy*, "that he did not see much in it." We have no difficulty in perceiving where the want really lay. That "Old Friend of the Society" reminds me of this young man. In the estimation of many, the *GLEANER*, instead of containing "little or no information," stands at the head not only of the C.M.S. periodicals, but of those of all other missionary bodies. The *Intelligencer*, which is obviously not written for the "young," is highly valued for its weighty articles by many other "old friends of the Society," and is richly deserving of the second place. While the excellent *Juvenile Instructor*, which I am happy to find your critic deems "good," instead of occupying the first place, must be relegated to the third, which is its natural position.

A SUBSCRIBER OF FORTY YEARS' STANDING.



BEDOUIN ARAB AND FELLAH.

MARCOS THE CHICKEN-RAISER,
And other Sketches of Humble Life in Egypt.
BY MISS M. L. WHATELY.

CHAPTER III.



IME passed, and the episode of the stranger's visit was only now and then alluded to in the after-work chat among the peasants, or during the more frequent idle hours of the Bedouin Arabs in their sandy little village near the Great Pyramids.

The old shiekh of the larger hamlet, where the chicken-raisers dwelt, regretted that the two Copts declined his offers, because he had reckoned on gaining much praise and honour from all his neighbours and the heads of villages for miles round, who would have attended the ceremony of receiving "unbelievers," as they call Christians, under the green banner of Mohammed; but, like most Egyptians, he took the inevitable very quietly, said little, shrugged his shoulders, reflected that after all he saved a good deal of money, and took an extra pipe of hasheesh (*i.e.*, Indian hemp), and the matter was nearly forgotten. But in the poor hut where Marcos was dwelling with his troop of ragged children it was not for-

SPEED THE MESSAGE.

TELL it out, the Lord is King;
Tell it out in accents clear,
Message meet for every land,
Message meant for every ear,
Light, and love, and life to bring;
Tell it out, the Lord is King.
Tell it out, 'tis God's desire,
Written in His word of grace,
Message fit for human need,
Fit for every clime and place,
Light, and love, and life to bring;
Tell it out, the Lord is King.
Tell it out, proclaim the CHRIST;
Tell the message far and wide;
Doors are open, enter them;
Messengers be multiplied,
Light, and love, and life to bring;
Tell it out, the Lord is King.
Everywhere the peoples yearn
For the mighty healing word;
Christians, speed the message forth,
Let it everywhere be heard,
Light, and love, and life to bring;
Tell it out, the Lord is King.
Spread the Gospel of the King,
Tell it out to all the earth;
You who have it in your heart,
You who know its boundless worth,
Light, and love, and life to bring;
Tell it out, the Lord is King.

W. SAUMAREZ SMITH.

*St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead,
January, 1886.*

gotten. Day by day, ere he went out to labour, he read aloud to Salome and the elder children a portion of the Gospel, and prayed in his own words for God's blessing through Christ the Saviour. Michael, the younger of the two brothers, had, about a year after the visit of the strangers, quitted the chicken-farm, family circumstances having induced him to remove to a town at a distance, and the brothers had therefore less communication, but they met now and then. About the same time a misfortune befell the precious book which Marcos valued so much. As before stated, he was very poor, and the habits of the peasantry in Egypt are so careless and uncleanly in general that they are more apparently

miserable than there is any need for them to be. In the villages near the Nile, where the ever-useful palm-tree grows by hundreds, the peasant can have brooms to sweep his dwelling for the trouble of making (a certain part of the leaf-stalk only needs to be beaten out, and a broom is ready); the river supplies water for the fetching, the mud of the banks makes bricks and mortar of a rude but fairly strong quality merely by drying in the sun and then plastering with the same material wetted. Yet Marcos, like hundreds of others, remained contented in a wretched hut not half large enough for his family, and never thought of a separate place for the great brown sheep. Half the interior of the hut was occupied by the oven, also of dried mud; on the top of this, when not in use, anything that was not thrown on the dirty floor was placed. A wooden peg was driven into the wall indeed for the old abba, when it was too hot to wear it; the rest of the family wardrobe was on their backs. They did not even possess the green-painted box, which the peasant women, if not of the very poorest, always have in a corner of the room; the single pot for cooking, and a water-jar, with a few mats to sleep on, completed the furniture. A little rude niche above the oven had been scratched in the mud for Marcos' long pipe and the precious book, but this was all the accommodation for

valuables! One day the good woman had been busy cleaning and sifting corn for the family bread, a business always performed by the females; many also grind it in a hand-mill, though mills turned by horses are found in the larger villages. Salome went off with her basket of corn on her head, leaving the hut open, as the children were at home. The sheep, which was generally looking about for fodder of any sort till evening, when its master brought home some clover with him, soon found its way into the place, where grains of corn lay scattered about, and devoured not only these, but anything else within reach. Pulling the book out of the rude niche, it tore up the leaves, eating some, till, finding it dry fare, the mutilated volume was dropped in the dust, and lay unobserved by the little ones who were at the door. Marcos came back earlier than his wife, and was much annoyed at what had happened, and scolded her when she appeared with the flour, for not having tied up the animal. "What shall I do to get another?" he said; "I am ashamed to go to the city and ask the kind people; they would think I had taken no care of God's Word, and besides, I am not sure of finding the house. I would rather go supperless to sleep than that this had happened." The little boy meanwhile was trying to piece together some of the torn pages; but the book had been in use and handled a good deal by rough and dirty hands previous to the accident, and it was not possible, especially without a needle and thread, which Salome had not to offer him, to repair the damage.

Marcos read a few disjointed verses next day, but by degrees his book ceased to exist; the younger children no longer respected it, and pulled about the remains in their father's absence. He still prayed, but a shadow fell over the devotions, when, after a few weeks had passed, the Lord had compassion on the weak ones and sent help. Marcos was at work in the chicken-oven, or rather outside that establishment, for he was feeding the young newly-hatched broods in a sunny enclosure, when his son came running up breathless from haste. "Father, mother sent me to call you if you can come for a little while. The lady is come to our hut—one of those who were with the Syrian gentleman. She is reading to mother now." The peasant hastened to give his charge to an assistant lad, and followed his boy across the palm-grove to his dwelling, which was at the further end of the village on the confines of the desert. He saw the English lady's pony held by a servant-lad hard by the hut, and soon perceived that she was sitting on the mat at the door beside his wife, whose face was lit up with pleasure and intelligence. She had not mentioned their loss, as appeared from the lady's questions after saluting Marcos, and telling him that she was making a day's excursion with some friends, and had left them to look at the Pyramids while she rode to the village to seek for him and his family, and had had much trouble in finding their hut.

"And do you read in the book we gave you?"

Marcos was silent for a minute, and looked at his wife, who smiled in a rather shame-faced way. He then said, "Alas, what can I say to your honour? We are sorry, indeed, but the sheep has eaten it."

"The sheep eaten your book!" said his visitor. "You must have cared little for it to leave it in the creature's way. I fear you did not sufficiently value the Word of God, or you would have put it more safely away."

"Lady," replied Marcos, glancing round the hut, "look at this poor place; where have I to put anything? I laid my book in the wall, there," pointing to the hole scratched in the mud, "and our sheep, looking for something to eat, pulled it down and nibbled away the greater part."

The visitor thought a little energy and a very small amount of trouble and skill would have made some sort of shelf, however rude and primitive, out of the way of the sheep; but she said nothing, being aware that Egyptian peasants are sunk far below the place they must formerly have held

as regards the arts of life. The antiquities which load every Egyptian museum show the ingenuity and resources of the people in every domestic article; but centuries of oppression have degraded them, and they seldom appear to care for anything but the rudest huts, devoid of any accessories to comfort or order; moreover, Marcos was evidently a dull man by nature. After kindly advising him to take better care next time, his friend produced two Gospels from her bag, one of St. Matthew and another of St. John, and promised a whole New Testament when he could spare time to go to the city to a place named. He gratefully took them, and declared he would never part from his treasures, but always carry them in the pocket of his long blue cotton garment, with the purse containing his money. After some reading and conversation they separated, poor Marcos declaring he felt quite relieved and happy now.

"Truly," said his wife, as she beckoned to the servant to bring the lady's horse to a large stone near for her to mount, "when I saw that little red horse (she so called the pony, though in reality it was sorrel) and the boy Abdallah, whose figure I knew at a distance, I said to myself, 'Now God be praised, the lady is coming, and all will be right. Surely we shall have a Gospel to replace that destroyed by the mischievous beast's fault; and I shall feel God has forgiven us, for His Holy Word is better

than anything else in the world.'" Marcos echoed these words heartily, and the little family joined in prayer again with cheerful fervour before they slept.

Marcos, as before observed, was not a man of natural energy, and was already middle-aged; and all who know Egyptians are aware that they change outwardly very little after youth is quite past. So we must not be surprised that, living as they did so far from all influences for improvement, the poor family were still neither cleanly nor active in their home habits, and that even in their religion they did not make the exertions to know more that they might have done. But when winter came round, Marcos had visited the city, and brought back a whole New Testament and Psalms; and when he made a little money by a fortunate sale of a couple of sheep, he bought a box, which held a new gown for Salome, the first the poor woman had had for at least three years—a present from a married sister—and a few articles of other kinds, and here the book was safely stowed away, and was no longer in danger from the sheep.



ARAB WOMEN.

THE NEW KING OF PORT LOKKOH.

THE Rev. J. A. Alley, of Port Lokkoh, writes:—

"On our return to Port Lokkoh in January, 1885, we found the Alikali, the late king of Port Lokkoh, had died, and the people were busy making preparations for the coronation of a new king. These were finished, and the Governor from Sierra Leone came up on February 27th, for the purpose of crowning the new king. Unfortunately we had to be away in Sierra Leone for the ordination when this important event took place.

"On our return, however, I visited the new king in company with the Rev. J. T. Asgill, from Sierra Leone, and the interpreter, to pay my respects and congratulations. The king gave us a hearty welcome, and said he was very glad to see me return from England, and as this was the first time he had seen me since our return, no doubt I had brought something good from my own country for the king. I told him I had. I had brought the Word of God, which could give the king true wisdom. If the king would accept of it, I would make him a present of an Arabic Bible, in remembrance of his coronation. This his Mohammedan friends might read to him. The king thanked me, and said he would accept of the Bible, but I must put something nice on the top of it, especially as I had just come from England. I replied, 'The Word of God would give the king light and understanding, and that it is one of the best gifts of God to man. However, to show our good-will to the king, I would send something with the Bible, on the understanding that he must regard the Bible the chief present.'"

THE MONTH.



IN another page will be found a short account of the great Missionary Campaign of the second week of February. We wish the GLEANER had space for a more adequate recital of what has been done; but full particulars will appear in this month's *C.M. Intelligencer*. We look now for great and lasting results, and would ask all our readers, who, we trust, have been praying earnestly for a blessing on the meetings, to continue in prayer that the effect may not be transitory, but that interest, sympathy, practical effort, personal service, self-denying liberality, may prove that God has indeed blessed us.

It was a strange providence that on the very day the "F. S. M." (February Simultaneous Meetings) began the sorrowful telegram about our dear and honoured brother Bishop Hannington should be received. Was it so ordered that *that* should touch the hearts of the thousands that were to be gathered together as no speeches could? The telegram was from Mr. Handford of Mombasa, "*Jones returned, Bishop undoubtedly murdered.*" "Jones" is the Rev. W. Jones, the African clergyman who went with the Bishop. The use of the word "undoubtedly" looked as if he had not *seen* the Bishop killed, but only felt sure he had been; and a telegram was sent to Zanzibar for further particulars. The reply came on the 12th, as follows:—"Usogua 31st October Two eye-witnesses here Bishop proceeding with fifty men imprisoned eighth day Buganda messengers returned all led to execution four escaped Jones waited Kavirondo waits caravan two months." This is not easy to understand; but evidently Jones had been left behind, Kavirondo being far short of U-Ganda, so that the only evidence is that of the men who escaped. There is therefore one ray of hope, but a faint one indeed! We can only say, "The will of the Lord be done!"—but we ask the earnest prayers of all friends for Mrs. Hannington and her children, and the Bishop's other relatives, at this time of deep trial.

THREE of the Society's faithful friends have been taken from us—Mr. Joseph Hoare, Colonel Hughes, and Mr. Charles Pelly. Mr. Hoare was a valued member of the Committee, and latterly a Vice-President, and a most generous supporter, having given many thousands of pounds at various times to the work in various ways. He and his two brothers, the late Mr. John Gurney Hoare and Canon Hoare, have been a "three-fold cord" of strength to the missionary cause. He was also Treasurer and Chairman of the Bible Society and the London City Mission. Mr. Pelly was a member of the Committee for some years.

THE other friend, Colonel R. Marsh Hughes, was an Indian officer who was brought to Christ through the instrumentality of H. W. Fox, the founder (with Robert Noble) of the Telugu Mission. His special work was the Strangers' Home for Asiatics, which he established and carried on with singular devotion as Hon. Secretary; but he was also a regular member of the C.M.S. Committee for a quarter of a century. His last years were spent in great suffering at Bournemouth, but his faith never failed, and it was a rare privilege to hear his constant utterances of joyful thanksgiving.

THE consecration of the Rev. E. Bickersteth to the English Bishopric in Japan took place, with that of Lord Alwyne Compton to the See of Ely, at St. Paul's Cathedral on Feb. 2nd. The Bishop has been speaking at several C.M.S. meetings, particularly at Exeter and Norwich. He was received by the Committee on Feb. 8th.

THE first to make a definite offer of the Dublin men who dedicated themselves to missionary work in November, Mr. B. H. Long, son of Archdeacon Long of Cashel, has been accepted by the Committee.

THE Special Missions conducted at Lagos and Sierra Leone by the Revs. S. W. Darwin Fox and F. W. Dodd have been outwardly very successful, and productive, it is believed, of much blessing. But at the time of writing we are as yet without any detailed report.

LAGOS and the Yoruba Mission send perhaps the loudest of all the loud calls for reinforcement just now. Mr. Sykes, as we mentioned last month, was forbidden to go there; Miss Littlewood has been invalided home; and Mrs. Harding (Mrs. Kerr, who has been married to the Rev. T.

Harding) was also sent home, but will, we hope, have gone out again before these lines appear. Lagos wants a Principal for the Training Institution, two ladies for the Female Institution, and two men to learn the languages, then push on into the interior. Sierra Leone also wants a Vice-Principal for Fourah Bay College; and the Niger wants at least three missionaries, ordained and medical. West Africa's claim is indeed most urgent.

THE following resolution was passed by the "North-West Council" in the Far-West of Canada, at Regina in the Assiniboia province, on Dec. 7th:—"We have confidence that the policy of the Government faithfully and honestly adhered to, and the carrying out the treaty obligations entered into with the various Indian tribes, together with the beneficial efforts hoped to be derived from the establishment of schools, and the efforts of missionaries amongst them, will prevent any outbreak in future." The Bishop of Athabasca, in sending it to us, writes of it as "showing how the rough-and-ready men in the North-West recognise the good influence of missionary effort among the Indians."

THE C.M.S. Committee are sending General Touch and the Rev. W. R. Blackett to Metlakatla, as a Special Deputation, in view of the continued difficulties in connection with that Mission.

THE work in Palestine, though beset by much opposition, is reported on favourably by the Rev. J. B. Longley Hall. In Jaffa there is much to encourage. The spiritual tone of the congregation and communicants is higher and healthier, and there is more unity and brotherly love. Bible classes and prayer meetings have been better attended, the school has maintained its efficiency and numbers, and the Book shop is proving a useful agency—largely frequented and sales good.

THE three London Unions are having another prosperous session. The Junior Clergy Union and the Lay Workers' Union have each had specimen Missionary Addresses delivered in their presence by two of their members, and addresses on Juvenile and Sunday School Associations; the attendances of members being large. The Lay Union invited the Sunday-school teachers of South London to its meeting of Feb. 1st, when 200 young men filled the large committee room; and other similar gatherings will follow. The Ladies' Union is mapping out London into districts, with lady hon. secretaries to stimulate woman's work in the cause in all parts of the metropolis.

It is good to see the provinces forming similar organisations. The Cambridge Ladies' Union was reported on in our last number. A vigorous Lay Workers' Union is starting at Liverpool; and a Junior Clergy Union at Birmingham.

ON Feb. 5th the members of the Medical Prayer Union were entertained at the C.M. House. Illustrated lectures were given by Mr. Elwin, of China, and Mr. Warren, of Japan; and addresses by Bishop E. Bickersteth, of Japan, and Dr. Pruett, who is going to East Africa as a medical missionary. The Civil Service Prayer Union has been invited for Feb. 25th.

AMONG recent grants made by the S.P.C.K. to C.M.S. missionaries is one of books and maps to the value of £30 to Archdeacon Johnson, for the schools on the Niger. The Rev. C. Bullock is collecting for church building in that Mission through the *Fireside News*.

Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Thanksgiving for the February Simultaneous Meetings; for the wide and deep interest aroused; for the great gatherings at many of the centres; for the aid graciously vouchsafed to the speakers. Prayer that much fresh practical effort in behalf of the missionary cause may be the direct, immediate, and permanent result.

Prayer for the family of Bishop Hannington; and for him, if it be so that he has after all been delivered from peril; and for the other brethren in Central Africa.

Prayer for the new English Missionary Bishop for Japan.

Prayer for the Ainos (p. 80), the Sarah Tucker Institution (p. 81), the Yoruba Mission (above).

RECEIVED:—From M., 5s. for the Gordon Memorial Mission; from L. B., 5s., and from two little children, Nellie and Willie Rowe, 5s. for the *Henry Voss* steamer; from "A small birch-basket," 30s. for the C.M.S.; from T. H., Rushock, 5s. for the C.M.S.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

APRIL, 1886.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

(The Texts are chosen to illustrate the "Te Deum.")

N. M. 4th.....3.30 p.m.
F. Qr. 11th ...8.44 p.m.

April.

F. M. 18th ...2.59 p.m.
L. Qr. 26th ...5.15 a.m.THE FATHER OF AN INFINITE MAJESTY;
THINE HONOURABLE TRUE AND ONLY SON;
ALSO THE HOLY GHOST THE COMFORTER.

- 1 T Col. 2. 2. The acknowledgment of the mystery of God and of the Father.
2 F 1 John 1. 8. Our fellowship is with the Father. *B. Bailey died, 1871. Earl*
3 S Eph. 1. 17. The Father of glory. *Henry Budd d., 1875. [Cairns d., 1885.]*
4 S John 12. 28. 4th in Lent. Gen. 42. Luke 7. 1—24. *E. Gen. 43. or 45.*
5 M Luke 2. 14. Glory to God in the highest.
6 T 2 Cor. 4. 6. The Glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. [thereof.
7 W Rev. 21. 23. The glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light
8 T John 5. 23. That all should honour the Son even as they honour the
9 F Eph. 1. 21. Far above all principality and power. [Father.
10 S Phil. 2. 11. And every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord. [Gal. 2.
11 S Gal. 1. 16. 5th in Lent. Ex. 3. Luke 10. 1—17. *E. Ex. 5. or 6. 1—14.*
12 M Luke 22. 70. Art thou then the Son of God? And He said unto them,
[Ye say that I am. *C.M.S. established, 1799.*
13 T Heb. 1. 3. The express image of His Person.
14 W Acts 9. 20. He preached Christ, that He is the Son of God. *1st African*
[convert baptized by *E. Bickersteth, 1816.*
15 T John 6. 69. Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God.
16 F 1 John 5. 4. We know that the Son of God is come. *Four Chinese ord.*
[Fukchow, 1876.
17 S Heb. 1. 8. Unto the Son He saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever.
[or 20. 9—21.
18 S Luke 20. 10. Palm Sunday. Ex. 9. Matt. 26. *E. Ex. 10. or 11. Luke 19. 28.*
19 M John 8. 16. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.
20 T Matt. 3. 17. This is My beloved Son. *1st bapt. Ningpo, 1851.*
21 W John 1. 14. The glory as of the only begotten of the Father.
22 T Heb. 4. 14. A great High Priest...Jesus the Son of God. [1 Pet. 2.
23 F Matt. 27. 54. Good Friday. Gen. 22. 1—20. John 18. *E. Is. 52. 13 and 58.*
24 S Matt. 28. 19. Easter Eve. Baptizing in the name of the Father, and of the
[Son, and of the Holy Ghost.
25 S Rom. 1. 4. Easter Day. St. Mark. Ex. 12. 1—29, or Is. 62. 6. Rev. 1. 10—19.
[E. Ex. 12. 29, or 14. John 20. 11—19, or Rev. 5.
26 M John 14. 16. The Father shall give you another Comforter.
27 T Acts 9. 31. Walking...in the comfort of the Holy Ghost.
28 W John 14. 26. He shall teach you.
29 T John 15. 26. He shall testify of Me. *Imad-ud-din bapt., 1866. Bonny*
30 F John 16. 8. He will reprove the world. [Mission begun, 1865.]

TE DEUM.

IV.



NE essential feature of the true Church is the acknowledgment of "the glory of the eternal Trinity." For "the Catholic Faith," the Faith of "the Holy Church throughout all the world," is this: "that we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity, neither confounding the Persons, nor dividing the substance."

The Church of England has been most careful to guard this primary truth of the Christian Faith. It is continually before us in our worship. It is celebrated in our oft-repeated *Glorias*. It appears continually in our Collects and our Creeds. And here, in our grandest hymn of praise, it is prominently conspicuous.

For it is essential to our worship. We have access to the Father only by the Spirit through the Son. The one universal Church acknowledges the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—the one living and true God. Never let us put this great truth in the background. It is in the forefront in our Prayer Book.

"The Father: of an infinite Majesty." How high the God whom "we praise." He "dwells in the high and holy place." "He inhabiteth eternity." He dwelleth "in the light which no man can approach, Whom no man hath seen, nor can see." See how angels bow, and vail, before Him! How all heaven adores Him!

I am afraid, in these days, of an over-familiarity with God—

especially in song. Lest we should unconsciously take that holy Name in vain, let us be watchful over our hearts, and bear in mind that He is "of an infinite Majesty."

Yet though so high, His children come close to Him, and tell out all their prayers, and sound forth all their praises in His ear.

Yes, and boldly too; because of the mediation of His beloved Son. All heaven holds Him in highest honour. And we too must "honour the Son, even as we honour the Father." For He is in eternal union with the Father. Another than He, and yet one with Him. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." And yet He is the Son, the "true," the "only" Son of God. "The Word was with God, and the Word was God." The object of our worship and of our constant trust. The heavenly host, the spirits of the just, the entire Church above, unite with the Church militant here below in praising Thee, Thou Son of God. "Let all the angels of God worship Him."

"Also the Holy Ghost." Holy, yet "the Comforter" of sinners. We think, as we sing of this, He hath comforted me! He hath taken of the things of Christ, the saving things, and shown them all to me, a "miserable sinner." In me He deigns to dwell, revealing still in me the finished work, the grace, and the glory yet to come, the full redemption which I have in Christ.

And more than this! I should not dare to draw nigh, if He, "the Holy Ghost, the Comforter," did not cleanse my conscience by the sprinkling of the "precious blood." He leads me onward to the throne, and inspires my heart-cry, His cry within me, "Abba, Father."

The work of each Person in the blessed and holy Trinity is needed for me, and in me, if I am to worship truly, if I am verily to "praise Thee, O God."

J. E. SAMPSON.

HENRY TOWNSEND.

IN MEMORIAM.



NE of the oldest and most highly esteemed of our missionaries has been taken from us. Henry Townsend was called to his heavenly rest on February 26th. In one respect his career was unique. No other C.M.S. missionary in Africa has served forty years. It is almost half-a-century since he first went out, but ten years have elapsed since his retirement. Two contemporaries of his, J. U. Graf, who sailed in the same ship, and J. F. Schön, who sailed four years before, still survive; but both have retired many years.

Henry Townsend was one of the honoured band of missionaries whom Exeter has given to the Church Missionary Society. He was twenty-one years of age when, on October 26th, 1836, he sailed for Sierra Leone as a schoolmaster, after having passed a few months at the C.M. College. Six years afterwards, in November, 1842, he went on a mission of inquiry to the then scarcely-known Yoruba country, whither some of the Yoruba ex-slaves were returning, who had found liberty and prosperity, and the true God, at Sierra Leone. He visited Abeokuta, and was the first white man to enter that since famous town. On his return he came on to England to report the remarkable opening there was for a Mission there, in a country a thousand miles beyond Sierra Leone. He was at once appointed to establish the Mission himself, with C. A. Gollmer (who still survives) and Samuel Crowther, the then newly-ordained first African clergyman; and before leaving England he (Mr. Townsend) received both deacon's and priest's orders from the Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield (1844).

At the close of that year the party proceeded from Sierra

Leone to Badagry, which was then the port of Yoruba, Lagos being in the hands of the slave-traders. At Badagry they were detained a year and a half, the disturbed state of the country preventing their going inland; but at length, on August 3rd, 1846, Townsend and Crowther entered Abeokuta amid the heartiest manifestations of welcome, and the Mission was begun.

For more than twenty years Mr. Townsend was the leading spirit of the Abeokuta Mission. (This period includes three visits to England: West African missionaries are obliged to come home more often than others, for health's sake.) At that time no C.M.S. Mission excited livelier interest than the Yoruba Mission, and no name was more familiar among the Society's friends, young and old, than Abeokuta. The graphic sketches made under Mr. Townsend's direction by his brother, Mr. G. Townsend of Exeter, which appeared in the Society's periodicals, much enhanced the interest. And God blessed the work. After eight years' labour, when the first Bishop of Sierra Leone visited the place, 500 candidates were presented to him for confirmation. But in 1867, certain disputes between the chiefs of Abeokuta and the British authorities on the coast led to a popular outbreak against the Mission, and the expulsion of the missionaries; and for several years no white man was allowed in Abeokuta. Mr. Townsend joined for awhile in the rapidly growing work at Lagos; but in 1875 he was able to go back to the scene of his former labours, and resided there a year, helping and encouraging the Native Christians, who had not decreased but increased in number during the absence of Europeans. This was his last service in the field: in 1876 he returned finally to England.

His last years were spent at Exeter. But not idly. He corresponded with his Native friends and spiritual children; he often helped the Society with valuable counsel; he was always ready to delight young and old by his interesting speeches. His last important public service to the Society will be remembered by many. He came up from Exeter to speak at the memorable Special Meeting at Exeter Hall on March 24th last year, when Lord Cairns also made his last public speech. And now the dear old veteran is gone home, at the age of seventy. We shall miss him much. For sturdy Christian common sense and shrewdness we have had few like him. Let his death remind us that West Africa still calls for our sympathy as much as East Africa.

NOTE.—Two or three years ago Mr. Townsend gave us the first of a series of papers he proposed writing on the early history of the Yoruba Mission, entitled, "My First Voyage to Badagry: What led to it, and What it led to." We waited to publish it till we should have more of the series in hand; but he was never able to continue it. That first and only chapter we now present in the next column.

MY FIRST VOYAGE TO BADAGRY: WHAT LED TO IT, AND WHAT IT LED TO.

BY THE LATE REV. HENRY TOWNSEND.

(See Note in preceding column.)



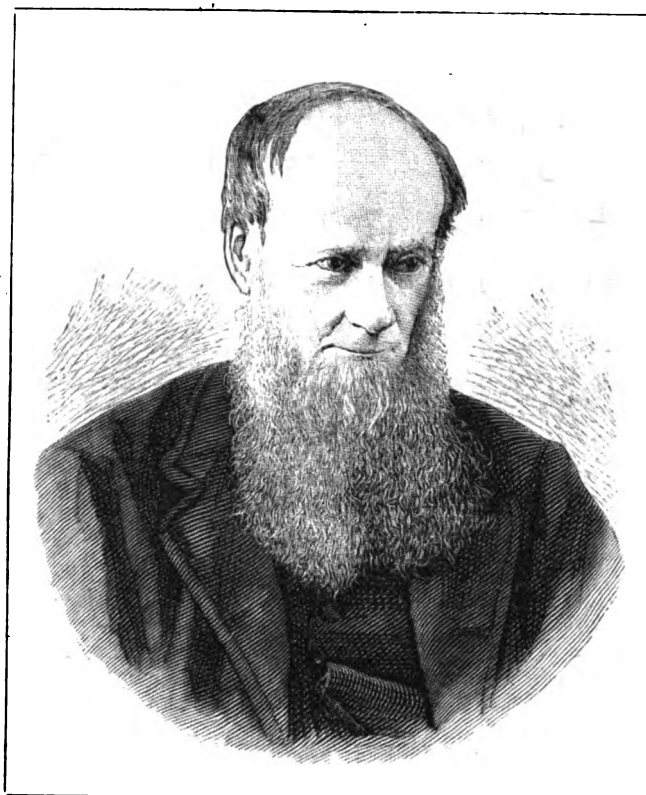
In Sierra Leone, as is generally known, a large number of liberated Africans are gathered together, persons representing a great number of the Native tribes of West and Central Africa. These were brought there in slave ships—caught in the act of transporting them to some port on the western side of the Atlantic Ocean—and set at liberty. These were, as far as possible, instructed in the Christian religion, and, when they desired it and had proved their sincerity, were received into the Christian Church by baptism. They were also taught to read; also, many of them, some handicraft employment. Among them was a tribe that were known there as the Akus, from their frequent use of the word Aku in their salutations on meeting each other. The people of this tribe were, as a rule, more thrifty and industrious than those of other tribes,

and proved themselves to be apt to learn. They also manifested great shrewdness in trade; and when the opportunity occurred, showed great ability in the art of buying and selling to their own advantage. In some of the slave-trade suppression treaties it was provided that all vessels condemned for being found engaged in that traffic should be sold in parts to be broken up; in other treaties it was stipulated that the vessel so condemned should be sold entire for use in lawful trade.

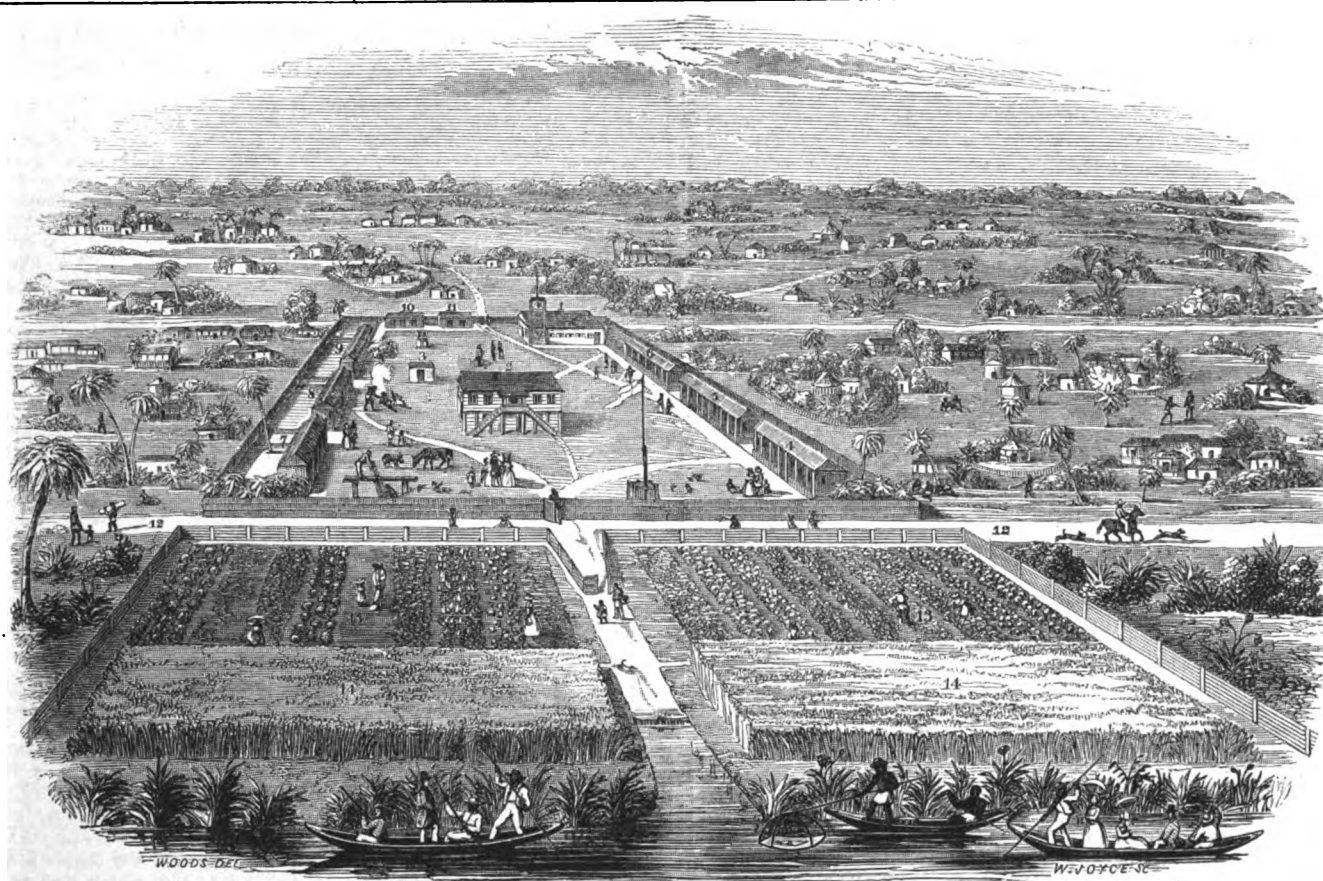
In Sierra Leone, a short distance from Freetown, is the place well known by the name of Fourah Bay. Here, on a projecting point of land, is situated the C.M.S. Institution, or was at that date. In its place now stands a college—a much larger building. In the way from Freetown to Fourah Bay we pass a well-sheltered cove known, on account of the use made of it, as Destruction Bay. To this place the slave ships condemned to be destroyed were brought. At the time when the incidents I am describing took place, vessels might have been seen in this bay in various stages of destruction. The scene was a lively and busy one. We have here an illustration of the proverb, "Out of the eater come forth meat." The ships intended to take away (or consume) the personal liberty of many victims of cruelty, now converted into means of enriching (feeding with food) those intended for destruction. The result was that many of these liberated Africans became possessed

of property, and were prepared to enter upon trading enterprises of large extent.

About this time (1838) a half-caste person purchased a small vessel and prepared for a trading voyage down the African coast. He invited others to join him. Some of the Akus did so—men who had made money in the manner here related. They passed down the coast, and at last they reached Lagos. Here the Akus found the port that led to their own country, the place, or near the place, whence they themselves were shipped as slaves not many years before. Lagos is not the name by which the place was known by the Natives, therefore their hearing of the place by the name Lagos gave them no idea it was so near their own home. "Oh!" they exclaimed when they saw it, "this is our country; it is Eko." They landed, and, as a matter of course, tried to get information about their own country and people. There they learnt that after the destruction of all the towns and villages of their own country, the remnant and some chiefs assembled in Ibadan with chiefs of the Yoruba country, but in a little while the Egba chiefs discovered a plot made to bring them under the yoke of the Yoruba chiefs. They discovered it in time to fight their way out of Ibadan. It is said of one of the Egba



THE LATE REV. HENRY TOWNSEND.



THE C.M.S. MISSION AT BADAGRY IN 1849. (See Footnote* for Explanation.)

chiefs, that having fought his way out of the town he missed his son; he rushed back to recover his son and lost his life in the attempt, the son being all the time in a place of safety. Under the leadership of Shodeke they came to Abeokuta, where, a short time before, a few of the Egbas tribe had assembled, dwelling under boulders of granite that crowned the top of one of the high hills there, near the left bank of the River Ogun, called Olumo. These masses of granite formed safe dwellings for the first refugees; hence the town received the name Abeokuta—in English, Understone.

The information these Native traders received of the peace, security, and plenty in which the remnants of their people dwelt under the leadership of Shodeke induced them to venture on a visit to their people; they therefore proceeded up the river, and in due time arrived at Abeokuta. At the gate they were examined as to who they were and what they came to do. The information they gave of themselves soon brought them acquainted with the place of residence of those of their own township, and then those of their own family, such as had escaped destruction in the general dissolution of the country.

Their meeting has been often described to me in the Native manner, but it is rather difficult to render it in English: the looks of recognition and astonishment, the expressions of surprise, the fond greetings, the eager inquiries and glad welcome can be better imagined than described. "Jane," a hurried and self-constituted messenger exclaims, "your brother is come; I have seen him." "My brother! which brother?" "The one sold to the white man and taken away in a ship." "True, is it true! Where is he?" "He is coming. Look! there he is yonder." "What do you say? I see a man wearing strange clothes with many persons around him; is that my brother? Yes, now I see him, truly it is the son of my mother." "Son of my mother" is the most endearing term used by a brother or sister. The word "brother" or "sister" in the English sense does not occur in the language. There is a word used for it, but it means a relative, and may be applied to uncles, aunts, cousins, nephews, and nieces. She rushes forward to meet him, and calls him by his name, and he calls her by her name, the names they were known by in childhood when dwelling under the parental roof. "John, whence do you come?" is a question soon asked after the first salutations are over, and these are not likely to be few. "I came from white man's country, Jane." "White man's country! How can that be? we understood

that you would be all killed there." "No, we are not killed. The white men called English sent out their war ships and took us away from those who were carrying us off as slaves, and brought us to a country called Sierra Leone; there they landed us. They gave us food for some months, and clothes and land, and helped us to build houses for ourselves, and when we were able to work for ourselves they set us free. Then other white men—the missionaries—called upon us to go to the house of God, and learn to pray to Him and serve Him. And they taught many of us to read and write." "What, did they do all this and set you free?" "Yes, we were made free." "But how much did you pay?" "Nothing." "How much do you owe, then?" "Nothing; they set us free freely of their own goodwill; there are no slaves in that country."

Then further information would be given by the stranger of his circumstances and condition, and the newly arrived ones would say, "We are all going back to white man's country again." The reports of these men spread rapidly through Abeokuta, and as they reported that there were many of their tribe in Sierra Leone the hopes of many were raised that some of their own lost friends might be found among them.

The ship and these traders in due course returned to Sierra Leone. Soon the news spread, and was the subject of conversation everywhere, with comments of various kinds. "Have you heard the news? Some of our countrymen have been trading down the coast, and reached our country. They have a king called Shodeke. They all found some of their relatives—one found his sister, another his mother." "Ah! is it true?" "Yes; and they have seen the relatives of a good many of our people here. I am going to see them."

As soon as they could do it another ship left for Lagos with others, and some of the same with the view of settling in their own country or of

* The above engraving appeared originally in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* of August, 1849, with an explanation by the Rev. C. A. Gollmer, who had been in charge of the station from 1845 to 1849. The numbers refer to the corresponding numbers on the picture. 1. The Church; 2. Mission House; 3. Kitchen; 4. Schoolmaster's Dwelling; 5. Boarding School; 6. Labourer's Dwelling; 7. Shed and Carpenter's Shop; 8. Interpreter's House; 9. Watchman's Dwelling; 10. Widows' Shelter; 11. Stable; 12. Street; 13. Vegetable Garden; 14. Rice Garden. At the foot of the sketch is seen a part of the large River Ossa, which runs in an almost parallel direct with the sea, from Cape St. Paul's to Benin, a distance of nearly 300 miles.

obtaining more information. These were robbed at Lagos. They discovered that the slave-traders at Lagos looked with suspicion upon their coming, and that Lagos could not be used by them. However, another place was found—Badagry, about twenty miles westward of Lagos. The place was in some sort under the power of Abeokuta, and therefore became a safe port for them to disembark at. Thus commenced the great return of the Egba tribe of the Yoruba nation to their own.

The missionaries in Sierra Leone were not remiss in taking advantage of the exodus for the advance of the Saviour's kingdom. They gave advice, and warnings that it might lead to their being made slaves of again, and, worse still, might return to the greater slavery of heathenism and its vices. But many of the better sort of the people said that the right thing was for missionaries to go with them. This led to a petition being presented to the Local Committee of the C.M.S. in Sierra Leone to send some one with them. This was so far granted that I was selected to go with them on a mission of inquiry.

The schooner in which I embarked was called the *Wilberforce*. There were fifty-nine persons on board, including children. I went on board on the 14th of November, 1842, the vessel lying at anchor in the harbour at Freetown. The accommodation for me was a sleeping place on deck called a dog-house. In it there was just room to spread a sofa mattress, a small shelf at the end over where my feet would be when lying down. The mattress filled all the floor of the place. It had a sliding door, through which I had to creep, the doorway being the only means of ventilation. It had a sort of screen to let down over the doorway or to spread out as a protection against the sun. When in it, and seated on my bed, with my legs stretched out, my head nearly touched the ceiling, not touching by the thickness of my hand. In this place I slept every night whilst on board the ship. I could not shut the door, as it would have excluded all air. Very often my pillow was wet with dew or rain that blew in. As to taking meals, that I did on deck under the open sky. Our vessel was not furnished with an awning. I often went about the ship to get into a place on deck shaded by one of the sails.

We arrived off Badagry on Dec. 17th. On the 29th started for Abeokuta. I travelled in a long basket made at Cape Coast, where they are much used for travelling purposes. They are very strong and light, neatly made, and long enough for one to lie down in. Two carriers would carry me a given distance, when they would be relieved by another pair. They took up the basket, myself being in it, the one at my head, the other at my feet, and placed me on their heads. I had a folded blanket spread at the bottom of the basket, and a pillow for my head. The travelling was very easy. My position did not admit of my looking about very much, and the sun shining down on my head in the open glades in the forest and in the open country distressed me a little; but I managed to protect my head by resting it on one end of the pillow, and curling it over my head. This completely sheltered the most important part of my body.

[Here the fragment ends. The sequel of the story can be seen by the readers of the GLEANER by turning up the number for August last, where they will find a short historical sketch of the Yoruba Mission.]

CONVERSIONS AT COTTA.

THE Rev. H. de Silva, Native Pastor at Cotta, Ceylon, writes:—
You will be glad to hear that during this year twenty-three of the children who attend the Talangama Girls' School have received the Lord as their only Saviour. All of them, except one, have remained steadfast. When three of them called by their parents to go to Kalani, as usual, they refused to go. One of them who was taken by force, and told to worship Buddha, having disobeyed, was punished, and stopped from attending school. The other children, although not punished in the same way, will have to suffer much trouble for the sake of Christ. Four of these were admitted to the Church by baptism towards the end of the year.

In the special meetings held at Talangama church during six days, five persons have accepted the Lord, one of whom is a young man, one a family man, one a lad of fourteen years old, the other two being young women.

I am thankful to state that at each meeting the church was crowded. Some Buddhists were seen both inside and outside the church. These meetings were conducted by the Rev. B. T. Dowbiggin, four others, and myself. There is no doubt that, in consequence of these meetings, many have derived spiritual benefit. Some who have been careless of religion now seem to think seriously about it. They attend church regularly, and a greater number are present at prayer-meetings.

A CLERGYMAN in the south-west of England, in a letter to a former C.M.S. missionary, writes:—"A poor deformed man in my part of our parish, who had been bedridden for nearly forty years, always had a box from our branch of your Society. He and his mother existed on parish pay—and you know what that is—yet last year he collected 7s., and since his death his box has just come in."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The "F. S. M."

DEAR SIR,—During my recent tour in Staffordshire (when I had the great pleasure and privilege of giving addresses at Stafford, Burslem, and Burton-on-Trent, during that most solemn and interesting week of "F. S. M.") I made use of the following interpretation of the initial letters of our beloved Society, "C.M.S." First, "*Christ My Saviour*," so as to press home to every individual heart the need of a personal interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in His atoning Work for us. And then, "*Carry My Salvation*," to impress upon each heart the solemn responsibility of every believer to obey his Lord's command, and to help in carrying the glad tidings of salvation through a Crucified, Risen, and Ascended Saviour to every creature under heaven.

This double application of "C.M.S." appeared to make a deep impression on many hearts; and one lady has since written to suggest that the two mottoes should be printed on cards, to be issued with our Society's boxes, and placed above them in the houses of the box-holders. For my own part, I should like to see a fancy scroll placed at each end of every box, bearing the words, "*Christ My Saviour*," and "*Carry My Salvation*."

Possibly you may be able to carry this suggestion into effect. In any case, I hope the thought, which suggested itself to my mind, may help every friend of the "C.M.S." to realise more vividly the vast importance of *Christ's work for us*, as our Saviour, and the urgent need of our *working for Him*, in helping to spread the Glad Tidings of Salvation.
EDWARD D. STREAD,
Peasenhall Vicarage, 1st March, 1886. Hon. Sec. Suffolk C.M. Union.

"My Morning's Letters."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—On opening my letters this morning, I found that all of them had to do with missionary work; and I thought that a short account of their contents might stir some of us up to do more.

No. 1 contained a cheque for £100 from one who usually contributes £50 annually through the association of which I am secretary, with the following note, "I feel inclined to give you more this year, and beg to enclose a cheque for £100." Result of February Simultaneous Meetings.

No. 2 contained a bill for advertising the said February Meetings; but the proprietor had reduced the bill by the sum of 4s. "credit, by subscription, W. P." Result also of February Meeting.

No. 3 contained the accounts of a small parish—sending, however, nearly £90 to the C.M.S., and also the amount of a missionary box, 8s. 9d., which is the only channel of C.M. sympathy in another parish, where all the sympathies are in an opposite direction.

No. 4 contained an appeal for and a report of a Zenana Mission on the back of which was written the following words, "Tell, tell your people how fast we are dying; and ask, ask them can they not send the Gospel a *little faster*? Help—help! oh, help!" (Dying words of a poor woman in an Indian Zenana.)

I am not ashamed to say that hot tears started to my eyes as I read them—and this letter is the result. Can we not do something more to send the Gospel a little faster to them? We cannot all send our £50 like No. 1, but many might help like No. 2, and by a box, as in No. 3.

When at Buxton some time ago, I entered a watchmaker's shop and saw a C.M. box on the counter, and in answer to my expression of pleasure at seeing it, the assistant said that his master wanted to help on missionary work, and as he often had little jobs to do for visitors too small to charge for, he asked them to put something in the missionary box instead of paying him. Might not many other tradespeople do the same?

Let us work harder, so that the heathen may get "the Gospel a little faster." And if we cannot give much, we can pray.

I was very much struck and interested by an illustration of prayer which I heard when in the Midland Counties for the F. S. M. I stayed with a family, one of the members of which was a boy attending school, and his mother told me that some two or three years ago he had been asked to pray for King Mtesa's family. Strange subject for a boy to take! But he did pray regularly for them. Within the last year or two we have heard of two princesses, members of King Mtesa's family, becoming Christians. And when the boy heard of it, he said, "There, mother, is an answer to my prayers!"

And shall we dare to say it was not? Oh, let us pray more! "The harvest truly is plenteous, pray ye," so that the heathen may get "the Gospel a little faster."

February 25th, 1886.

AN HON. DISTRICT SECRETARY.

"A Working Class."

SIR,—As I know you are glad of any account of work done for the C.M.S., that it may stimulate others, I should like to tell you of a class which I carried on for four years. It consisted of children of the upper class, from the age of seven to sixteen of both sexes. At first they met at my house, afterwards in our parish room. I gave them an account of different Missions from their commencement—some lasting two or three times—the Niger, Nyassa, Mombasa and Frere Town, Japan, China, India, Melakasha, &c., &c. The attendance was regular, they met the last Saturday in each month, from three to four. Each family had a C.M.S. box, and each member of the class promised to contribute 1d. a month to it. We opened the boxes every quarter at the meeting. A few questions were asked to keep up their attention. Both boys and girls at home made articles for sale, and at two sales held they had a very pretty stall filled with their own work, over which they presided. One girl brought her doll's house—a very good one—and charged 1d. a peep. Another made a peep-show, charging 1d. a peep, by which she made over 4s. As far as I can see at present, though the class has been discontinued more than a year, the members all take a lively interest in the work. I hope some day to start another class, the old one was getting too old, and died a natural death.

February 11th, 1886.

E. V. F.

JAMES HANNINGTON, First Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa.

I.—EARLY LIFE.

[The following deeply interesting sketch of Bishop Hannington's early life is extracted from the *Record* of February 19.]



JAMES HANNINGTON, the fourth son of Charles Smith Hannington, and Elizabeth Clarke his wife, was born at Hurstpierpoint, on September 8, 1847. In his early days at home he was distinguished by being always foremost in mischief; without a notion of fear, he was constantly having accidents of all sorts, and generally managed to escape with the minimum of harm. An instance of this may be given. When the whole family were yachting off Cowes, James, aged seven, must needs climb the mast, and finally got hooked and suspended on a belaying pin in mid-air; and another day, whilst sitting on the taff-rail, he fell backwards and got caught by the foot, otherwise he must have been drowned. Shortly afterwards, whilst at Ryde, he and several of the party took typhoid fever. One little sister, Phoebe, died, and James was for a whole month unconscious. This was followed by an attack of jaundice; yet by God's mercy he was spared to be a "vessel unto honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use." His next serious mischance was the loss of his left thumb in 1859. He had gone to the keeper's lodge intent on making squibs to blow up wasps' nests. The lid of the powder-flask was broken; by some means it ignited, and his thumb was shattered. The stump was amputated a few hours afterwards, and he recovered, though he was in danger of dying of tetanus.

James Hannington was educated by tutors at home until he was about thirteen, when he went to the Temple School, Brighton, then kept by the Rev. W. H. Guttridge. As a boy, high-spirited, quick-tempered, and passionate, but very generous, with first-rate abilities, but too full of fun and frolic to be industrious, he was very popular with his schoolfellows, and, in spite of idleness, with some of the masters as well. "I was always," he says, "very excitable and noisy, and was called 'Mad Jim'; in fact I was one day reported as 'verging on insanity,' and was severely punished." At the age of fifteen and a half he left school for business, though not in the least fitted to do so, for (he says) "I was idle and would not learn myself, and unfortunately never was driven to learn." Business, as might be supposed, was utterly abhorrent to him. He was tried in various departments and was found wanting. Yet the six years spent thus, unsuccessfully, gave him an insight into life, and he "gained a certain amount of knowledge and experience in almost everything except business."

At this time his parents were living on board their yacht, generally at Portsmouth, and he and his father travelled backwards and forwards each day to Brighton. It was the one compensation for the odious work of the day that he spent the evenings with his mother, to whom he was then, and indeed always, most devotedly attached. A clever and most accomplished woman, she it was who fostered his ardent love of natural science in almost all its branches. She had an extensive knowledge of conchology, geology, mineralogy, and natural history, in many branches, including botany, and their delight was to pore over specimens together. James was the only one of her children who inherited to any great extent these tastes, and also the delight in travel, either by land or sea, which was always so strong in him. The years spent in business were diversified by many holiday trips abroad; a long yachting trip in the Mediterranean, in the course of which land journeys were undertaken in Spain, Italy, and Algeria; another trip was round Scotland; while the land journeys included tours through France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, &c., so that, as he

was wont to say, he had visited every capital in Europe, except Athens and Constantinople. In all these journeys he gained that knowledge of men and things and that deep insight into character which so distinguished him.

The family had always been strong Calvinist Baptists. Colonel Hannington built St. George's Chapel, Brighton, and Sunday, October 26, 1867, was the last Sunday of the Rev. — Hart's ministry there. James Hannington was present, and he records that the farewell sermon was preached "with a good bit of emotion." "Little did I think," he adds, "that I was ever to occupy that pulpit. Perhaps that old man prayed for me." In December of the same year, one or two incidents occurred which may be mentioned as typical of his life at that period. Whilst wrestling at the gymnasium he was thrown, and his ankle was fearfully sprained, the fibula being as near as possible fractured. The doctor ordered him not to walk for a fortnight, yet the same evening he went to the rehearsal of a play he was to take part in, and to hear the *Messiah* in the new concert room. "The finest concert yet held in Brighton," is his comment upon the performance. A week later, unable to put his foot to the ground, he hopped into a bath-chair, and with a donkey went out shooting, with this result:—"Killed a brace of pheasants, and wiped West, the banker's, eye with a hare." On December 23, he re-ricked his foot, and was unable to put it to the ground, but yet the very next day he was "lifted into the saddle, and went with Mrs. S. Hannington to a meet of the stag-hounds." He led the field for some little distance. His passion for sport was so strong that at this time, even before he could get a boot on, he was "skating on one foot, and doing fair execution with outer edge and threes."

The next year, 1868, was a most eventful one for young Hannington. He changed, to quote his own words, "from Dissent to Church," and gradually "got in with the Church party and parish church clergy and college." The college he speaks of was St. John's, Hurstpierpoint, one of the earliest of Canon Woodard's middle-class schools. He soon began to develop High-Church views, and, getting more than ever discontented with Brighton and business, yearned for ordination by a Bishop. His mother had once or twice spoken of the subject to him, and felt his mind, so that he knew she had no special objections. But with regard to himself he says, "I had it fixed upon my mind that I was to be ordained, but as for real motive I had none. I was a mere formalist, and fast drifting to ritualism." On April 23 he wrote to his mother, "I have decided in favour of the Church; I believe God is with me in this matter." "Take heed lest ye fall" is the warning appended to this extract but he adds, "I have reason to bless God for this decision." He received the Holy Communion for the first time on the 5th July 1868, in St. George's. "I am afraid," he writes, "whether I am fit for it, neither was I so fixed in thought as I wished." A few days later he was led by reading "a fairy tale" to self-examination, and he found he was getting idle, both with his religious and temporal studies, but he says, "prayer refreshed me." The next day found him much better in work. "It comes easier to me when I watch and pray."

He was for several years a very active officer in the Auxiliary Artillery Force. In the year 1863 he was enrolled as a lieutenant, and in 1865 was promoted to the rank of captain. During the time he had command of a battery he devoted himself with his usual energy and perseverance to secure its efficiency. He was greatly beloved by all who served under him, and his resignation in the year 1869 was due to his desire to study preparatory to taking orders. His University career began in the following October, when he matriculated at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford.

(To be continued.)

NOTE.—It is proposed, after finishing the above sketch, to continue the story of Bishop Hannington's life from other material which we have at our disposal.



THE "MISSION" AT LAGOS.

Top Row : REVS. W. MORGAN. CHAS. PHILLIPS. J. WHITE. ARCHDEACON HAMILTON. NATHANIEL JOHNSON. I. OLUWOLE. E. S. WILLOUGHBY.
 Middle Row : REV. T. B. WRIGHT. MRS. INGHAM. BISHOP INGHAM. MRS. DARWIN FOX. REV. JAMES JOHNSON. REV. J. W. DICKINSON.
 In Front : REV. F. W. DODD. REV. S. W. DARWIN FOX.

THE "MISSION" AT LAGOS.

The "Mission" at Lagos we do not mean the Church Missionary Society's Mission, regular and always going on. That was established as a Mission to the Heathen; and the Heathen are its principal object still, although the operations include much work for the benefit of the Native Christians. But we are now speaking of a "Mission" to the Native Christians themselves, like a "Parochial Mission" at home. In Lagos there are four or five parishes, all with African clergy except Christ Church, which is still worked by C.M.S. missionaries. In these parishes there are some 3,000 African Christians; but many of these, like many in our English parishes, can only be counted as "Christians" because Christianity is the religion they profess, and not Heathenism or Mohammedanism. The fact that this is so is a proof, not of the failure of missionary work, but of its success. While the Church is very small, it may consist mostly of true converts; but as it grows and grows, the number of those who are only outwardly attached to it is sure to increase. Now a population like this, like similar populations in England, needs not only regular pastoral care, but also, from time to time, what we call a "Mission," to rouse the careless, to point the unawakened to Christ, and to build up His believing people.

To do this at Sierra Leone and Lagos, as we have before mentioned, the Rev. S. W. Darwin Fox (with Mrs. Fox), and the Rev. F. W. Dodd, of the Church Parochial Mission Society, went to West Africa in November. The Lagos Mission was held in December, and the Sierra Leone Mission in January. At Lagos, there was first a series of services and meetings at St. Paul's, Breadfruit, the most important church for the Yoruba-speaking people, where the Rev. James Johnson is the African pastor; and afterwards at Christ Church, for the English-speaking people (Africans from Sierra Leone chiefly), and at St. Peter's, also in the Yoruba language; besides other services at Ebute Meta. An African clergyman, the Rev. Charles Phillips, interpreted for the mission-preachers at the Yoruba services.

The Rev. James Johnson writes:—

The word has had a good effect upon many of God's true people, I trust, and upon many merely nominal Christians, and we are looking forward to greater and richer results from the seed sown so lovingly, so prayerfully, and so faithfully. God be praised for it. Of course we have not seen some brought in whom we would have liked to see brought to Christ; but these may yet be brought in as fruits of the Mission. We pray for God's blessing upon those who from love to souls, desire for God's glory, and the welfare of the African Church, arranged for the Mission.

The Rev. C. H. V. Gollmer, who is in England, has received letters from Native clergymen and laymen at Lagos speaking



MR. MCCULLAGH RETURNING FROM A PREACHING TOUR.

most thankfully of the Mission. One layman writes, "All true Christians feel that 'Jesus of Nazareth has passed by,' and has given abundant blessings to all who desire to be blessed."

Mr. and Mrs. Fox and Mr. Dodd have now returned to England, and Mr. Dodd speaks with much thankfulness of the Mission, both at Lagos and at Sierra Leone. The churches were thronged from morning to night, and large numbers remained to the after-meetings. It is believed that, through God's blessing, clergy and people alike have been quickened to a more living faith and a holier life.

Will the readers of the GLEANER pray that the seed sown in many hearts may spring up to a rich spiritual harvest?

ON THE NAAS RIVER.

SOME account of the Mission at Aiyansh, on the Naas river in the North Pacific, or British Columbia, was given in the GLEANER for February, together with extracts from Mr. J. B. McCullagh's Annual Letter, and two pictures prepared from his original sketches; and it was mentioned that another engraving was to come. This third picture shows Mr. McCullagh returning from a preaching tour among the scattered fishing camps on the river and distant streams. On the occasion represented the forest through which the stream shown in the picture passes was on fire, and Mr. McCullagh was hurrying home to save, if possible, the Mission premises from destruction. He arrived none too soon, for the fire was travelling that way; but by dint of almost superhuman exertion a trench was dug, four feet wide, one foot deep, and a hundred yards long, made at the rate of a yard a minute, the fire diverted into another course, and the Mission house and school saved.

CRITICISMS ON THE C.M.S. PERIODICALS.



URING the latter half of February, after our March number went to press, letters about the C.M.S. periodicals continued to pour in. They have greatly interested us, and we return our hearty thanks to all correspondents. Two or three of them have given us some valuable suggestions, which are duly noted. One or two give an adverse verdict. One clergyman writes complaining that he is expected to pay for the Society's papers; he would be glad to receive them free, but he "has long thought them dull and ill-written." But the immense majority use language of praise and gratitude far beyond both our expectations and our deserts; and we confess to being really surprised at the number of unknown but enthusiastic readers who have turned up.

We very much dislike to see a magazine "puffing itself"; and we shall refrain from printing any of the numerous letters that praise the GLEANER, except one, from a village schoolmistress, because it refers less to the GLEANER itself than to its use in the great cause:—

"I am a village schoolmistress only, but I am thankful (with my sister) to have been able to take in the GLEANER from its very commencement, and have all the vols. bound, for ready reference, or lending. It has been both profitable and touching to turn back on the past years' (1876—1882) accounts of 'The Nyanza Mission,' now that the sad news has come respecting Bishop Hannington and party; and I was struck last night with the account of Mr. Pearson's mention of *Usoga* when he was alone in U-Ganda.

"Surely the critics should read up the facts referred to in the vol. 1881 back to 1876, and if it does not stir up a spirit of prayer and great humiliation, with regard to the poor heathen and their own responsibilities to them, they are to be greatly pitied!

"I have found it good to follow the practice, which I once heard a clergyman avow was his, that of reading the current accounts of Foreign Missions every Sunday evening after church. In that way time was secured, and so far from finding it detrimental to his personal religion, he felt stirred up to more prayer and zeal for his own duties, and sympathy for other workers and the Lord's work generally. I have found it so too, for the past twenty years, and the GLEANER I find has given me what seems an acquaintance with 'the excellent of the earth,' which will reach into eternity."

But we are more thankful to observe the high value set upon the C.M. *Intelligencer*. We wish more readers of the GLEANER would read that too. We feel that the GLEANER cannot help being "scrappy," and cannot hope to give any adequate account of the Society's now world-wide work; and that the *Intelligencer* only can really instruct our friends properly.

We said in February that the *Intelligencer* was not meant for "young" people; nor is it; yet we find many "young" people enjoying it. Thus one friend writes, "For several years before leaving my teens I was a regular reader and warm admirer of the *Intelligencer*." Another says, "Allow me to assure you, as a young person, that the *Intelligencer* is read through from beginning to end each month by young people, who find it neither too 'ponderous,' 'argumentative,' or 'prosy,' nor even 'a labour to look through it,' but on the contrary invariably find it most interesting and oftentimes quite engrossing. It is passed on to a poor invalid boy, who takes a real interest in it." Another writes, "From quite a child I was accustomed to read out of the *Intelligencer* to my dear father, and after his death, when retrenchments had to be made on all sides and various periodicals given up, I still clung to the *Intelligencer* and could not let it be marked off the list." Another refers to the *Intelligencer* and *Annual Report* together as full of "delightful matter," and adds of the latter, "In fact the *Report* is a fascinating study, many a night I have sat up with it, beguiled on from one bit to another." One short letter we must print as it stands:—

"DEAR SIR,

"We are much surprised at the statement in the GLEANER that young friends do not appreciate the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*. We are a large family (all under twenty-seven years of age), and six of us read and thoroughly enjoy every number of that most interesting periodical.

"We remain,

"SIX INDIGNANT YOUNG FRIENDS OF THE C.M.S."

But, after all, it is not a question of literary criticism of the periodicals. It is a question of interest in the facts they record. When Gordon was shut up in Khartoum, or when the General Election was going on, we eagerly snatched at a newspaper, not to enjoy (or the contrary) the literary style or the editorial methods, but to see the news. It is a small thing that the GLEANER or the *Intelligencer* should be liked for its own sake. What we want is that Christian people everywhere should look

upon the Evangelization of the World as their own personal concern, quite as much so as the return of a Conservative or a Liberal candidate to Parliament; and that they should want to know how, not the Queen's soldiers, but THE KING's soldiers are progressing in their campaign against Heathenism. Then, as Christians, they will look out for their *Intelligencer*, or their GLEANER, in the same way that, as Englishmen, they look out for their *Times*, or *Standard*, or *Telegraph*.

MARCOS THE CHICKEN-RAISER,

And other Sketches of Humble Life in Egypt.

BY MISS M. L. WHATELY.

CHAPTER IV.



ENESUEF is the first town of importance on the Nile after leaving Boulac, the port of Cairo, though many villages, some of them large and very populous, are clustered on the banks of the river all along; but these are mainly built of mud, and mostly consist of mere huts indeed. Here and there an estate belonging to some rich man is seen, a white-washed house of good size and with a walled garden attached, in most cases occupied for two-thirds at least of the year by an agent or bailiff only; but the first real town is the one alluded to, situated on a bend of the river, of great beauty. In the winter especially, when all is green and fresh, the scene is delightful; fields of emerald clover, sugar canes of yellowish tint waving their sword-like leaves in the wind, corn several inches high even at Christmas time, and a variety of other crops, reach down to the shores, where the women assemble to draw water, and are seen trooping along with heavy pitchers poised gracefully on their heads in groups that please the artist's eye. The Christian with a sigh thinks of St. Paul speaking to the drawers of water by the river in Greece, and of Lydia the seller of purple, whose heart the Lord touched, and says, "Alas! for poor Egypt!"

There is a Christian community at this town, and of late this little community has waked up. It was very dead and cold twenty years ago, but some seed was sown, and while men slept it grew, for the Lord had not forgotten it. Twenty years ago, or somewhat less than that, a Coptic family who were only Christian in name dwelt in a remote village many miles from Benesuef, but in that district. Joseph and Abdallah were cousins and lived in neighbouring dwellings, equally dirty and untidy (as, alas! are too many in Egypt of that class). They were married to two sisters, distant relations of their own, and related to the chicken-raising peasants who were settled near the Pyramids; but there had for many years been no intercourse between the families, the difficulty of communication (for at that time there was no railway to the upper province) added to the *laissez aller* character of the people, made them drop the tie, and gradually the interest in their own religion became as faint as it had been in Marcos and his brother. A friend called Girgas, perhaps also a relative (but this was not very clear), resided in the same small hamlet on the edge of the desert, and the three men met every evening and worked together by day, but they had also many things in common with the Moslem population around them. The older of the three, Girgas, had had a daughter, a pretty child of twelve years, whom he had intended giving in marriage to a Mohammedan peasant, wealthy in the estimation of the villagers, during a time of dearth after a "bad Nile," when temptation was strong to accept help on that condition. The daughter had been, however, carried off by a prevalent epidemic before the plan was arranged definitely; but Girgas kept on very intimate terms with the family, and gradually he and his comrades, like their relations at the Pyramids, came to the conclusion that religion was merely a name, and that their worldly interests would be better served by turning Moslem, living as they did quite isolated from their own sort, and with no place of worship within reach. They had not even the miserable excuse of great poverty, with which the evil spirit had tempted the wretched Marcos two years previously. Though only of the peasant class they were not badly off; the two cousins especially, who were still young men and of good constitutions, and possessed of a small inheritance and some cattle, did very well, for in those days the taxation was much less heavy than it

"March 2, 1886.

is now. It was not misery, but the force of constant association with the followers of the prophet, who in their own way were more zealous than themselves, and the love of worldly things, which in every situation is apt to drive out religion when it is not a real spiritual belief, changing the heart and acting on the life, but a shell from which all the rest has departed.

"I am quite resolved for my part," exclaimed Girgas one day when he and his comrades were sitting smoking a long pipe by turns, a low wall of dry mud which skirted their plantations of tobacco and maize being their seat. It was a fine February evening, and the sun was just sinking on the desert which bounded their horizon; the river was out of sight on the other side, but the palm grove caught the lengthening rays of sunshine, and the groups of children bringing home their fathers' cattle from the pastures added life and animation to the quiet beauty of the scene.

Only man, degenerate man! thanklessly enjoying the Creator's goodness and bounty, was preparing to deny the name of the Holy One who died to bring salvation into a sin-ridden world!

"They will make a grand celebration if we agree to join them," observed one of the younger men. "We shall have to go down to the city (meaning Benesuef) and get the new clothes required for the procession, and hire the musicians."

"As to that, Girgas says that the Sheikh undertakes the music, and he and his friends make the feast," remarked Joseph.

"It is so truly," said the one quoted, "for you know, brothers, 'tis a great honour for the Moslems to get us to join them, but it will be for our advantage."

"And not least for thine, Girgas," said Abdallah, laughing; "thou canst choose a new wife next week." Girgas had been unfortunate in his marriage in one respect. His wife was very ill-tempered and by no means pleasant to look at, having lost one eye; but she was active in her household, and not more dirty and slovenly than others around her. She had a little boy and two girls, the only ones left of a large family, the eldest of whom had been the girl who was to have been married into the Moslem family before alluded to.

Girgas laughed and shrugged his shoulders, but looked a little ashamed all the same.

"What do Gemiana and Gamela (the two sisters who were wives to the cousins) say to our changing religion? Do they make any trouble?" asked Girgas, after a pause and a long whiff from the pipe.

"Not they," said Joseph. "What do they know about it, indeed? Women have no minds, and are only fit to make bread and take care of the children. But I allow *my* wife is good-humoured and obedient, and so is Gamela; they don't make our houses full of noise by scolding tongues like *some*!"

The women thus described at this moment came in sight through the palm trees, from which the light was fading quickly, as it does in the East, their dark blue robes fluttering in the breeze, already somewhat chill, as they walked swiftly along with their heavy water-pitchers gracefully poised on their heads. Living in huts close to each other, and all cooking in the open air according to the usual custom with the poorer peasants, the three wives were shortly to be seen squatting on the ground within speaking distance, each occupied with her rude cookery and chatting meanwhile. Something of the intention of the husbands had reached their ears, and, ignorant as they all were, not one was pleased at the idea of giving up the name of Christianity, even though but a name, alas!

"Dost thou believe this news about our men, Gemiana?" asked Gamela, the youngest of the three. "I asked mine, and he laughed, and put me off with words without meaning."

"I am sure I don't know, but I think it's true," replied the matron addressed, giving a vigorous stir to her mess of vegetables. "At least neither of them deny it, and I know they are going to the city to-morrow, and the boys (her two little sons) tell me their father spoke about a procession, and feast, and music, and so forth, after three days."

"Then it must be so," said the third woman, who was older than the others, and certainly had rather a repulsive appearance, her rough features and the loss of one eye being by no means atoned for by gentleness of expression or cleanliness of person and dress. "Yee, yee," she continued, angrily pushing away a ragged toddler which was trying to peep into her

pot; "get away from the fire, thou little pig! Yes, yee, my sisters, as I say, these villains want to drive us away, and my man means to take another wife. What do I know? perhaps two or three wives, and for this reason and for a purse of money they are going to the evil one." And she ended by a volley of curses which would have pained any less used to hear such words than were her listeners.

"It is not for that reason with Joseph or Abdallah," said Gamela, with a little toss of her head, which meant that she and her sister were better-tempered as well as better-looking than the poor wife of Girgas, "but they want money, and we are very poor, heaven knows. Still I do not like it, I told my husband it was wrong. Why, the Virgin Mary would be angry, I told him, if he turned Moslem, and, believe me, he only laughed. He is a worthless unbeliever, that is a fact. But what are we to do? I would go back to my father, but, poor man, he has five daughters at home. How am I to live?"

"And they will not invite us if we remain Christians, so we shall be safe," remarked Gemiana, Abdallah's wife.

"Yes, but your children; they won't let you baptize them, and then they will go to hell," said the older woman, grimly.

The two others crossed themselves and muttered some broken ejaculations, one of them pulling out of the neck of her dress a small dirty leather packet hung by a string, which she devoutly kissed. It was supposed to be a charm, consisting of some verses from the Gospel sewed up in the leather, but probably had she opened it only a soiled bit of paper with a few strokes of *scrib-scrib* or unmeaning letters would have rewarded her curiosity, such at least were the contents of some that I have seen opened. They were interrupted by the husbands coming home for supper at this moment, and resigning themselves to what they consider inevitable, with truly Egyptian resignation, they all became as quiet as folded sheep, and the meal was served as usual at the door of each hut, with neither table, plate, knife or fork. The older children then brought water for the fathers to wash their hands when they had finished, and darkness and silence settled down on the families. No one thought of prayer, or of asking protection or pardon from the heavenly Father, yet He did not forget His rebellious and unworthy children, little as they deserved to be remembered.

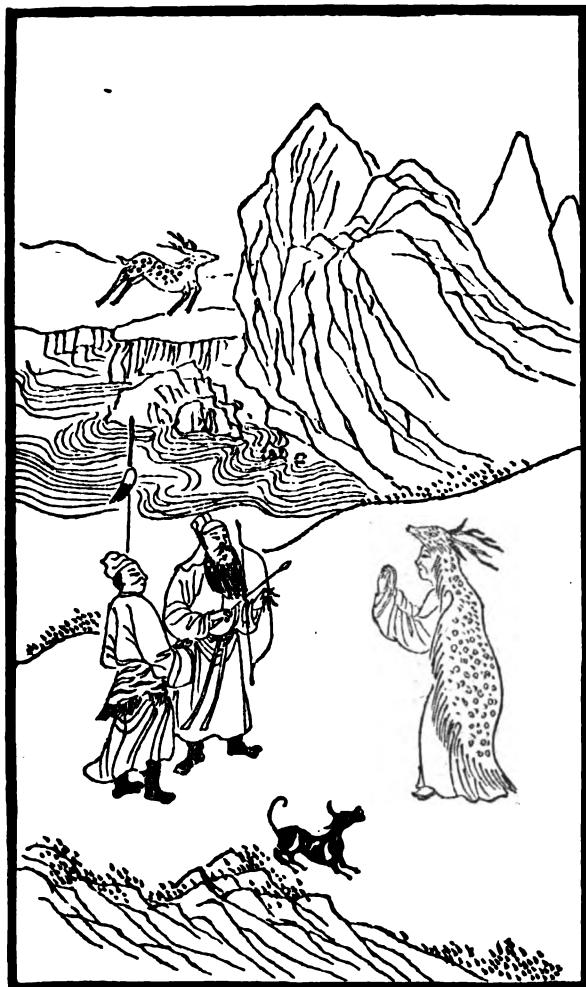
Early next day the three men set out on their short journey to Benesuef, but having some business at a village in the way, where they were detained by some Moslem friends, who under the circumstances were specially friendly and hospitable, the short day had closed before they reached Benesuef.

It was too late to make the purchases which they intended that night, and even the musicians so-called could not be easily found after dark, so it was settled to leave all these arrangements till next day, and as soon as the travellers had drunk the inevitable black coffee and rested a little, their host (an uncle of the sheikh who had been mainly instrumental in perverting them) said he would take them to call on some of his friends while the women were preparing supper, a process needing at least a couple of hours where guests are in question. Thus it chanced that the three Copts found themselves soon after reaching the town in the house of a man who had been all the morning listening to the Scripture on the shore of the river, and on the deck of the Nile boat where God's servants were endeavouring to lift up the banner of the truth by reading and explaining the Word of the Almighty to all who would hear. Ismael, a poor tradesman in the town, was one whose heart God had opened, and he was willing to hear; so willing, so eager, indeed, that he left his little shop to take care of itself with only a boy to sit in it, while he spent hours in listening to the things that were brought out of the treasure-house, both new and old!

On being introduced to the three men, and hearing for what cause they visited the town, he looked at them with a smile of pity, and observed—

"You know nothing of your own book, my brothers, or you would not be so ready to join us. I have been hearing the Gospel read to-day, and truly there are words in it wonderful to hear, and striking into the very heart. Come with me to the boat you see in the moonlight just there by the shore, and the gentlemen who have brought books here for such as can read, will read to you, and you can then judge if you want really to leave your religion and become Moslems."

The three men looked at each other dumbfounded, ashamed, and



YIN-TSZE IN A DEER'S SKIN.

surprised; but the friend who had brought them was angry and said some sharp words, though in a low voice, to his neighbour, reproaching him for what he had said. But Ismael boldly, though very politely, persisted, saying—

"Be not displeased, my brother, for I only wish these men to know what they do, and not to come blindfolded into a road, but with open eyes. Thou knowest they are thinking only of money and worldly goods; but this is a different affair. It is not a thing to be hastily done for a handful of coin or a purse of silver; let them hear the book I say, and do thou go also. Hearing cannot hurt."

"CHINESE STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS."

IN the GLEANER for December, 1880, we gave a short notice of a book then just published by the Rev. (now Archdeacon) A. E. Moule, of Hang-Chow, entitled, *Chinese Stories for Boys and Girls, and Chinese Wisdom for Young and Old*. We intended following up our notice with some short extracts, but have hitherto been prevented. We do so now.

It may be mentioned that Mr. Moule's volume is a translation of a veritable Chinese story-book which is very popular in China, many of the rich Chinese publishing editions for free distribution. The stories have all one object, that of illustrating filial and fraternal duties. Mr. Moule's translation contains thirty-one of these stories, two chapters by himself on Chinese children, some Chinese proverbs, and a missionary story ("Buth"), and is illustrated by several pictures, *fac-similes* of the original engravings in the Chinese edition. We give two specimens of

the stories and illustrations here. The first is called "The Story of Yin-tsze," and is as follows:—

"There was once a man named Yin-tsze, who was very dutiful to his father and mother. When they were old they both became stone blind. One day they took it into their heads that they would like to taste deer's milk. So Yin-tsze, wishing to gratify them, put on a deer's skin and horns, and crept in amongst a herd of deer, and managed to secure some milk. Just then some hunters came up, and were going to shoot Yin-tsze; but he shouted out in time, and told them who he was, and so escaped."

The other is called "The Perfectly Dutiful Boy," and runs thus:—

"About thirteen hundred years ago an officer was unjustly accused of treason by a brother officer, and was condemned to death. His son, who was only fifteen years of age, went in boldly and beat the drum to claim an audience, entreating to be allowed to die for his father.

"The emperor thereupon set the man free, and then expressed his intention of giving the boy the title 'Perfectly Dutiful.'

"The boy exclaimed, 'It is right and just for a son to die when his father is disgraced; but what disgrace can be compared with the idea of gaining honour at a father's expense? I respectfully decline your majesty's proposed distinction.'

These are just specimens taken at random, as they are short, from Mr. Moule's selection; but they will suffice to give an idea of the book. But it must be read to be appreciated. The first two chapters in particular, headed "A Letter of Introduction" and "Chinese Children at Home" respectively, give most interesting glimpses of Chinese manners and customs, and ought to be in the hands of all who like to read about the "Celestial Empire" and its strange people. We recommend our readers to procure a copy of it for themselves.

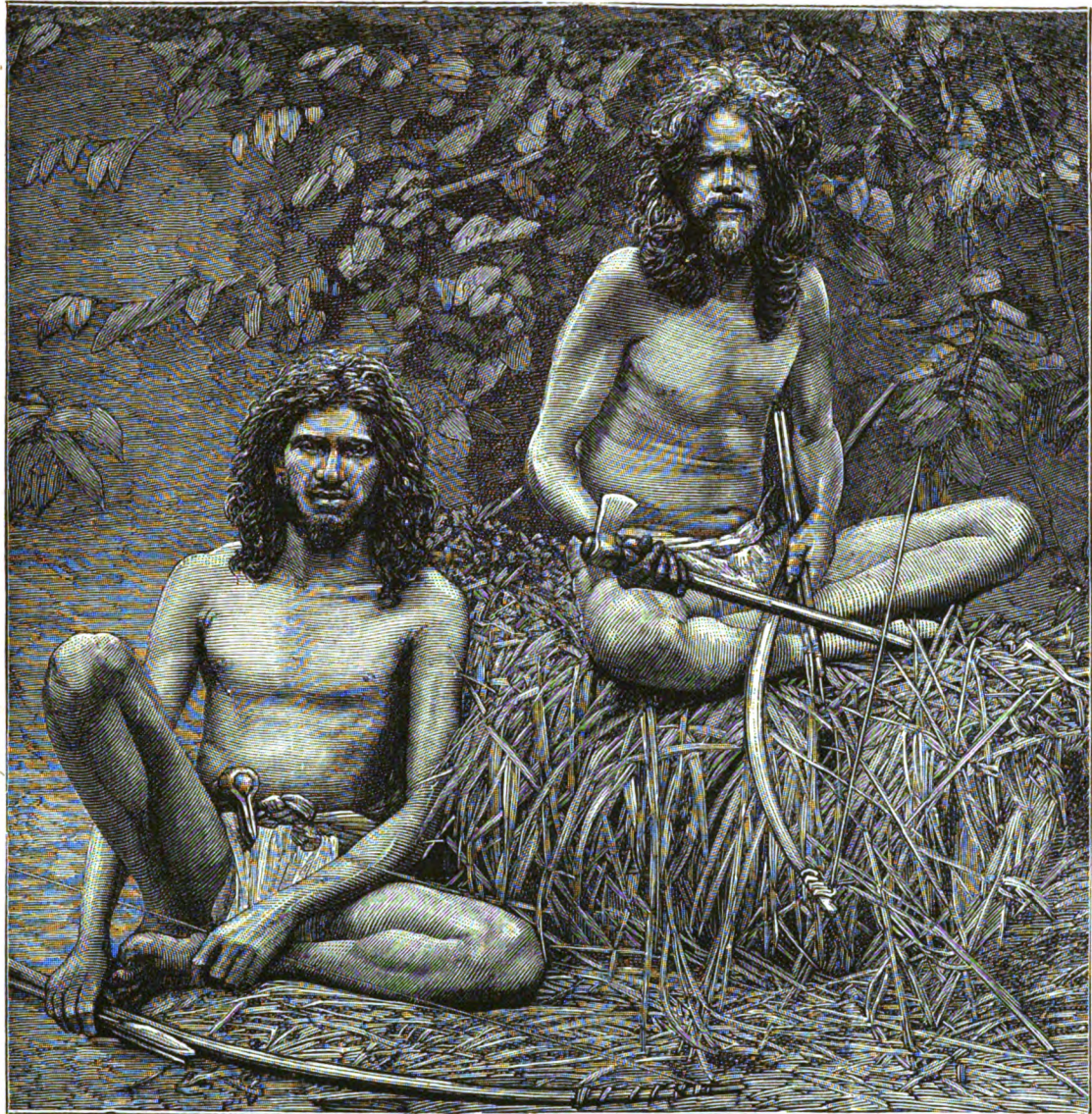


"THE PERFECTLY DUTIFUL BOY" CLAIMING AN AUDIENCE.

"THE REGIONS BEYOND."

III.—THE VEDDAHS OF CEYLON.

THESE peculiar people are generally supposed to be the remnant of the aborigines of Ceylon. Though harmless and inoffensive, they are sunk lower in barbarism than perhaps any race in the world. They live in the dense forests in the central and eastern districts of Ceylon, and maintain themselves by hunting, in which they are very expert. They know nothing of history and religion (except a few relics of demon worship), or any art whatever, cannot count beyond two, have no amusement save dancing, and are said never to laugh. During the Prince of Wales' visit to Ceylon in 1876, however, one of those brought before him managed just to smile when presented with a three-penny piece. Hitherto they have resisted all efforts made by the Ceylon Government to encourage them to leave their wild life, and to settle down in the villages.



VEDDAHS OF CEYLON.

LI-MIN.

ANY readers of the GLEANER have been interested in Li-Min (Light within), the woman who lives at San-k'e (Hill-mouth), in the Great Valley District, near Hangchow. It will be remembered that she was the woman who was beaten so severely because she would meet for worship with the Christians. [See GLEANER for Aug., 1881.] She was one who was willing to, and actually did, shed her blood for Christ's sake. It is sad to have to relate that Li-Min has now "drawn back entirely," and no longer meets with God's people.

There was a quarrel among the Christians at Hill-mouth—how the quarrel arose the missionaries in charge of the district were not able to find out—the result being that there was a division in the little church there, and it ultimately led to Li-Min withdrawing altogether. Will the readers of the GLEANER pray earnestly for the church at Hill-mouth, that the breach may be healed, that those who have sinned may be forgiven, and that those who have gone back may be restored.

ARTHUR ELWIN.

FOR PASSION WEEK.

A LYRIC.

COMPOSED BY YESUDASAN, of Coombaconam, South India, in the Tamil language, translated by Rev. Edward Webb, of the American Board Commissioners of Foreign Missions.

Jesus carrying His Cross.

WHITHER, with this crushing load
Over Salem's dismal road,
All Thy body suffering so,
O my God, where dost Thou go?

Chorus—Whither, Jesus, goest Thou,
Son of God, what doest Thou,
On this city's Dolorous way,
With that cross? O Sufferer say.

Tell me, fainting, dying Lord,
Dost Thou of Thine own accord
Bear that cross, or did Thy foes
'Gainst Thy will, that load impose?

Whither, Jesus, goest Thou, &c.

Patient Sufferer! how can I
See Thee faint, and fall, and die,
Press'd, and peel'd, and crush'd and ground
By that cross upon Thee bound?

Whither, Jesus, goest Thou, &c.

Weary arm, and staggering limb,
Visage marred, eyes growing dim,
Tongues all parched, and faint at heart,
Bruised and sore in every part?

Whither, Jesus, goest Thou, &c.

Dost Thou up to Calvary go,
On that cross in shame and woe,
Malefactors either side
To be nailed and crucified?

Whither, Jesus, goest Thou, &c.

Is it demon thrones to shake,
Death to kill, sin's power to break,
All our ills to put away,
Life to give, and endless day?

Whither, Jesus, goest Thou, &c.

AS we go to press, we hear with deep sorrow of the death, on March 15th, of the venerated President of the Society, the Earl of Chichester. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

THE MONTH.



ANY newspapers have copied a paragraph in the March *C.M. Intelligencer*, stating that twenty-six fresh offers of service were received by the Society between Feb. 8th and 20th, partly owing to "F. S. M.," and partly to the sympathy aroused in connection with Bishop Hannington. But we can say more than that now. In four weeks, Feb. 8th to March 8th, there were fifty-three offers! If any large proportion of these should actually go out, are our friends going to provide the money? This may become a pressing question; but we are sure that, "In some way or other, the Lord will provide."

A SLIP inserted in our last number mentioned the arrival from East Africa, on Feb. 15th, of the letters anticipated by the telegram of Jan. 1st (the first that mentioned Bishop Hannington's peril). These were letters from U-Ganda itself, and told of the Bishop's arrival in U-Soga, close by, and of the young King Mwanga's order to put him to death. They were printed in the March *C.M. Intelligencer*. The telegrams of Feb. 7th and 12th, which we gave last month, brought later news from Mombasa, and the letters explaining these have arrived on March 15th, as we go to press. The four fugitives affirm that the Bishop was shot and the other men speared, but the missionaries at Mombasa are of opinion, from the conflicting testimony as regards details, that the Bishop's death was not actually witnessed. No later news from U-Ganda itself.

WE dare not now indulge hope that the Bishop has been spared. To our poor human sight his loss is irreparable indeed. But assuredly there is a Divine purpose of wisdom and love in it, even for the Mission; and as to himself, it is but "the light affliction, which is but for a moment," exchanged for the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." On another page will be found the first chapter of a biographical sketch of our dear and honoured brother.

A BISHOP's death excites public attention. Not so that of a veteran missionary like Mr. Townsend, who had served more years in Africa than good Bishop Hannington had served months. But C.M.S. friends should honour the memory of Henry Townsend. We give a portrait and biographical sketch of him on another page.

ANOTHER of the great Christian soldiers of India has passed away. Major-General Reynell Taylor, C.B., C.S.I., died at Torquay on March 1st. He was one of John Lawrence's bravest and most chivalrous captains, as well as a humble and devoted Christian. In 1861, when Commissioner of the Derajat (the country between the Indus and the Afghan Frontier), he invited the C.M.S. to begin a Mission there, and himself gave £1,000 to start it. The first missionaries were the Rev. T. V. French (now Bishop of Lahore) and the Rev. B. Bruce (now in Persia). When Lord Lawrence was buried in Westminster Abbey, General Taylor bore his coronet in the procession. He was an Honorary Life Governor of the C.M.S., "having rendered essential service to the Society."

THE Rev. E. N. Hodges, M.A., Principal of the Noble High School, Masulipatam, has been appointed Principal of Trinity College, Kandy, Ceylon, to take the place of the Rev. J. G. Garrett, M.A., who is coming home to recruit his health. The Rev. J. D. Thomas, formerly of Tinnevely, has been appointed to the Tamil Cooly Mission, Ceylon.

ON Feb. 16th the C.M.S. Committee took leave of the Rev. R. Elliott, M.A., late of the Santal Mission, transferred to Gaza; the Rev. H. Sykes, M.A., also going to Palestine; and the Rev. J. Field, late of Ceylon, appointed to the North Pacific Mission.

ONE of the Lagos "wants" mentioned in last GLEANER was provided before the number appeared. Miss Mary J. Kendall, daughter of the Rev. W. Kendall, of St. Thomas's, Stafford, responded at once to an "F. S. M." appeal, and sailed on Feb. 27th for Lagos.

SIR CHARLES DOUGLAS FOX, the engineer of the Mersey Tunnel, upon whom the Queen has conferred the honour of knighthood, is a member of the C.M.S. Committee and one of the Society's Trustees. He was one of the "F. S. M." Deputations, at Reading and Maidstone. Lady Fox is a sister of Mrs. Wigram, and of the late Rev. Henry Wright.

THE Bishop of Liverpool and Colonel C. E. Stewart, C.B., C.S.I., have consented to take part in the Society's Anniversary; and Lord Northbrook to preside in the evening.

THE Bishop of Sierra Leone's recent visitation of the Yoruba Mission lasted from Nov. to Jan. He confirmed 512 African Christians, at Lagos, Abeokuta, &c., and on Jan. 6th admitted two Africans to deacon's orders, Mr. Samuel Johnson (brother of Archdeacon H. Johnson and the Rev. Nathaniel Johnson) and Mr. Matthew J. Luke. He took an active part in the Special Mission held at Lagos in Christmas week (see page 42).

ON Feb. 25th the members of the Civil Service Prayer Union were received at the Church Missionary House, nearly 100 of them having accepted the invitation. After tea and coffee had been served, the Revs. C. F. Warren and A. Elwin gave illustrated lectures on Japan and China, in two rooms simultaneously. Then all assembled in the Committee room, and Mr. Wigram having taken the chair, short addresses were given by Mr. G. Martin Tait and Mr. Stevenson Blackwood, C.B. (both members of the Union), and by the Editorial Secretary.

THE Revs. J. B. Whiting and H. D. Hubbard held a week's "Missionary Mission" at Kendal from Feb. 21st to 28th—services and meetings every day. The attendance increased and the interest grew day by day, till at the last meeting 700 were present, even in that small town. A band of 100 Christian working men rendered great service.

OWING to the early date at which the GLEANER each month has to go to press, our notice of the February Simultaneous Meetings last month was very inadequate. And now it seems too late to give any detailed account. But our readers ought to know that the total number of meetings held was about eight hundred; and that the reports sent in were so voluminous that the *C.M. Intelligencer* could not hold them, and they were published in a separate pamphlet of 104 pages, which can be had at the C.M. House, price 6d. We hope many of our friends will send for it.

THE Society is now considering what can be done to perpetuate the influence of the "F. S. M." campaign. A spirit has been aroused which ought not to be allowed to pass away without issuing in practical results. It is thought that a great Union or League of all, rich and poor, young and old, in town and country, willing to pray regularly for the missionary cause, and work for it in any way, might be formed, with a roll of members and cards of membership, and some paper to send to all periodically. We are sure that thousands of friends are ready for such a movement.

WE would draw the attention of our friends to a new pamphlet issued by the Society, *The Uganda Mission and Bishop Hannington*. It contains a short history of the Mission and a biographical sketch of the Bishop, with a map. Price 6d.

THE foundation stone of the new buildings of the Church Missionaries' Children's Home at Limsfield is to be laid on April 14th.

Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Thanksgiving for the unprecedented number of fifty-three fresh offers of service in four weeks (see above). Prayer that wisdom may be given to the Committee of Selection, and that liberal gifts for the support of those selected may be forthcoming.

Prayer for guidance in forming new plans to perpetuate the influence of the February Simultaneous Meetings.

Thanksgiving for such missionaries as Henry Townsend (p. 37), and such Christian officers as Reynell Taylor (see above). Prayer that many more like them may be raised up.

Prayer for the missionaries who have lately sailed, or will sail shortly. Also for the Rev. W. B. Blackett and General Touch (see last number), who sailed for Metlakatla on March 11th.

Prayer for Sierra Leone and Lagos (p. 42), and for Li-Min (p. 47).

Continued prayer for the missionaries and Native Christians in U-Ganda.

RECEIVED:—For the *Henry Venn* steamer, from J. F. 5s.; Anon., 2s.; for the C.M.S. General Fund, from R. A., £1 as a thank-offering; from Helen Wynne Edwards, 10s., the contents of a Missionary Box.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

MAY, 1886.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

(The Texts are chosen to illustrate the "Te Deum.")

N. M. 4th.....3.42 a.m.
F. Gr. 11th...2.30 a.m.

May.

F. M. 18th...1.47 a.m.
L. Gr. 25th...11.36 p.m.

THOU ART THE KING OF GLORY, O CHRIST: THOU ART THE EVERLASTING SON OF THE FATHER. WHEN THOU TOOKEST UPON THEE TO DELIVER MAN THOU DIDST NOT ABHOR THE VIRGIN'S WOMB.

- 1 S Pa. 24. 10. SS. Philip & James. The Lord of Hosts He is the King of Glory. [16. 86, or 17. 1—12. John 20. 24—80.]
- 2 S John 20. 28. 1st aft. Easter. Num. 16. 1—86. 1 Cor. 15. 1—29. E. Num. 8 M Rev. 19. 16. King of Kings and Lord of Lords. C.M.S. Ann. Sermon.
- 4 T 1 Tim. 6. 15. The blessed and only Potentate. Livingstone d. '73. C.M.S.
- 5 W 1 Tim. 6. 16. Who only hath immortality. [Ann. meetings.]
- 6 T Heb. 1. 8, 12. Unto the Son he saith...Thy years shall not fail.
- 7 F Micah 5. 2. Whose goings forth have been of old from everlasting.
- 8 S Heb. 13. 8. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to day, and for ever. [14 to 21. 10, or 21. 10. 2 Thes. 1. Frere Town Estate dt., '75.]
- 9 S John 1. 1. 2nd aft. Easter. Num. 20. 1—14. John 1. 1—29. E. Num. 20.
- 10 M Eph. 8. 11. The eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus.
- 11 T Eph. 1. 4. Before the foundation of the world. [Indian Mutiny, 1857.]
- 12 W 1 John 4. 14. The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world. Abdul
- 13 T Heb. 10. 9. Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God. [Manik bap. 1811.]
- 14 F Isa. 61. 1. The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings. [bap. '64.]
- 15 S Isa. 58. 10. The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand. 1st Santal [24. 1 Tim. 5. Pourah Bay Col. affil. to Durham, '76.]
- 16 S John 5. 19. 3rd aft. Easter. Num. 22. John 5. 1—24. E. Num. 23. or
- 17 M Pa. 49. 7. None can by any means redeem his brother.
- 18 T Job 33. 24. I have found a ransom.
- 19 W 1 Tim. 2. 6. Who gave Himself a ransom for all. [Ibadan, '51.]
- 20 T Heb. 9. 12. Obtained eternal redemption for us.
- 21 F Matt. 1. 21. He shall save His people from their sins. Hindover's 1st v. to
- 22 S Isa. 58. 6. The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. [23—41, or 5. Titus 2. 1st Maori ord., 1853.]
- 23 S John 8. 14. 4th aft. Easter. Deut. 4. 1—28. John 8. 1—31. E. Deut. 4.
- 24 M Isa. 49. 1. The Lord hath called Me from the womb. J. Quaker d., '82.
- 25 T Isa. 7. 14. Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son. [Ser. 1801.]
- 26 W Phil. 2. 7. Took upon Him the form of a servant. T. Scott pr. 1st Ann.
- 27 T Gal. 4. 4. Made of a woman, made under the law. New H. Venn Steamer
- 28 F Rom. 8. 3. In the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin. [launched, 1885.]
- 29 S Matt. 18. 11. The Son of Man is come to save that which was lost. Bp. [Anderson cons. (Rupert's Land), '49. Sir B. Frere d., '84.]
- 30 S John 11. 52. 5th aft. Easter. Deut. 6. John 11. 47 to 12. 20. E. Deut. [9. or 10. Heb. 6.]
- 31 M 1 Tim. 1. 15. A faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance. 1st two E. [Africa natives ord., 1885.]

TE DEUM.

V.



HAVING celebrated the glory of the eternal Trinity, we turn now to the glory of Christ. "Thou art the King of glory, O Christ." We know the Father only by Christ. He is "the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of His person." It is meet that He should "in all things have the pre-eminence."

We, naturally, even according to the aspirations of our better nature, think of Christ in relation to ourselves. It is well that we should. For we are accepted only "in the Beloved." He has saved us and "delivered us from the wrath to come." For this we praise Him.

But not for this exclusively. Nor, I may say, for this primarily. Let self, and the high privileges we have found in Christ, be for a moment out of sight. We are led above them. *Te Deum* bids us look first of all to Christ in His eternal glory. He is our Lord and King. He is Ruler and Maker of all, for "without Him was not anything made that was made." But before all this He was King—"the King of glory."

With us, grace, "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," comes first. It is the point in which the Creator first touches the sinful creature, cleansing, restoring, embracing. But, with Him, *glory* comes first. He is ever-glorious, all-glorious. Apart from ourselves, apart from the wonderful work He has wrought for us, He is glorious. Glory is seen in Him alone. For glory is the

manifestation of Deity. And in Christ, "the everlasting Son of the Father," we see God. "Thou art the King of glory, O Christ."

When the "everlasting Son" took upon Him to rescue fallen man from the captivity of sin, He stooped very low. He became man: an infant of days. He was "born in the world," a little child, hanging upon a mother's breasts. He took upon Him our nature. "Thou didst not abhor the virgin's womb."

"When Thou tookest upon Thee." There was none else to do it. Angel hosts would have saved Him this indignity. But Thou art worthy, Thou alone.

For what was His mission? "To deliver man." In what a dire and hopeless bondage he was ensnared. We feel it when we strive to deliver ourselves; when we endeavour, in our missionary work, to deliver others. "We must let them alone for ever." Salvation is of God alone.

It is pitiful to see a poor anxious soul struggling to be free. It is doubly so to hear of the heathen labouring to be rid of the chains: enduring terrible tortures, measuring a thousand miles with their naked bodies, crying out for years to sun and moon. And all in vain. There is no deliverance in these. "The times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." He stooped down to man's nature, "to deliver man."

And shall not we be "as He is in this world"? In human nature He wept. Real tears rolled down His cheeks as He, "the King of glory," beheld Jerusalem, "the city of the Great King," "the King of glory." Have we no tears? Behold, "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy." J. E. SAMPSON.

FIVE VETERANS GONE HOME.



THE month of March, 1886, will long be remembered for the remarkable group of old and honoured soldiers and servants of Christ whom it saw removed from C.M.S. ranks. We do not now count our beloved Bishop, cruelly put to death in the heart of Africa; for he had been four months in his Master's presence when the first of the five veterans we are now commemorating entered there, though we knew it not. Besides which, he was not permitted to be a veteran. He was called home at the outset of what we fondly hoped was to be an illustrious career; though if "God measures life by love," it was no short life that James Hannington lived. But our group of five includes two who were specially mentioned in our last number—Henry Townsend and General Reynell Taylor; one, whose death there was just time to record in that number, and no more—our honoured President, Lord Chichester; and two taken away after the GLEANER had gone to press—Colonel Martin and the Rev. W. Hockin of Exeter.

All these five were typical men, representative of classes to whom the missionary cause owes much. Lord Chichester, indeed, did not stand for a large class if we confine it to the peerage; though with the memory of the three Christian Earls taken away within twelve months—Earl Cairns, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and himself—it cannot be called weak in influence and example. But other men of position, though not peers, really belong to the same group, from William Wilberforce downwards, including that venerable old schoolfellow and lifelong friend of Lord Chichester's, Sir Harry Verney, who presided at the special committee meeting of March 22nd, when the President's death was formally reported. General Taylor and Colonel Martin represent the Christian officers in India who

have all along been the most ardent friends and munificent supporters of missionary work. But very different men : one, the chivalrous and modest soldier, great in war and great in prayer, but not great in speech ; the other, the ardent, not to say irrepressible, advocate of the cause, "in season" and, if necessary, "out of season." Mr. Hockin represents a class without which there would have been no Church Missionary Society at all : the Evangelical clergyman at home, who, though no pulpit or platform orator, is the strength of spiritual religion in the country, wise in counsel, staunch in principle, believing in the cause with all his heart, whether it be popular or unpopular : the Edward Auriol or the George Lea. While Mr. Townsend stands for the great missionary band, the front rank of the army of the Lord.

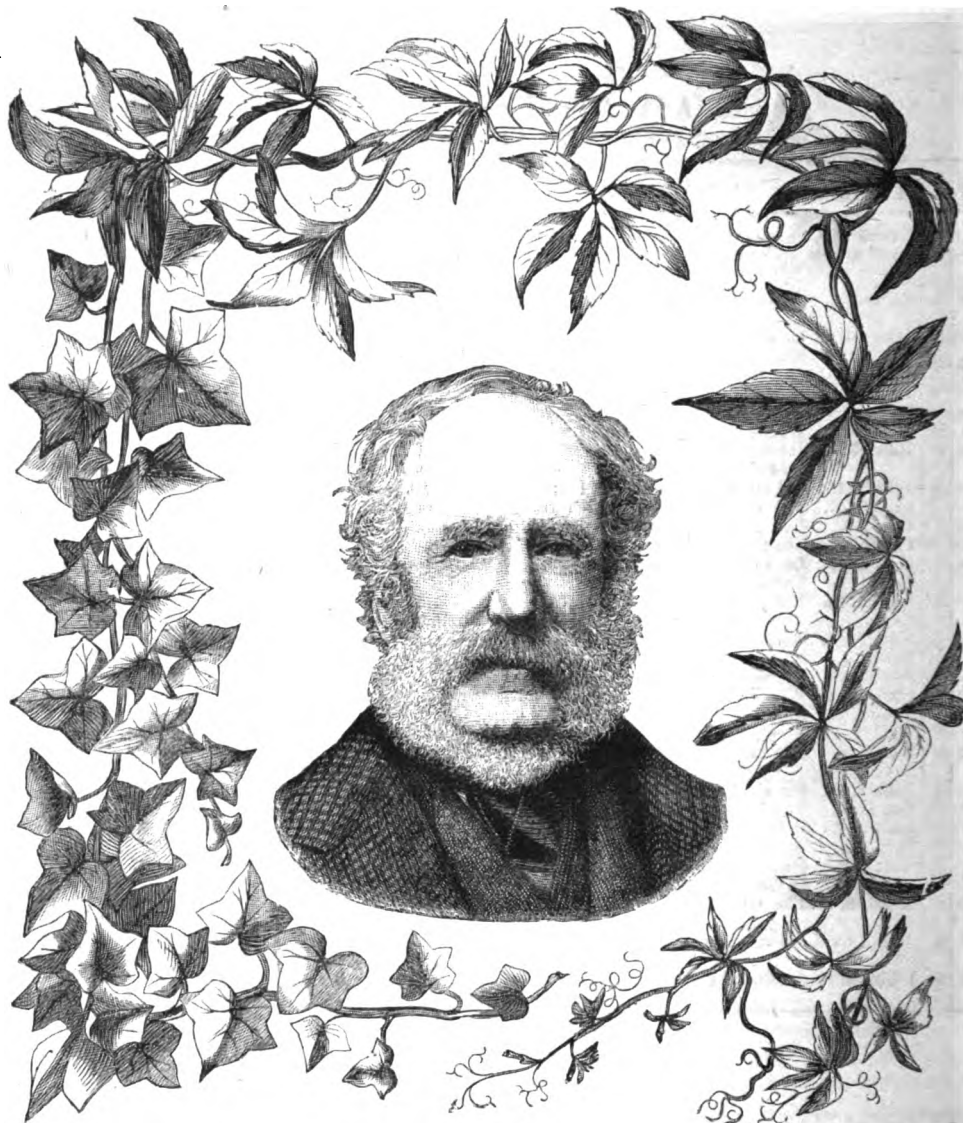
Of Mr. Townsend and General Taylor we need not add to what was said last month. Of Colonel Martin and Mr. Hockin we have said a few words on another page.

The Earl of Chichester became President of the Church Missionary Society in December, 1834, so that he had held the office for over fifty-one years. We need not repeat what we said about him in giving his portrait in the *GLEANER* of April, 1882, when we told what a *working* President he had been. Let us only now add that he was a *praying* President too. It was his habit month by month to kneel down with the *GLEANER* open before him, and pray for the missionaries by name who were mentioned in the number. Last summer he came repeatedly to the Thursday Prayer Meeting at the C.M. House ; and those present will not easily forget the fervour and simplicity and humility of the language in which he himself led their petitions. When Gray, the porter for some years at the C.M. House, and afterwards at the C.M. College (an old soldier who was one of "the Six Hundred" at Balaclava), was lying on his last sick-bed, our aged President went several times to Islington to visit and pray with him. And the very last time Lord Chichester was out, he was at Brighton, calling upon a poor invalid, formerly in his household, who had kept her bed for thirty-three years, and who died a few hours after his visit.

Let us ask the Great Master to give the Society always men of this stamp as its leaders and patrons. Then it may confidently look for His blessing upon all its work.

From Lord Chichester's first Anniversary Speech, 1835 :—"A great deal is heard at the present day of the danger to which the Church of England is exposed from its political and outward foes. If the Church of England is indeed found zealously engaged in the work of her Lord, in the missionary cause, He will be on her side, and who then can be against her?"

From Lord Chichester's last Anniversary Speech, 1885 :—"It is one of the things we ought most to pray for, that we, as a Christian Church and nation, should be foremost in the work of Missions. So alone may we believe that our blessed Lord will look upon His Church and people with a smiling countenance."



HENRY THOMAS PELHAM, THIRD EARL OF CHICHESTER.

Born 1804 ; died 1886. President of C.M.S. 1834 to 1886.

LINES

By the Last of the Five Departed Veterans on the Death of the First.*

WHERE shall I find his name ? Say, shall I search
The records of the statesman high in power,
Or of great warriors valiant in the fight ?
Do the high walls of Parliament resound
With echoes of his power and wondrous acts ?
Nay, reader, search not there—this busy world
Knows not of him of whom we now would write.
Angels above rejoiced while yet they viewed
His life-long labours on the blackened fields
Of this world's darkness ; and when toilsome years
Had taken from him strength and health for work,
He still could watch with earnest prayerful faith,
Whilst in communion with his God in Christ
Rejoicing in the peace he long had found.
He's gone—his labour's o'er—his last fight fought.
Henceforth the wreath of victory crowns his head,
Placed there by Him whom he had loved and served.
Reader, be thou like him, in life and death,
In prayer and faith, in never-failing love,
Make Christ your portion now, while yet on earth ;
He'll make you His throughout Eternity.

W. H.

* Written on the late Rev. H. Townsend, who died Feb. 26th, by the late Rev. W. Hockin, who died March 21st.

MID CHINA: EASTERN LAKE MISSION.



READERS of Archdeacon A. E. Moule's "Story of the Che-Kiang Mission" will remember his interesting narrative of how C.M.S. work was begun in the Eastern Lake district of Che-Kiang, and the story of the Chinaman Bong-s-vu by whom it was com-

menced.

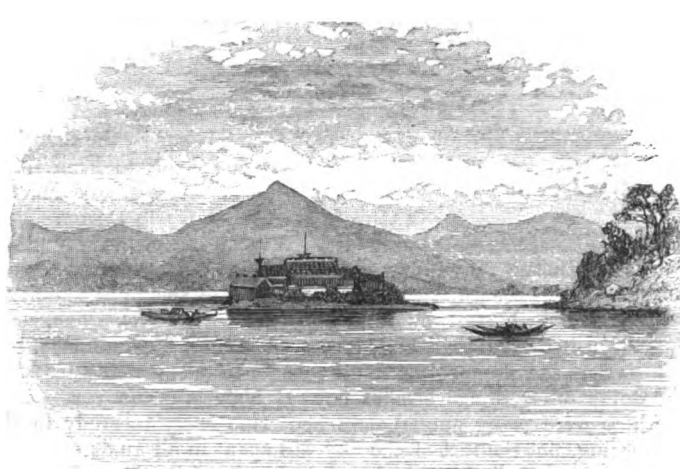
In 1861, at the time when the Taiping rebellion was at its height, the insurgents, who for a time carried everything before them, poured into the great cities of the province, plundering and devastating wherever they went. The city of Ningpo was shut up with the missionaries and their families inside, unable to escape, and in imminent peril. Throughout the province the missionaries and their congregation were in equal danger, and for a time the work was rudely rooted up.

At one of the towns, called Tsong-gyiao, about five miles from Ningpo, lived a Native Christian named Dzao Teh-sing, but familiarly called Bong-s-vu, from his occupation, that of a maker of bamboo tilts for covering the Chinese Canal boats. While the Taiping revolt was at its worst, this man with his family sought refuge in the Eastern Lake district, twelve miles south of Ningpo and a place unmolested by the rebels. In May, 1862, after the rebels were defeated, the Rev. (now Bishop) G. E. Moule, made a round of the C.M.S. Missions, to revive and re-organise the work. Among other places he visited the Lake district. And what did he find? An apostate Christian, who at the first scent of danger had lapsed into his heathen customs and idolatry? Nothing of the kind; but what he did find was a little band of believers, zealous and faithful, the fruits of God's blessing on the labours of Bong-s-vu, who, during the months of confusion and peril had endeavoured to spread the knowledge of his Saviour. The first fruits of this station, two fishermen, Peter and Andrew, were baptized January 18th, 1863, and Bong himself, after a period of probation, was appointed catechist in charge of the station, where for eight years he laboured, until his death, with zeal and fidelity. His story is told in full in the first number of the GLEANER, January, 1874.

The small picture at the end of this column shows the place where Bong's work began, and is now carried on. The tallest building on the left of the picture was built in 1867 by the Rev. J. Bates, missionary at Ningpo, and now serves as a chapel and catechist's house, the "lean-to" at the side being used as a school. From this school the more promising pupils are subsequently drafted for further training into Mr. Hoare's college at Ningpo. The view of the temple, Si-kwô-miao, which stands on an islet distant



MID CHINA: UIOH-TS-IN, C.M.S. STATION ON THE EASTERN LAKE.



MID CHINA: THE SI-KWÔ-MIAO, A TEMPLE ON THE EASTERN LAKE.

a few hundred yards from the shore of Uioh-ts-in, is interesting from the fact that here Mr. Bates resided for some time in 1867, in order to live among the people and study their language.

There are four Mission workers at the Lake station. One, an aged Christian, baptized in the earliest days of the Ningpo Mission; another, a son-in-law of the Rev. Sing Eng-teh, pastor at Kwun-hœ-wœ; another, formerly like Bong-s-vu, a boatman; and the fourth, a schoolmaster from the Ningpo College.

A COFFEE PLANTER'S SERMON.

THE Rev. Hugh Horsley of Kandy, Ceylon, gives the following pleasing incident in his Annual Letter for last year:—"Before the morning service on January 11th, 1885, which was held in a schoolroom in the village of Udapolla, erected by a planter, five adults (three men and two women) were presented to me for baptism. Having examined them, and satisfied myself as to their knowledge and sincerity, I baptized them. After the service was over, the planter, who is an earnest Christian man, addressed in Tamil a few solemn words to the newly-baptized. He said, 'You have now been baptized, and henceforth will call yourselves Christians; remember that the eyes of the heathen are upon you, and will watch your future conduct. Seek, then, to walk as Christians. If you pray to God daily, He will help you. I hope you will try to be examples to the other coolies on the estate, and be the means of bringing others to Jesus.' It was the first sermon of the kind I had ever heard a planter preach to his coolies! Oh, that God would raise up many more such earnest Christians from among our fellow-countrymen out here! A little boy once said of this same gentleman, 'He is a great and good king.' A man who lives near the estate remarked, 'He is one who has gained for himself great merit,' i.e., in the world to come. A beggar-woman, filled with gratitude for favours received, expressed the hope that he might become a Buddha!"


THE POWER OF SONG.

THE following on the importance of song in missionary work is taken also from Mr. Horsley's Annual Letter:—

"On June 1st, as I was returning by coach to Polgahawella, en route to Kandy, I was struck by an incident which shows the importance of song as an evangelistic agency. In the coach there happened to be a Hindu who was fond of a song, and was enlivening the way by singing most lustily, in true Native style. He had sung two or three songs, and was taking a rest, when the driver said in Tamil, 'Please be good enough to give us another song,' to which the songster replied, 'I see, coachman, you are fond of singing; perhaps if you tried you could give us a song.' 'I don't know about that,' replied the driver, 'but I think we would all like another song.' Encouraged by this remark, the songster began again, and, to my utter amazement, sang from memory one of our most beautiful Christian lyrics, 'Jesus carrying His Cross.' Here was a grand text to preach from! St. Paul's favourite text! Christ and Him crucified! The opportunity was too good a one to be lost. So I thanked our friend for the lyric, and then preached Jesus to the motley assembly in the coach, consisting of Hindus, Buddhists, and Christians. I afterwards learnt that my friend had been taught the lyric by a Roman Catholic living some fifty miles away."

JAMES HANNINGTON, First Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa.

II.—OXFORD, AND EARLY MINISTRY.

 UT in December, 1869, he was advised by the Principal of St. Mary's Hall (Dr. Chase) not to keep term, but to read in the country with a friend of his, the Rev. C. Scriven, of Martinhoe, North Devon. This he accordingly did. A very out-of-the-way place, but the country round magnificent, he soon fell in love with place and people, little dreaming then how much he was to be connected afterwards with Martinhoe and the sister parish Trentishoe. Mr. Scriven is a botanist, which increased greatly his influence, and here first did James Hannington begin to take a real interest in reading other things besides natural history. The young men (there were many pupils) were kept rigorously to study in the morning, but the rest of the day was spent in all kinds of manly exercise, cliff-climbing included. In the following March he returned to Oxford to keep term, and was, he says, "very busy with my functions as captain of the boats, and a very strict captain I was." He was also chosen president of "the Red Club," and he was thus at the head of everything. The vacations of 1870 and 1871 were passed principally at Martinhoe, but there were also several short trips abroad.

In August, 1871, Hannington suggested to Mr. Scriven that he should go to Martinhoe at once as curate, and then read for his degree in return. But very fortunately the Bishop would not consent to ordain him without first taking his degree. About that time a great domestic cloud overshadowed him. In September he was obliged to leave Martinhoe for home, owing to his mother's illness. As we have already seen, he was deeply attached to her, and when she died, on February 26th, 1872, he was quite heart-broken. His mother's illness caused him to miss two terms at Oxford, but he passed well in moderations in the following May, and later in the year he also passed the Divinity examination, and was complimented by the examiners. On June 6th, 1873, he passed his final examination "with a compliment." He took his B.A. degree on the 12th, "and in the afternoon won scratch fours and senior pairs races." About this time, he says, "a different tone began to steal over me; insensibly I prayed more."

On the 28th of February, 1874, he passed for deacon's orders, and on the 1st March he was ordained at Exeter. In the evening he went to St. Mary Major and heard Dean Boyd preach a sermon about God raising special instruments for special work. "So I am a parson," is the entry in his diary, "and the world has to be crucified in me. Oh for God's Holy Spirit, without which I must fall, must perish."

Proceeding to Hurst a few days later he chose St. Luke xvi. 31 as a text for his sermon, which he made a subject of much prayer. He was asked by the incumbent of St. George's to preach in the morning of Sunday, March 8th. "Very nervous," he says he was, "whilst reading the epistle, but lifting up my heart in prayer, was answered, and when I was in the pulpit all nervousness left me." But the sermon was feeble, in fact, not quite sound, "so I afterwards destroyed it."

The history of his conversion to God had better be told in his own words:—

And now comes a tale of passing interest to me. Some twelve months ago E. C. D— wrote me a letter speaking of his own conversion, and endeavouring to arouse my attention to the subject. I was pleased with the letter, but did not answer it, although the impression it made never left me. Time passed on, and I knew I was not right, but sought and sought most earnestly, at times being in terrible bondage and doubts and fears, and began to despair of ever coming to the knowledge of the truth. At length I again wrote to E. C. D—, and begged him to come and stop with me, and most earnestly did I pray that he might come and bring me light as Ananias did to St. Paul. At length the letter came, saying that he could not come, but had sent me a book, Mackay's "Grace and Truth," which he begged me to read. I was in despair; it seemed to sound my death-

knell, and I thought the Lord would not answer me. I, however, determined to read every word of the book, so began with the preface. Here I soon perceived the book was unscholarly, for he builds an argument on Matt. xv. 27, "Truth, Lord," which he takes as ἀλήθεια instead of the exclamation ΝΑΙ. This was enough for me, for I was taught to be specially accurate in this way, and I therefore threw the book away and refused to read it. When, however, I left, September 16th, for South Petherwyn and Exeter, I spied that old book, and said, "D— is sure to ask me if I read it, I suppose I must wade through it," and so stuffed it into my portmanteau. At South Petherwyn I took the book out, and again I read the first chapter. I disliked it so much that I determined never to touch it again, and I don't know that I did not fling it across the room: I rather think I did. So back into my portmanteau it went again, and remained until my visit to Hurst, when I again saw it, and thought, "Well, I must read it to tell D— about it," so once more I took the "old thing," and read on three chapters or so, until at last I came to one called, "Do you know your sins are forgiven?" by means of which my eyes were opened. I was in bed at the time reading; I sprang out of bed, and leaped about the floor rejoicing and praising God that Jesus died for me; and from that day to this I have lived under the shadow of His wings in assurance of faith that I am His and He is mine.

An interesting fact about his preaching may be mentioned here. His friend, Mr. Dawson, urged him to preach extempore, but Hannington told him he thought it would be wicked in him to attempt it, although in his heart he longed to do it. But on Sunday, October 25th, 1874, he determined at the eleventh hour, by the help of God's Holy Spirit, to preach extempore in spite of himself and his protestations. "I had not," he writes, "previously to this morning prayed to be led to do so, and so I felt it was in answer to D—'s prayers." He succeeded a great deal better than he expected, and he only once since for the last ten years preached a written sermon, although from the very first his plan has been, with very few exceptions, to make copious notes.

In this year, 1875, came the move to St. George's, Hurstpierpoint, preceded by a visit to Darley, near Derby, of which place the Rev. John Dawson was the Vicar. He spent two months there learning parish work, and came in for the Darley Mission. He always spoke most thankfully of the benefit he received at this time. He took his M.A. degree on November 3rd, and the next day he proceeded to Hurst. Almost immediately, on the 18th, he speaks of the conversion of a soul, and from that day the work in Hurst never ceased. He held Bible-classes, visited diligently, and joined the Rector in starting a Temperance Society, being himself the only pledged total abstainer in the place. Now the Society numbers between 300 and 400, with a good proportion of total abstainers. He started a mothers' meeting, organised Sunday-classes, and gave himself completely to his work. After the toils of the day, the evening was usually spent in his study with a succession of young men and boys, who were not shy with him, though they were with others, to some of whom he gave lessons in anything they wished to learn, in order to gain an influence over them that he might win their souls to Christ. One boy used even to come for lessons on the Jew's harp; some he won by a gift of a rare bird's-egg. The results of this special work have indeed been good. Four of the young men have offered themselves to the C.M.S., but two were rejected on the score of health. One, though accepted, has since broken down, but is still working and studying, with the hope of eventually going abroad, and the fourth is at present under training. Many others are engaged in temperance or other home mission work. The church became more and more crowded, until many had to be turned from the doors, especially in the evening.

His marriage took place early in February, 1877, and a truly happy union in the Lord it proved. In course of time four children were born to them, the youngest being only one month old when her father left the second time for Africa.

["St. George's Chapel, Brighton," in last number, should have been "St. George's Chapel, Hurstpierpoint." It was built as an Independent (not Baptist) Chapel, but afterwards became a chapel of ease of the parish church; and in 1875, as before-mentioned, Hannington became the minister, or, more strictly, curate-in-charge under the Rector of Hurst.]

PERSECUTED CONVERTS IN THE PUNJAB.

PRAYER EARNESTLY REQUESTED.

LETTER FROM BISHOP FRENCH.

[The following is an extract from a private letter from the Bishop of Lahore, kindly placed at our disposal.]



NUMBER of interesting missionary incidents have come across my path lately more than in so short a space of time I ever had to do with before. At *Dera Ismail Khan*, a fortnight since, I had a Sikh officer in our army introduced to me, a fine brave officer as you would wish to see, who has been a candidate for baptism for some months. The commanding officer of his regiment considered that his baptism must be followed by his dismissal from the regiment; but on Mr. Thwaites' remonstrance, the matter was referred to the Punjab Governor, who ruled it otherwise, and said the profession of the Christian faith must be free to all, and certainly not punished with dismissal. The officer, however, begged his baptism might not take place in *Dera Ismail*, where his regiment was, and so he has started for *Batala* to be baptized there. He had not, however, arrived in *Batala* when I got there last Thursday morning, to consecrate the very nice new church there, chiefly raised by Mr. Baring's contributions, who has spent nearly £1,000 upon it. We had a great gathering of Native and European clergy, chiefly missionaries and pastors.

"From *Dera Ismail* I went on to visit *Bannoo*, where Mr. Mayer carries on an Afghan Mission alone. There had just been considerable commotion there, and the troops all but called out to allay it, arising from the baptism of one of the students of the Mission-school, one of the upper boys, and the son of a chief mullick or nobleman of the district. The missionary's house and even the civil magistrate's court were mobbed by infuriated Mahomedans. The civil magistrate (Colonel Connolly), had been much perturbed about it. However, he directed the poor youth to be given up, against his entreaty, to the clamour of his relatives, on condition of his being brought back safe and sound to the court after twenty days, that he might then publicly make his choice between going back or being placed under Christian protection. The youth is an Afghan, and being of good family the excitement is intense.

"Singularly enough, *Amritsar* has also been in turmoil, through the conversion of a very respectable youth, whose case has been pleaded in court. The Native barristers tried to make out he had been baptized before being of full age; but that plea was knocked on the head by the doctor, who was called in, and testified that his wisdom teeth were fully developed!

"A similar case occurred this afternoon. A youth came over in drenching rain from *Amritsar* twenty-seven miles off with an excellent catechist, whom he had asked to protect him from being pursued and laid hold of by his brother, a violent opposer of the Gospel, a barrister at the same city. Mr. Bateman, who is here with me for Sunday, could not resist his earnest pleadings for baptism this afternoon, as he has been hopeful of him for months, if not for years. He has already one brother, a Christian (a pleader in the court at *Amritsar*), besides another who has joined the Salvation Army under Major Tucker. So Mr. Bateman and I baptized him before the congregation this afternoon.

"These facts will show you that Missions are not dead here. All these are cases of upper-class youths joining themselves to Christ.

"I am entertained here kindly by two Zenana ladies (who itinerate over this district) of the Church of England Zenana Society. This place (*Narawal*) has a wonderful history of its own the last twenty-five or thirty years. Several important families have yielded fruits to the missionary workers. At present (like the other towns I spoke of) it is in a ferment through a baptism of a high-class Native, so the school and preaching work is for the time suffering through the ill-feeling aroused. Occasionally even the ladies have had stones thrown at them in one or two Mahomedan villages. This must be expected as surely as that which takes root downwards begins to bear fruit upwards. Let us have your prayers for these brave sufferers witnessing so nobly for Christ. It is a blessed lesson one learns to see (as to-day) a fine youth stand up boldly and confess Christ.

"*Narawal, Punjab, March 8th.*"

AGARPARAH ORPHANAGE JUBILEE.

It is not a few of the friends of the Church Missionary Society, "Agarparah" has been a loved name for many years. It is just half a century old, and, if all be well, October 21st will see a Jubilee gala day within the Orphanage walls. How shall we celebrate the day?

I will tell you what I want to do. I should like on that day to gather together as many of the former inhabitants of the place as we can find—rich and poor, high and low, for some of our orphans have married well, while others have little of this world's goods. Some will be grandparents of our present orphans, for in more than one instance has an elderly woman, one of Mrs. Wilson's former girls, brought to us her son or daughter's orphaned children, with the request that we would give them the same "refuge" which she received there when a poor orphan girl herself. The Agarparah Refuge was the name by which the institution was formerly known. Besides our former orphans, we must assemble as many of the friends of Mission work as we can induce to drive the long ten or twelve miles from their homes on a hot October day; but those who will go we know will be true friends, who will help us to make it a happy day. The Bishop will not then be in Calcutta, to honour us with his presence; but I hope to get some of our Calcutta clergymen, English and Bengali, to begin the day with a service and the Lord's Supper. And from where shall we have to bring our former orphans? Some have married and settled so far away that we can hardly expect to bring them; but if all be well we must bring as many as will take the journey. And now comes the difficulty: how are they to be brought? There may be some little trouble in arranging for the conveyance of all, but that will easily be overcome if we can only get a sufficient sum, not only to defray the conveyance of our poorer friends, but also to provide for their further entertainment. Board and lodging must be found for at least a day and night, and I should like to make a little memorial present to every one who is able to attend, and to send to those whom distance or any other cause should prevent attending. For this I should choose some suitable little book, which in after days might remind, not only of the earthly home provided by loving Christian friends, but also of the heavenly home, the way to which so many have learned while at Agarparah.

I will not now enter more fully on all we hope to do on the 21st of October; but if spared to see and enjoy the day, I promise to send an account of all our doings to the kind friends who will help us to celebrate our Jubilee.

HENRIETTA J. NEWLE.

Calcutta.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Promise to Pray.

DEAR SIR,—At a missionary meeting some time since the missionary said we had no idea what good might be done if every one there would undertake to pray for a short time each day for missionary work; it has since occurred to me that there is no reason why promises of prayer for missionary work, &c., should not be collected as well as money.

My proposed plan is that at missionary meetings books (somewhat in the form of cheque-books filled with leaflets arranged in some way like the one appended) should be given away to people undertaking to collect promises. Scarcely any one could refuse, it seems to me; and our God being a God that loves to answer prayer, such a measure would, I think, bring large blessings, not only to missionary meetings, missionaries, the heathen, &c., but also to those people who promise their prayers. Earnestly hoping that you will think it worth while to consider the matter,—Yours very truly,

December 23rd, 1885.

A. K. P.

No. []
Date []
I promise [] to devote three minutes
of each day for the ensuing month to prayer for missionary work.
Signed []

A Men's Working Party.

YOU may be interested to hear of the Men's Working Party, started four winters ago, which prospers increasingly. The meetings were wound up for the season last week, by an exhibition of the work to the members of the class, their relatives and other visitors. There was a good-sized doll's bedstead, made by a gardener, and fitted up with hangings, &c., by his wife, much admired, two bed-tables by another gardener, three brass waiters (*répondeurs* work) by a brickmaker, an inlaid footstool by a bricklayer, besides knitted waistcoats, comforters, and muffetees. Two little boys of one man contributed some muffetees, and some of the wives added cross-overs and skirts. One wife worked a text in old English letters, and the husband made a handsome oak frame for it. The articles sold amounted to £8 16s., and a bale of articles in value £2 14s. was sent to North America.

The 1st class boys of the St. George's Sunday-school were also gathered together by their teacher every week for six months, ten in number, average age 14, to work for the C.M.S. and North Sea Fishermen. They made peg-frames, cross-overs, Shetland shawls and cuffs. None ever missed except for illness. The value of the work done was £8, the amount sold £3 10s.

Worthing, March 10th.



This picture of Mr. Jones's flag, referred to in Mr. Taylor's letter on this page, has been engraved from the identical flag made by Mr. Jones in Kavirondo on hearing of the death of the Bishop, and carried at the head of the caravan on its return to the Coast. It has been sent home by Mr. Handford, and is now in the Society's House. The scale of the picture is about one inch to the foot.

BISHOP HANNINGTON.

Return of the Bishop's Caravan to Rabai—Scenes on its Arrival.



HE return to Mombasa of the Rev. W. H. Jones, the Native clergyman who accompanied Bishop Hannington on his journey through the Masai country, was mentioned in the GLEANER for March. Letters have since been received from the missionaries at Mombasa, giving particulars of the arrival of Mr. Jones and the Bishop's caravan, and the sad "scenes" when the murder of the Bishop and forty-six of his followers became known.

The Rev. W. E. Taylor writes :—

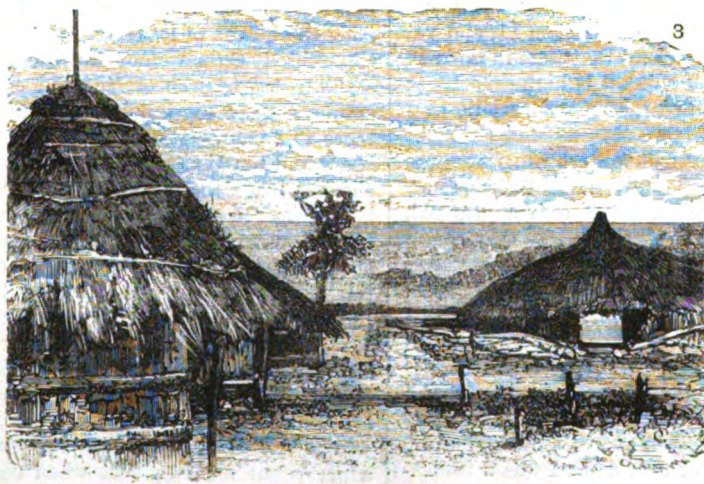
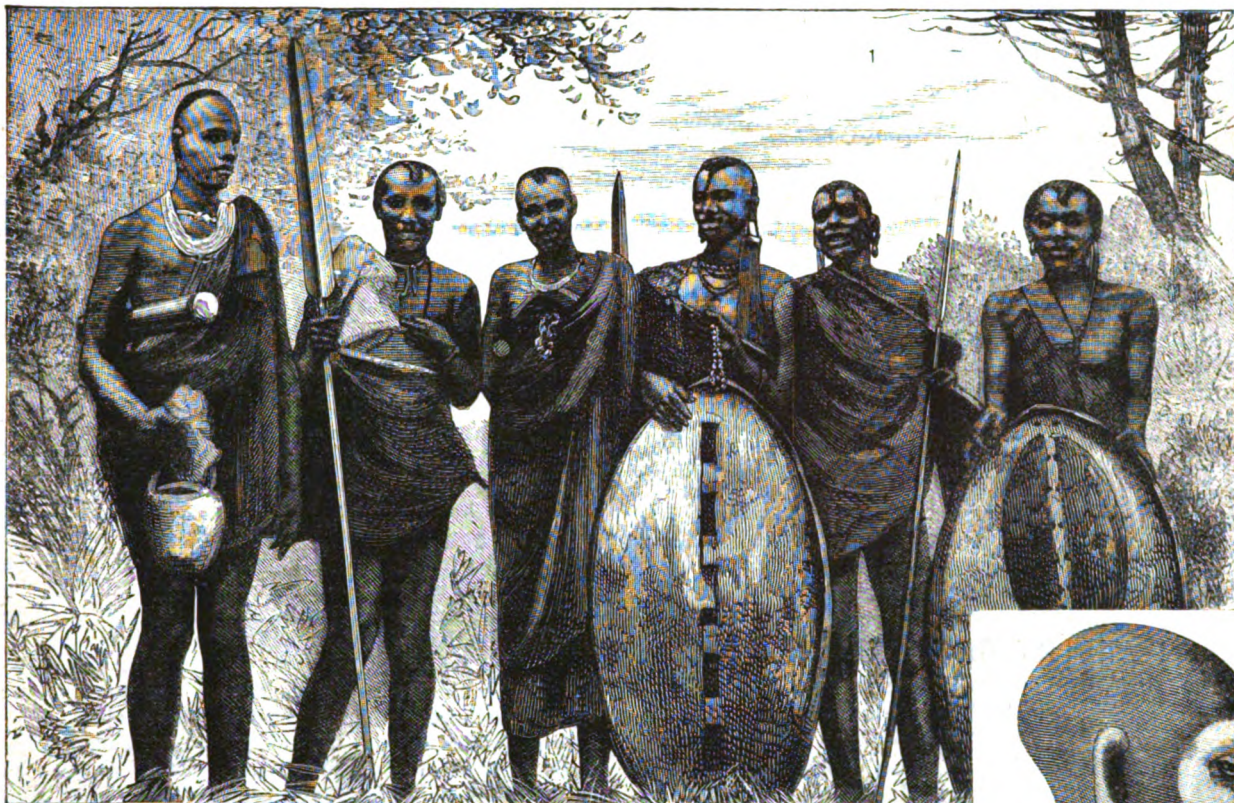
On February 4th, at 6.15 A.M., I heard guns, and I asked one of my boys to run and see what it meant. He came back with the news that it was the Bishop's caravan come back. I found that it was the Rev. W. Jones (the Bishop's faithful companion on his journey), and that the Bishop had been killed with a number of his men. Hastening forward, I encountered the *kilongozi* of the *safari*—the official guide of the caravan—bearing a blue pennon (blue is as black to an African), with the word ICHABOD in white letters. Then, amidst a crowd of friends came the poor porters, lean and weary and travel-stained, clad for the most part in hides, for their clothes were worn out, and limping along by the sides of the kind friends who had relieved them of their loads. At the rear came a battered white helmet, and soon I was embracing with tears the Rev. W. Jones, for I could echo his words to me, "It is of the Bishop I most think now."

Mr. Handford writes :—

It was a piteous scene in our church on Friday, February 5th, when I gave out the news, and especially as I read over the names of those who



RETURN OF BISHOP HANNINGTON'S CARAVAN: SCENE AT RABAI. (Instantaneously photographed on the spot.)



had died with the Bishop. The poor wives, unable to control their sorrow, ran out screaming, and the whole settlement became one loud wailing. The men came in from Rabai the same evening, but there was no firing of guns, as is the custom when a *safari* (caravan) comes in, and every one and everything seems wrong. Our united prayers have again and again been uplifted to our Father in heaven, that He would graciously sanctify to each and all our great loss, and raise up one like-minded with him whom it has pleased Him to take unto Himself.

The manner in which Jones overcame all obstacles and dangers, and brought his caravan safely back, is deserving of the highest praise.

The pictures on the opposite page are explained by their titles. Those on this page, from Mr. Thomson's book, are illustrative of the Masai country (through which Bishop Hannington journeyed *en route* to U-Ganda) and its people, and are as follows:—

1. A group of Masai Warriors. 2. A married Masai woman with ear ornaments. These show the native custom of stretching the ears. 3. The first view of the Victoria Nyanza from Kavirondo. 4. A married Masai woman with neck and ear ornaments.


P.S., April 13th.—Letters have just arrived from U-Ganda, with further particulars of Bishop Hannington's death. He was confined for eight days in a miserable hut, and suffered much. Then his African followers were speared, and he was shot. He asked his executioners to tell King Mwanga that he died for the people of U-Ganda. His baggage was all taken to the palace; but his pocket diary, which one of the king's men had taken, was purchased by a Christian boy who saw it, and brought to Mr. Mackay; and it has been sent home.

THE VICTORIA NYANZA MISSION AND BISHOP HANNINGTON.—This pamphlet is now ready, and can be obtained at the Society's House, price Sixpence.

THE Rev. E. C. Dawson, 3, Ramsay Gardens, Edinburgh, is engaged upon a Memoir of Bishop Hannington, whose intimate friend he was for many years, and would be very grateful for any communications from friends of the Bishop.

A LETTER TO C.M.S.
FROM THIRTY CAMBRIDGE MEN.

To REV. F. E. WIGRAM, M.A., Hon. Sec., C.M.S.

EAR SIR,—We the undersigned desire respectfully to explain, that though pledged at present, more or less, to *home* work, we are equally willing, if God's providence opens the way, to look forward to offering ourselves for Missionary work, should openings for us be found within the next few years. The *only* fitness for foreign work we venture to claim, is that we are willing by the grace of God to go where most wanted. We would not seek difficulty or danger for its own sake, but we would be *ready* to incur either, where necessary, rather than that Christ's cause should suffer from His people's want of zeal, or England cease to be foremost in Missionary work. We ask that you will kindly entertain this our prospective offer, at least by letting us know from time to time of such openings as you may think suitable to us individually, even of such as might be only of a temporary character. We venture to hope that the Committee will think it worth while to retain our names and addresses, and they will no doubt make any further personal inquiries they may think necessary.

We remain, dear Sir, yours truly and obediently.

[Here follow the signatures of thirty graduates and undergraduates of Cambridge University. Six of them are put separately, under the head of "definitely expecting to go out."]

I AND MY GRANDMOTHER.

From the ST. JAMES', BERMONDSEY, LOCALISED CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

By THE REV. W. ALLAN.



Y name, in full, is "St. James' Bermondsey Parochial Magazine and Church Missionary Gleaner." My Mother's name is "Church Missionary Gleaner." My Mother is 12 years of age, and I am 11, and yet I have only spoken out once all that time in my own name, and that was nine years ago. I think it is high time I was again allowed a little space on my own account, especially as I want to say a few words about somebody else, as well as about myself. My Mother had a good many daughters when she was only two years old, but I think I am the only one of that age now surviving. I out-grew my Mother when I was only a year old, and last month I was nearly half again her size. It may sound rather unfilial, but I cannot quite understand why everybody does not prefer me to her, for I possess all her good qualities, and I think I have a few of my own. For instance; see how generous I am this very month, scattering seeds of kindness in the shape of charming pictures on every side. Now my Mother is a dear old soul, and I do not know where I should be, or what I should do, without her, but I have never known her give away coloured pictures, especially such lovely ones as I am distributing gratis, and as I have done once a year ever since I was a twelve-month old. And then I am so dutiful; my Grandmother, whose name is "Church Missionary Society," is living, hale, and hearty, but she is nearly ninety years old, and is dependent upon the Christian public for support. Now my Mother's expenses are so heavy that I am afraid she is only just able to pay her way, and can do little or nothing for *her* Mother's support, whereas, in the course of the last eleven years I have not only repaid my Mother all that I have cost her, but I have personally contributed £28 4s. towards my Grandmother's maintenance, besides what I have persuaded others to give, and besides £62 15s. which I have given to other good objects.

But I will say no more about myself, because it is not my own trumpet I want to blow, but my Grandmother's trumpet. Do you know my Grandmother? I hope you do. I said that my Mother was a dear old soul, but I cannot tell you how good and how kind my old Granny is. Old as she is, she is constantly travelling about almost all over the world, sometimes teaching the

little piccaninnies, and at other times those who are as old as herself; sometimes establishing a school, sometimes a dispensary, sometimes a college, and sometimes a home for liberated slaves; helping to-day to build a church, to-morrow to start an orphanage, next day to provide a Bishop, perhaps even a negro Bishop, for some outlandish Diocese, and the day after to translate the Holy Scriptures into the tongue of some heathen and barbarous race.

First of all she went out to Africa, and in spite of age she works hard there still, not only on the Western Coast but on the Eastern also. It was she who discovered the snow-capped mountains of Kilimanjaro, and now she is doing all she can for the natives of that district, as well as for those right away in the very heart of the country, where lions roar, parrots chatter, and the earth is red with human blood. When she was about 15, she not only went for a cruise in the Mediterranean, but on long voyages to India, Ceylon, and New Zealand. She is so fond of India still, that other parts of the world are sometimes jealous, and I can hardly wonder at it; and as for New Zealand, she did so much for it that it can not only now do without her help, but even helps her to take care of her favourite India. When she was a few years older, about 23, she was so full of spirit that she kicked over the traces altogether, and although only professing to be interested in "Africa and the East," she proved how warm-hearted and broad-minded she was by turning her face towards the setting sun, and setting off to the Arctic Regions to see what she could do for the Red Indians, and perhaps even for the Esquimaux, and, thank God, she got on even better among the icebergs than in the tropics, and although it is only very lately that she has been able to do anything for the Esquimaux, they seem likely to prove a crown of glory to her hoary head. Then about forty years ago, when she had reached the mature age of 47, off she started for China, and there she has been the means of leading thousands of pig-tailed Chinamen and tiny-footed Chinawomen to become Christians. Actually as many as ten Church of England clergymen in China whom she employs wear pig-tails, and were once idolators. Then, too, there is Japan. It was not until she had reached three score years and ten that she could get the Mikado to let her in, but she has made the most of her time since then, and happily she has prospered as well as if she were still in the heyday of youth. I have not told you nearly all the places where she is at work; away in the Far West (*e.g.*) there is the North Pacific, where the tins of salmon come from, and in the East there is Egypt, and Palestine, and Persia, where most of the people believe in Mohammed, and away still further the Mauritius and the Seychelles, to which she has coaxed our friend Mr. Luckcock to go out and help her to work. In all these she lives and labours, for she far outstrips in cleverness the famous Irish bird which was able, it is said, to be in two places at once, and she is such a persistent old lady that when once she has got her umbrella inside the door it is not easy to get rid of her. I really think Abyssinia and Turkey are the only countries where she seems to have been beaten. It is true that once she was at work in the West Indies, in South Africa, British Guiana, and Madagascar, but in none of these cases was her work even apparently in vain, only some of her sisters are now carrying it on instead.

Having told you so much about her, you will not wonder that I am so fond of her and so anxious for everybody to help her. My old Grandmother is the best Grandmother in all the world, and deserves all the cheques, bank notes, and gold that her wealthy friends can give her, but she is not too proud to accept even of a copper towards the good work she is doing, though whatever the gift may be, she is very anxious that the giver should accompany it with a hearty "God bless you."

[The "grand-daughter," who wrote the above in February, concluded by asking friends to send Granny a valentine, and also to come to church and hear more about her on Valentine's Day, Sunday, February 14th.]

MARCOS THE CHICKEN-RAISER, And other Sketches of Humble Life in Egypt.

BY MISS M. L. WHATELY.

CHAPTER V.



HE stars had long been spangling the dark, clear sky, and the primitive town, which kept early hours save on the rare occasions of some festival, had been for some time silent and peaceful, yet the light still beamed from the windows in the cabin of the Nile boat, though the sailors, wrapped in their mantles and covered also with sailcloth, for the night was quite fresh, lay fast asleep on deck. It was not much past ten o'clock indeed, but this was late for peasants who had been early astir, and for travellers who had ridden on their bare-backed donkeys most of the day through the cane and maize-fields under a hot sun, and all of whom were used to sleep almost when the birds went to roost. What could induce them to pay so long a visit to the strangers on the boat that had anchored on the shore? They might have answered, had this question been put to them, in the words of the prophet—"Drawn with the cords of love."

It was the word of the Lord brought to them by His messenger. They were introduced in a few words by Ismael. He told the missionary who had read with him that morning, that these three men had come to Benesuef in order to make arrangements for celebrating their intended union with the Mohammedan faith, and said that although himself a Moslem, he had been so struck with what he heard of the Gospel, that he advised them to learn something of their own book before taking such a step. "And here they are," he added, pushing the foremost into the cabin, as he hung back with a shamefaced expression. The two others followed him in, however, pleased with the cordial greeting of the missionary and his brother, who saluted the whole party in a friendly and cheerful way, and kindly invited them to sit down and partake of coffee. After this they produced the Bible, and passage after passage was read, questions asked and replied to on both sides. The Moslem visitors were urged to listen, and told that the book was not, as they had been led to fancy, for the Copts or Nassara (as Christians are generally called in the East) only, but was given by God for the instruction of all men, that they might learn of the Almighty's dealings with man, and above all, of that Saviour who was the Word made flesh.

No one thought how time passed. At length Joseph and Abdallah looked at each other and rose from their seats. "We are sinners indeed; may God forgive us; may Christ wash us in His precious blood from our sins," cried they, and as they spoke tears flowed in streams from their eyes. Then Girgas rose also, and exclaimed, "I am worse than they are! I have sinned even more, and I am older, and have been a bad example to them. Oh, sir, can God pardon me for all my wickedness, and will Jesus the Lord and Saviour ever receive me?" He could not continue for sobs. An inner door was opened, and the two ladies of the mission-party stood looking on with heartfelt interest; having wondered why the men stayed so long, they came to see what was going on of special interest, and were informed (by a few words in English) of the case of the three Copts. At length, comforted and strengthened by words of Scripture and earnest exhortation, the poor men, each with a book in his hand, withdrew. The Moslem friends seemed unable to utter a word: their faces were full of wonder and interest, and Ismael took a book with him when he took leave.

All, whether convinced or not, evidently appeared to feel that this was God's doing, and that they somehow *could* not say a word against the changed determination of the three intended perverts. Wiping the tears from their sunburnt cheeks, they wrung the hands held out to them as they departed, and wended their way up the dark shore by the light of their little pocket lanterns. No more thoughts of music and feasting to-morrow; prayer and praise with humiliation and quiet thought took the place of the noisy festival, and apologising to their friends for the trouble they had given them, they went to lie down in a corner, wrapped up in their goat's-hair mantles, as soon as they had drunk water and eaten a morsel, not to hurt his feelings by refusing.

By dawn of day they were on the road to return to their village, after

taking leave in a friendly though rather sorrowful way of the sheikh's uncle, and a more cheerful one of the neighbour Ismael. The former would not say anything rude to guests, who are almost sacred beings to an Oriental, but he looked very sulky; Ismael, on the contrary, shook hands warmly, and smiled with evident approbation as he patted the book which stuck out of his girdle with a significant gesture.

The return was accomplished quickly, and all but absolute silence prevailed till they sighted the palm-grove which shaded their well-known huts. Then Abdallah said, "Girgas, what about thy wife now?" "I am a Christian," replied Girgas, rather shortly, and no more was said. They presently dismounted. Their children running to meet them, took the halters and led the animals away to water, while the three men sat down on a fallen palm-tree at a short distance from their abodes, for an Egyptian peasant seldom enters his *des* (unless it is unusually cold) by day. The women of course had seen them, and one went to bring a vessel of water directly, the two others saluted their lords from a distance, but did not express outwardly the surprise they felt at their sudden return, for they had intended to be away at least three days. "Something was up," as an English peasant would have expressed it, but it was their part to wait patiently till they were told all about it.

Meanwhile one of the children came up to Girgas, and told him that a strange man was come to the village from a long way off, and that he was asleep under a tree because he was tired of walking up from the river, for he had come in a boat, "and," added the child, "he says he is your cousin, father, and Abdallah's and Joseph's also. He is come about some business, I don't know what, and he was so sorry you were all gone. And when some of the neighbours said you were all going to return as Moslems, the stranger looked very sorry; he said nothing then, but when I brought him some water he told me he was a Christian."

"So am I, my son, now; I am changed since I went away yesterday," said the father. "Go now and see where the man is, and when he awakes bring him here."

Little Butros (that is, Peter, in the Arab tongue, which cannot pronounce a P) obeyed the command, for though somewhat wild and undisciplined, like most peasant boys in his country, he was conscious that this visitor was likely to have an influence over his father, to hinder what he as well as his mother looked on with dislike and dread. Harsh-tempered to others, the poor woman was dotingly fond of her children, and this little boy was her special pet, and had picked up enough about the change of religion proposed by his father to know that it might be followed by mother's going away and a strange woman taking her place. He hardly understood the recantation which had just crossed his father's lips, but this unknown cousin would be on the right side, he was sure. So, finding him asleep, he sat patiently beside him for some minutes, and at length gladly perceived that a sunbeam slanting low through the palm branches came across his eyes and waked him up.

"Sir, Mr. Michael!" he cried in haste, lest the man should drop off again, "father is here; and I don't know why they all came back so quickly, but I hope they have changed their minds. Mother says it is wicked to leave off being a Christian. Is it so?"

"Certainly, my child," replied the man, sitting up and smiling kindly at him, "but a great many call themselves Christians who are really not so at all. They know nothing about Christ, therefore they can't be Christians really. Seest thou, Butros?"

"I never heard of Christ," said the poor boy. "Who is he, sir?"

"Ah, thou shalt hear this evening, child. God forgive thy father and me also, for two years ago I was as stupid and ignorant as he, and I was going to be so foolish and sinful as to deny the holy name of Christ; but I know better now. See, here is a Bible; I now read in this and know the blessed Saviour. But take me to thy father now, for I must speak to him. We are related, though since we were very young we have never met; and I have a right to entreat him not to take the step I hear from your mother he is thinking of."

As he spoke, Girgas, who had heard the voices, came towards them, and the usual salutations—which in Egypt are neither few nor brief—passed between them; after which they sat down together, and were soon joined by the other two. The little boy placed himself between his father's knees, looking up into his face and listening attentively, though he could

only understand the conversation in part. It was often interrupted by exclamations of surprise and hearty thanksgivings.

"Now is not this a greater wonder than ever happened to us before?" said Abdallah, when the history of the visit to the Pyramids two years previous had been related by Michael. "Surely God had pity on us, and sent these people (who are His servants undoubtedly) to bring the Scriptures to us, and speak to our hearts just as they did before to you?"

"Truly there is nothing like the Word of God," Michael replied. "My brother Marcos and I know this now, and are truly ashamed that we ever thought of giving up the Christian religion. But then we did not really know anything about it; and what those gentlemen told us is, that unless we trust in Christ as our *only* Saviour, He will not look on us as His children, and that the saints can no more save us from our sins than the prophet of the Moslems can."

"But their prophet was not holy," observed Abdallah, "and the saints were holy; there is a difference."

"The truth is with thee, brother, there is a difference, but this is the way. Though holy, saints are men, not God; Christ was God as well as man. He is therefore the only Saviour. Here is a mark in my Bible where they showed me what Jesus Himself says about it: 'No one cometh to the Father but by Me,' and there was another verse also about His mother and brethren. I will find it another time; but I see that this boy wants to speak, and the child's eyes are full of tears."

"What is it, my son?" said Girgas, patting the shoulder that peeped out of the ragged and miserable garment that was the only clothing of poor Butros.

"Father, is not my mother to stay with us now? Thou art a Christian again now, and will not drive her away?"

"My son, I never was a Christian till now, when I hope God has forgiven me for Christ's sake. I am not going to add this sin to my former ones—God forbid. We will try to bear with one another."

"She must pray God to keep her from soolding," said the boy, drying his eyes; and he ran off to tell his mother to be cheerful, for that father was going to love God, and read in His book.

Long the men sat talking and reading that night. Michael was more intelligent and rather better educated than his brother Marcos, besides being some years younger, and not weighed down by the burden of so many years' hard work or so large a family; he was brighter, and better able to receive new ideas, and was more fitted than the other would have been to help his relations. He had come to look after a very small inheritance, which by the death of an aged uncle fell to him, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Benesuef, and thus he came on the three cousins just at the time when they needed such support as he could give.

There was a little sulkiness and coldness for a time among the Moslem neighbours, but after a while it was forgotten, and became an old story rarely referred to. The men remained outwardly in the pale of their Church, so far as history knows, and perhaps some of the conceptions of that Church still clung to them, but the truth as found in the Word of God was dear to them. Many who still remained puzzled by the diffi-



A MOHAMMEDAN AT PRAYER.

culties of old ways and time-honoured rites which they do not like to give up (though well aware that they are in many respects unscriptural), yet do hold the main truths of real Christianity in their hearts, and among such we must hope that there are to be found. The Scripture is often neglected by the Coptic Church, but it is, thank God, not forbidden to the laity; and many of her priests gladly distribute it among them, and welcome those friends who are willing to help in sowing the seed. And the *Word*—whether to Moslem or nominal Christian, to Jew or Gentile—is the seed of the kingdom of God.

NOTE.—This chapter ends the first of *Misr*: Whately's Sketches of Humble Life in Egypt. The next will be entitled "Fatmeh; or, the Hut on the Sand."

"THEY SHALL DECLARE HIS GLORY."

Isaiah lvi. 19.

THEY shall declare His glory—
The glory of the Lord;
They shall make known His message,
The power of His Word:
They shall make straight the highway,
And the rough places plain,
Till, o'er the isles that know Him not,
The Lord alone shall reign.

They shall declare His glory
With unabating zeal,
And in the service of the Lord
Despair they shall not feel.
They shall toil on in sunlight,
Nor stay for shades of night,
For in the very darkest hours,
The Lord shall be their Light.

They shall declare His glory,
With love that ne'er grows cold,
Striving to gather straying lambs
Into the one great fold;
Seeking for every wandering sheep
Through deserts wild and drear,
Feeling that all those erring ones
Are to the Lord most dear.

They shall declare His glory,
With lowliness of heart,
Thanking the Lord Who gives to them
In His great work a part;
Ascribing every triumph won
Unto the Lord most High,
That those who "have not heard His fame"
May see His victory.

They shall declare His glory,
To souls who long to hear,
To those who feel their lives are dark
And know not light is near—
To those whose misery is great,
Whose knowledge very small,
Who wait to know an unknown God,
And hear His loving call.

They shall declare His glory,
In face of every foe,
In face of bitter hatred,
Of death, and pain, and woe.
The Lord their Strength is with them,
Is standing by their side—
With Him for their defender,
All foes shall be defied!

They shall declare His glory,
They have no other choice—
The Lord hath spoken forth the word,
And His the mighty Voice:
And as He hath commanded
And as He hath foretold,
So shall He bring His word to pass,
That word ordained of old.

G. M. P.

అన॥ 30-సం॥

పరి. మార్కు, 16. 16—19.

[అన॥ 30-సం॥

16 నమ్మి స్నానము పొందినవాడు రక్షింపబడును. నమ్మనివానికి

17 శిక్ష విధింపబడును. | నమ్మినవారిని ఈ గురుతులు వెంబడిం

చును; నా నామమువల్ల దయ్యములను వెళ్లగొట్టుదురు, శూత్ర

18 భావలతో మాట్లాడుదురు. | పాములను ఎత్తుకొందురు, మర

ణకరమైనది ఏమి తాగినను, అది వారికి హాని చేయదు,

రోగులమీద చేతులు ఉంచితే, వారు స్వస్థత పొందుదురని

వారితో చెప్పెను.

19 కాబట్టి ప్రభువు వారితో మాటలాడిన తరువాత, ఆకాశ

16. "నమ్మి స్నానము పొందినవాడు..."—అంతస్సులోని నమ్మికకు వెలిగురుతు కావలెను. సంస్కారసంబంధమైన కృత్యాలే విశ్వాసము చూపును. మరియు, విశయవిశ్వాసములు గల మానవుడు, క్రీస్తు నియమించిన బాప్తిస్మపు సంస్కారమును వినిపించునా? (మత్తయి, 3. 17: యోహాను, 3. 5. వ్యాఖ్య చూడు.)

"నమ్మనివానికి."—మన ప్రభువు 'స్నానము పొందినవానికి' అని కూడ చెప్పలేదు. ఎందుచేతనంటే, అవిశ్వాసమున్నయెడల, మనుష్యులు స్నానము పొందినను పొందకున్నను శిక్షార్హులుదురు. ఇక్కడ, అవిశ్వాసమునగా, మనస్సునందును క్రియయందును సువార్తను వినిపించుట. ఇది 14-వచనముందలి అవిశ్వాసమువంటిది కాదు.

17. "ఈ గురుతులు."—క్రీస్తుమతము దేవుడు ఏర్పరచినదని తెలియజేయుటకును, విశ్వాసుల నమ్మకము స్థిరపరచుటకును, అది క్రైస్తవులకు అద్భుతములు చేయుకొకటి మెండుగా దయచేయబడెను. క్రీస్తుమతము లోకమందు స్థిరముగా నాలుకొనినమాడట, ఆ అద్భుతకొకటి క్రమముగా తీసికొనబడెను.

18. "పాములను."—పాలు తాము ఎక్కిన ఓడ పిలిచి తాము మెలేలే దీప్తివము చేరినప్పుడు, చలి మంటలోని ప్రదక్షలలోనున్న యొక పాము

1 యోహాను, 3. 18, 36. 2. 38: 16. 30-32. 3. 10. 9. 1. 28. 21. 2 యోహాను, 12. 48. 3 బూ, 10. 17. 4. 5. 16: 8. 7: 16. 18: 19. 12. 4. 2. 4: 10. 46: 19. 6. 1. 8: 12. 10. 28. 5 యో, 10. 19. 6. 28. 5. 6. 5. 15. 16: 9. 17: 28. 8. యో. 5. 14. 15. 7. 1. 2, 3.

అతని చెయ్యి పట్టుకొనగా, అతడు దాని విడిచిం చెను. (కార్య. 28. 3-5.) ఎవరును "మరణకరమైనది ఏమియును త్రాగినట్లు," బైబిలులో ఎక్కడను కనబడదు. అయితే, పూర్వదినములలో త్రాగిన తెలియజేయు కథలు గలవు.

"రోగులమీద చేతులు ఉంచితే."—ఇది ఆశీర్వాదమునకు సాధారణపు గురుతు. ముఖ్యముగా ఆశ్రియముగ దీవనకు గురుతు. (కార్య. 8. 17: 19. 6.) ఇచ్చటి దీవన, దేహసంబంధమైనదే. (8. 25. చూడు.)

19. ఆరోహణము.

లూ, 24. 50, 51: కార్య. 1. 9.

19. "ప్రభువు వారితో మాటలాడిన తరువాత."—అనగా, పై వచనములలో మన ప్రభువు శిష్యులతో చేసిన కడవరి ప్రసంగమైన తరువాతనని అర్థము చేయవలెను. (15-వ. వ్యాఖ్య చూడు.) అయినను, అదియంతయు ఏకకాలమందు పరికినది గాక, మన ప్రభువు ఆరోహణమునకు పూర్వము ఆపవడప్పుడు చెప్పిన దయ్యందును.

"దేవుని కుడివైపున కూర్చుండెను."—అనగా, పరలోకములో అత్యున్నతముగ ఘనమున్న మహిమయున్న గల స్థానమును పొందెనని భావము. అయినను ఇహమందు తల దాచుకొను

What an African Juvenile Association can do.

THE Rev. Obadiah Moore, Native Principal of the Sierra Leone Grammar School, writes:—

Our Juvenile Missionary Association has worked well and successfully. A missionary-box is given to the teacher of every class, and each scholar drops in weekly, as he feels disposed. We have the monthly Juvenile Missionary Meeting the first Saturday of every month. Addresses are delivered by the teachers or friends from without, or by those actually engaged in the mission-field wherever we can secure any. We have in this way raised, among ourselves, from January to October this year [1885], the sum of £26 2s. 9d. for the funds of the Sierra Leone Church Missions.

A Telugu Commentary on the New Testament.

THE Rev. J. E. Padfield, one of the Society's missionaries at Masulipatam, South India, has been engaged upon a Telugu Commentary on the New Testament. The first volume was published in the latter part of 1885 at Madras by the S.P.C.K., and comprises Bishop How's "Notes on the Four Gospels." The book has been highly praised by reviewers. The Madras Christian College Magazine says, "It is admirably accomplished. The language is simple, pure, and idiomatic, and," the reviewer adds, "the whole, when completed, will, beyond doubt, be of immense service to the cause of Christianity." We print a fac-simile page here. It gives verses 16 to 19 of St. Mark xvi., with Mr. Padfield's translations of the Commentary on these four verses.

THE MONTH.



THE General Committee, at their monthly meeting on April 12th, resolved unanimously to appoint the venerated Treasurer of the Society, Captain the Hon. Francis Maude, R.N., to be President for one year, in the room of the late Earl of Chichester. Capt. Maude signified his acceptance of the post, and was conducted to the chair amid loud applause. He has been a member of the Committee since 1835, and Treasurer since 1861. He is 87 years of age; and his election took place on the Society's 87th birthday.

THE death of the Earl of Chichester was reported to the Committee at a Special Meeting on March 23rd. Sir Harry Verney, Bart., presided, and gave a most touching address. He was a schoolfellow of Lord Chichester's at Westminster, and they had been intimate friends for seventy years. At the funeral service at Stanmer, near Lewes, where the Earl lived and died, the Society was officially represented by Mr. Wigram and Mr. S. Gedge.

ALTHOUGH the Society's income in the past year, notwithstanding agricultural and commercial depression, is fully up to that of the preceding year, yet the expenditure has exceeded it by more than £10,000. A probable similar deficit in the current year might perhaps be avoided if the Ceylon Mission were instantly closed, or the Palestine and Persia Missions, or the West Africa, Yoruba, and Niger Missions, the missionaries and Native teachers in either case being dismissed without a month's notice or a month's pay. Is there no alternative? Yes! let our friends raise £15,000 extra this year.

OUR readers will rejoice to see, on page 56, a remarkable letter addressed to the Society by *thirty Cambridge men*, conveying what they term a "prospective offer" for missionary service. We commend them all to the prayers of our friends. This, of course, is entirely independent of the fifty-three offers mentioned last month (and others since). But how are any of these to be sent out, with an income far below even our present expenditure?

THE Anniversary Sermon will (D.V.) be preached at St. Bride's on Monday evening, May 3rd, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. At the Annual Meeting, next morning, the new President, Capt. the Hon. F. Maude, will take the chair. The Bishop of Liverpool, Mr. Sydney Gedge, and the Rev. E. C. Dawson, of Edinburgh (the intimate friend of Bishop Hannington), will speak; and three missionaries. Colonel Stewart, having been sent to Persia again, is unable to take part. In the evening, Lord Northbrook will preside, and the speakers will include the Rev. G. F. Head of Hampstead, Mr. W. Blakeney (one of the "F. S. M." speakers), and three missionaries. The Rev. A. Baring-Gould will give the address at the Clerical Breakfast on Tuesday, and (it is hoped) Arch-deacon Long at Mr. Wigram's Breakfast on Thursday.

THE founder of the C.M.S. Punjab Mission, and the Society's ardent advocate, Colonel W. J. Martin, died at Torquay on March 18th. It was he who, when an officer in the newly-conquered Punjab, in 1850, gave £1,000 anonymously to the Society to start a Mission there. It was he who, three years later, planned the Peshawar Mission, again heading the subscription list on the spot with an anonymous £1,000. He then retired from the army, and became a lay missionary. After his return home, he, through many years, travelled for the Society in all parts of England, pleading irresistibly for the cause he loved with all his heart.

ONE of the oldest and staunchest of the Society's friends has been removed by the death of the Rev. W. Hookin, Chaplain of the Devon Hospital, Exeter, on March 22nd. He had resided in Exeter forty-five years, during the whole of which time he was Hon. Sec. of the Devon and Exeter C.M. Association. No more devoted labourer for the missionary cause ever lived than Mr. Hookin. Among other talents consecrated to it by him was his poetical gift. The C.M. GLEANER has been localised at Exeter almost from its commencement, and rarely have its local pages been without original verses signed "W. H." He was appointed an Honorary Governor for Life in 1864, for his "essential services" to the Society.

AMONG other friends lately removed are two Vice-Presidents, Arch-

bishop Trench and the Rev. Lord Wriothlesley Russell; and one Hon. Life Governor, the Rev. J. C. Raw. Lord W. Russell, who was a brother of Lord John Russell, and uncle of the present Duke of Bedford, was a life-long supporter of the missionary cause. He was especially interested in Africa. He spoke at the Valedictory Dismissal of Dr. Krapf in 1851, and he showed frequent kindnesses to Bishop Crowther.

THE foundation-stone of the new building for the Church Missionaries' Children's Home, at Limpsfield, was laid on April 14th, by Mrs. Wigram, in the presence of a large gathering of friends. The ceremony was preceded by a short service in the parish church of Limpsfield. We are unable to give a further account, having to go to press early.

ON April 12th, the Committee took leave of Bishop Young of Athabasca, who is now on his way to his Diocese. To reach it, he will, after going through Canada, have to cross the Dioceses of Algoma, Rupert's Land, Qu'Appelle, and Saskatchewan.

BY permission of the Bishop of London, a special ordination was held at Islington Parish Church on March 21st, by Bishop Perry, to ordain three of this year's Islington students going out immediately: Mr. R. W. Gurd to East Africa, Mr. C. G. Wallis to Mackenzie River (N.W. America), and Mr. G. R. Ekins to Persia.

LETTERS are to hand from Mr. Mackay and Mr. Ashe in U-Ganda, dated Dec. 20th. Their information regarding Bishop Hannington's death is mentioned on page 55. Their own position was a very painful one, owing to the young king's tyranny and caprice. Two more Christian youths had been burnt to death. Yet others had been baptized, and there were several more candidates ready to confess Christ at the peril of their lives; while the printing and distribution of sheets of texts still went on actively. Mr. O'Flaherty has been allowed to leave, and has come to the south of the Lake.

The London C.M.S. Unions.

THE Ladies' C.M. Union for London has had a series of largely-attended meetings at Salisbury Square during the past quarter. The monthly meetings have been addressed by the Revs. C. F. Warren, J. Stone, J. B. Whiting, and A. Elwin; and a course of four lectures on India and its Missions has been given by the Editorial Secretary. There are now 600 members.

The C.M. Junior Clergy Union for London has now 100 members. At the January meeting, two members gave specimen missionary addresses before the rest. The February meeting was held at the C.M. College, and the Rev. T. W. Drury gave an account of the College. In March, the Rev. H. M. M. Hackett spoke on the Religions of India. In April, three of the members (Revs. A. J. Robinson, J. S. Serjeant, and W. Horne) read short papers on home work for the missionary cause.

The C.M.S. Lay Workers' Union for London has had several meetings. On Jan. 11th, specimen addresses by members. On Feb. 1st, addresses by the Editorial Secretary and the Rev. H. Sutton; the Sunday-school teachers of South London being present by invitation. On Feb. 8th, prayer meeting for "F. S. M." On Feb. 15th, Mr. Mantle on China. On Feb. 22nd, Mr. Elwin on China, and addressed by the Editorial Secretary; the Sunday-school teachers of Paddington, &c., being present. On March 8th, lecture by the Editorial Secretary on Missions to Mohammedans. On March 16th, General Haig on Arabia. On April 5th, Rev. A. W. Baumann on North India. On April 12th, a training lesson to children, by Mr. T. G. Hughes.

Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Thanksgiving for the "Five Veterans Gone Home." Prayer that men as devoted and devout may be raised to fill their places (p. 49).

Prayer for the persecuted converts in the Punjab: that they may resist the assaults of the enemy, and stand fast in the faith (p. 53).

Thanksgiving for the Letter from Cambridge (p. 56); prayer for the men.

Thanksgiving for the Society's undiminished income. Prayer for a large increase.

Prayer for a blessing on the Anniversary proceedings.

Prayer for the missionaries and converts in U-Ganda (see above).

THE Harmonium now in use at the Society's Preparatory Institution at Clarence House, Reading, is quite worn out, having seen long service. Would some kind friend or friends undertake to replace it? It is found that the harmonium is most useful to the young men in training.

A.B.C. is mistaken. The C.M.S. does not help poor parishes at home; nor does the Church of England Year Book say so. Regarding missionary service, apply by letter to the Rev. F. E. Wigram.

H.L.D.—We hope your letter will appear in the C.M. *Intelligencer*. The GLEANER space was all bespoken before it arrived.

RECEIVED FOR THE C.M.S.—Per Rev. W. Coleman, £1; from a bedridden reader of the GLEANER, 2s.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

JUNE, 1886.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

(The Texts are chosen to illustrate the "Te Deum.")

N. M. 2nd ...1.55 p.m.
F. Qr. 9th ...7.36 a.m.

June.

F. M. 16th ...1.38 p.m.
L. Qr. 24th ...4.35 p.m.WHEN THOU HADST OVERCOME THE SHARPNESS OF DEATH
THOU DIDST OPEN THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN TO ALL BELIEVERS.

- 1 T 1 Cor. 15. 56. The sting of death is sin. [Travancore.
2 W 1 Cor. 15. 56. The strength of sin is the law. G. Matthan ord., 1884, 1st in
3 T 1 Cor. 15. 57. Ascension Day. Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory
[through our Lord Jesus Christ. McClatchie died, 1885.
4 F Dan. 9. 24. To make an end of sins. 1st bap. Tokio, 1876.
5 S Col. 2. 14. Took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross. 1st C.M.S.
[Miss. to N. India, landed Calcutta, 1816.
6 S John 16. 28. Sun. aft. Ascension. Deut. 30. John 16. 16. E. Deut. 34. or
[Josh. 1. Heb. 11. 17. Bp. Sargent ord., 1841.
7 M John 19. 30. He said, It is finished. C. T. Hoernle died, 1882.
8 T John 19. 30. He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.
9 W Col. 2. 15. Spoiled principalities and powers.
10 T Gal. 3. 13. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law.
11 F Hos. 13. 14. St. Barnabas. O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I
[will be thy destruction.
12 S Heb. 2. 14. That...He might destroy him that had the power of death,
[that is the devil.
13 S Rom. 8. 15. Whit Sun. Deut. 16. 1—18. Rom. 8. 1—18. E. Isa. 11. or
[Ezek. 36. 25. Gal. 5. 16, or Acts 18. 24 to 19. 21.
14 M 2 Cor. 3. 6. The Spirit giveth life.
15 T Isa. 26. 2. Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation...may enter in.
16 W Rev. 8. 7. Openeth, and no man shutteth. [S. Leone, 1822.
17 T Rev. 21. 25. The gates of it shall not be shut. Adjai (S. Crowther) landed
18 F Rev. 22. 14. Enter in through the gates into the city.
19 S Heb. 10. 20. By a new and living way. [M. S. Sargent died, 1883.
[2. 1—4. Eph. 4. 1—17, or Matt. 3. J. Kitto s. to Malta, '27.
20 S Rev. 1. 4, 5. Trinity Sun. Isa. 6. 1—11. Rev. 1. 1—9. E. Gen. 18. or 1. and
21 M Isa. 53. 1. Who hath believed our report?
22 T Rom. 1. 16. The power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.
23 W Acts 16. 31. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.
24 T Eph. 2. 8. St. John Bapt. By grace are ye saved through faith. Bp.
[Hannington cons., 1884.
25 F Gal. 3. 9. Blessed with faithful Abraham. 1st bap. at Osaka, 1876.
26 S Mark 16. 16. He that believeth not shall be damned.
[5. 13 to 6. 21, or 24. 1 John 2. 15.
27 S 1 John 2. 27. 1st aft. Trin. Josh. 8. 7 to 4. 15. Acts 8. 5—26. E. Josh.
28 M 1 Tim. 3. 16. Preached unto the Gentiles. J. W. Knott died, 1870.
29 T 1 Tim. 3. 16. St. Peter. Believed on in the world. Bp. Crowther cons., 1864.
30 W 1 Tim. 3. 16. Received up into glory.

TE DEUM.

VI.



reach now the heart of our song of praise. There could have been no praise in all the earth but for this—Christ has died; yea, rather, He is risen. He has "overcome Death." He fell before him that had the power of death. He died, and was buried.

But He rose again. He cried in the contest, "Rejoice not against Me, O Mine enemy; when I fall I shall arise." And so it came to pass. The victor was vanquished. Captivity was led captive. He overcame. And not for Himself, but for His church. "When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers."

It was a conflict more terrible than we can tell. With us death is an ordinary, every-day thing. But with Him it was an indignity indeed. For He is the Lord of life, He is "the King of Glory," He is "the everlasting Son of the Father." Gethsemane testifies how He shrunk from death. How bitter to His pure lips was the cup set before Him. It was the wages of sin, the penalty due to iniquity. He felt acutely "the sharpness of death." Yet He drank the cup, and died.

But now we see Him opening a gate which, but for His death, must have been closed for ever. But for this victory, not one of the sinner-train of all human-kind could have hailed Him King. If the "corn of wheat" had not fallen into the ground, and died, it would for ever have been alone. It is a victory worthy of our

praise, worthy to be celebrated in our noblest sacred hymn of praise.

Our hearts exult when we reach these blessed words, and see, through His blood, the kingdom of heaven thrown open "to all believers." Atonement is made. Reconciliation is accomplished. Here is the source of all our previous praise in this song; here is the base of all our subsequent petition.

"The kingdom of heaven"! What glory is in these words! In that kingdom we are safe, we are holy, we are fully and for ever accepted. All who are in that kingdom are subjects. Every heart owns His lordship. Every lip is vocal with praise. It is the kingdom of "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

And He has, by His rich atonement, by His mighty victory over death, "opened" this blissful kingdom "to all believers." All who, through grace, have believed on Him Who died and rose—all who have received the gift of faith in Christ—are all assembled there.

"All believers." They are gathered in by the Spirit of God, one by one, out of all nations and peoples, gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd, united in one "kingdom," under one King. The gate is thrown open for them. They enter in, drawn by the grace of God, made willing in the day of His power, the company of the faithful, the fulness of the body of Christ—"all believers."

J. E. SAMPSON.

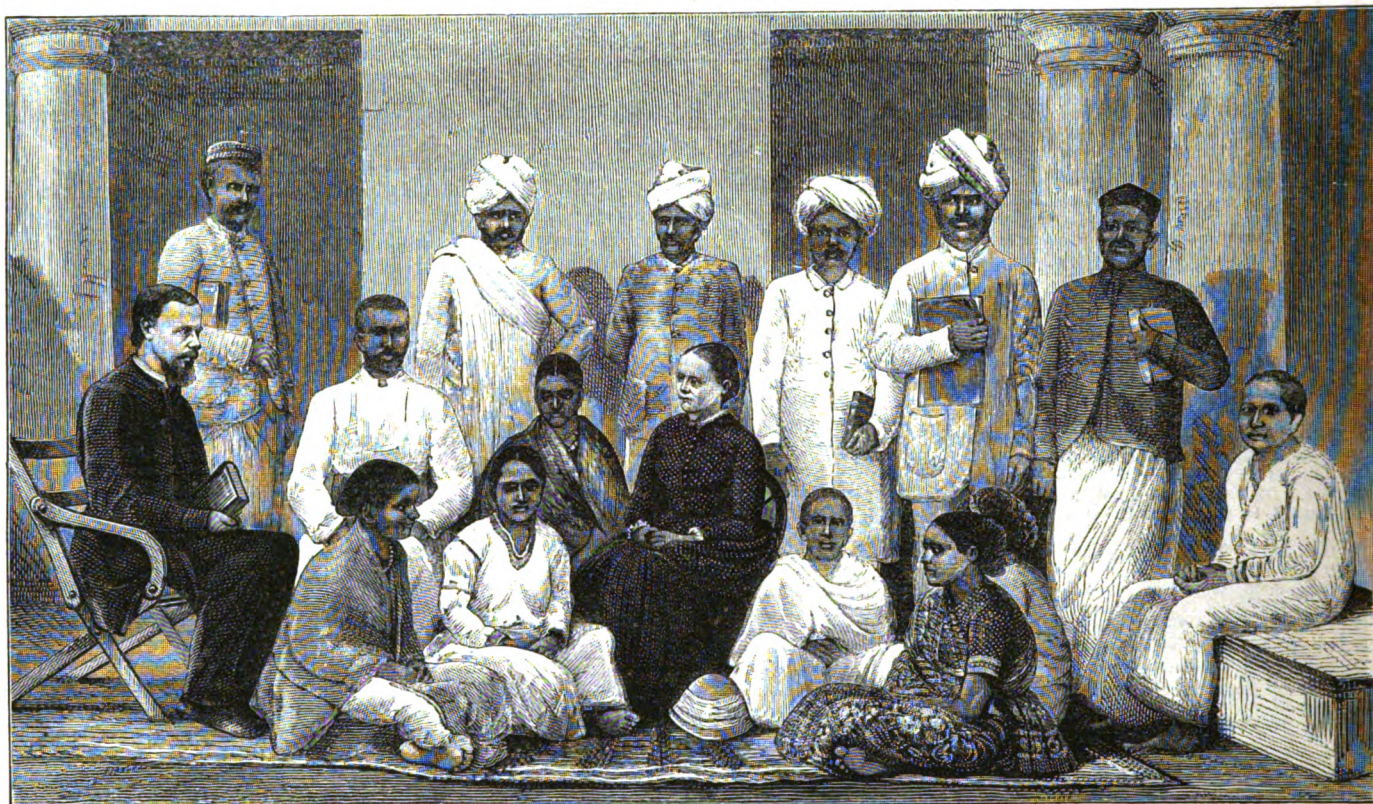
ABOUT THE SOCIETY'S FUNDS.



HE Archbishop of Canterbury, in his C.M.S. sermon at St. Bride's, on May 3rd, used these words: "True it is that funds have increased so suddenly and so remarkably as to seem like a most immediate answer to prayer. But it is not less true that the imperious demands increase so suddenly, so fiercely, if I may say so, as to exceed all expectation and all provision." What did this mean?

It meant that the Society had informed the Archbishop, as we informed our readers last month, of a large deficit on the year just closed, and of a possibly larger deficit on the year now begun, but that afterwards this statement had had to be corrected. On a more complete examination of the accounts, separating Special Funds from General Funds and so forth, it turned out that the deficit on the year was not £10,000, but £7,000; that the Ordinary Income had been the largest on record by £895, and larger than the preceding year by £3,025; and, more than this, that within three weeks friends had come forward with special gifts amounting to £6,500 to cover the deficiency! Well might the Archbishop say that it seemed like "a most immediate answer to prayer"! Nay, not "seemed like," it *was* so, assuredly.

His other words are equally true. The demands are indeed "imperious," and so increase "suddenly" and almost "fiercely." But can we doubt, after such an experience, that "the Lord is able to give us much more than this"? Many of our best supporters are poorer than they were, we know, but this is the very time for self-sacrifice. As our ever-foremost friend, the Rev. V. J. Stanton, of Halesworth, says in a letter written to the Society: "Few of us who stay at home have touched the line of sacrifice yet. We cannot too early begin to learn the lesson that we may be prepared for the day of more acute trial when it comes." This letter promises £2,000 in four years. Another letter, to the Editor of the GLEANER, encloses 10s. from "A Servant." This letter bears



THE REV. J. H. AND MRS. BISHOP AND NATIVE AGENTS AT TRICHUR, COCHIN.

no name, but the Lord knows the name, and the gift, we may be sure, "repaid a thousandfold will be." *He* does not ask, How much are you giving? but, How much are you keeping back?

The exact receipts of the year were—General Fund, £201,237; Extension Fund, £3,759; Special Funds, £27,222. Expenditure—General Fund, £208,608; Extension Fund, £3,884; Special Funds, £21,221. The difference between the two sides of the General Fund account, £7,371, is the deficit on the year.

THE TRICHUR MISSION.



OST readers of the GLEANER have read or heard about the C.M.S. Mission in Travancore and Cochin; but they would probably, if asked, be able to tell more about the former place than the latter, for the reason that it has been more prominently noticed in the Society's periodicals. Let us look a little at the work in the less known place.

Travancore and Cochin, both situated on the Western Coast of the extreme South of India, are two of the semi-independent protected States of India—that is, they have native kings, or rajahs, who, on account of their taking the side of the English in the wars at the close of the last century, were allowed to retain possession of their thrones and to be succeeded by their heirs, but are under British protection.

The Society's work in Cochin is carried on in two large towns, Trichur and Kunnankulam, both important places, extensive and populous. Trichur may be called the Benares of South India. It is full of temples and idols, and its name is a shortened form of a native word which means the country named after the holy god Siva. It is a chief centre of Brahmanism, the sacred priesthood of Hinduism, and is also the seat of an ancient Sanscrit College where Brahman priests are taught the theology of the Vedas, the sacred books of Hinduism. In this college are Brahman priests of reputed extraordinary sanctity, who take but one simple meal

a day, and may not see a woman or person of low caste. Trichur is remarkable too from the large number of different castes it contains. Of these, the most important are the Nairs, who rank next to the Brahmans. Brahmanism is the state religion, and the present royal family are devotedly attached to it; and the official classes, the college authorities, and the temple priests are all interested in the maintenance of idolatry, or, as Mr. Bishop, the missionary, puts it, "Trichur is a modern Ephesus. 'Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth' is a powerful appeal, which human nature of whatever age finds it hard to resist."

Trichur has been a C.M.S. Station for just fifty years. The missionary at present in charge is the Rev. J. H. Bishop. There is a Native pastor, the Rev. P. M. Virugisa, at Kunnankulam. The number of Native Christians is 1,020, of whom 354 are communicants. There are also twelve schools, with a total of 30 teachers and 430 scholars, besides one for high caste children, in which there are sixty-six pupils.

In September, 1885, a special twelve days' "Mission" for the Native Christians, like our Parochial "Missions" at home, was held at Trichur and Kunnankulam. Some months previously there had been much to dishearten and discourage. Few inquirers had come forward, and some of the most promising Christians had fallen into gross inconsistencies. "It seemed," Mr. Bishop wrote, "as if Satan were raging in our midst, and we felt sure that if only a crucified Christ could be lifted up, not only would sinners be attracted to the Cross, but the prince of this world would be cast out, and in answer to our united suffrages, the Spirit of God would be poured out upon us." The Mission lasted from the 17th to the 29th. Each service—there were three services each day—was well attended; but it was not until the last week of the Mission that the realisation of blessing was felt. "Then it was as though the windows of Heaven were opened, and the long, pent-up shower descended":—

Night after night during that week, as well as during some of the services held in the morning or afternoon, men and women—some who were known to have resisted the Gospel for years; some who had led respectable lives, but had never felt the power of the Word; some who had lost the peace which once they professed to have; some who were catechumens or inquirers—were completely broken down with a sense of sin, and cried aloud for mercy. Nearly



IN THE DELTA OF THE NILE.

all these were dealt with separately by myself and other workers, and pointed to the blessed promises of the written Word of Him who cannot lie. Many rested on Matt. xi. 28, some on John vi. 37, others on John iii. 16, &c. They did not all always find peace at once. Some were under deep conviction of sin for several days. Those who did find peace were asked to testify openly, that others might be encouraged. Some of these testimonies were exceedingly touching.

And it is a cause for thanksgiving that most of those who were awakened have remained steadfast. Some gradually fell back into their old ways as the excitement subsided; but the majority stand out in bold relief as monuments of God's converting grace. This event we cannot but believe will be the beginning of great things for the work in Cochin.

Mr. Bishop speaks also in his letter of the good work being done by the ladies of the Church of England Zenana Mission Society. He writes:—

There were only twelve adult baptisms during the year (1885), but we have no less than seventy-three catechumens or candidates for baptism, and fifteen of these have been already baptized this year (1886). These latter were the first fruits of the Zenana Mission from the high castes. Among these recent converts are Nairs, Chogans, blacksmiths, one woman of the brazier caste, and Pulayans. Some of the Nair converts of the Zenana Mission seemed to derive great spiritual blessing from the mission services. Two Nair youths have been sent to the Cambridge Nicholson Institution for further and fuller instruction. Much patience and wisdom is needed in the treatment of these converts. There is often considerable difficulty in finding employment for them. In all our difficulties and conflicts we are much encouraged in the assurance that we are being upheld by the prayers and sympathies of the Church at home.

AN EARNEST APPEAL FOR TWO MEN.

THE Rev. J. Tunbridge, of the Santal Mission, sends the following earnest appeal for missionaries for the Paharis, an unevangelised hill-tribe of Bengal, living on the tops of the hills in the Santal country, but quite distinct from the Santals. Who will go?—

"We are very busy. Every corner of the field seems ready for the sickle. Oh for one or two of those forty Trinity College, Dublin, men with independent means for Pahari honorary missionaries! How long, how long shall our cry go up for help? Will no one come? All is ready for the reapers: must the harvest pass before they arrive? Do ask for two gentlemen to come at their own charges to these poor, poor souls! I am sure there are many who *could* come without cost to the Society, and shall I not add *would* come if the case were put before them? We Santal missionaries would take up the work, but we simply cannot, unless we hand over to Satan the fields we already hold, alas! but all too feebly."

SKETCHES OF HUMBLE LIFE IN EGYPT.

By MISS M. L. WHATELY.

II.—FATMEH; OR, THE HUT ON THE SAND.

CHAPTER I.



THE Nile is the great blessing of Egypt, without which the fruitful land would be a desert, and whose rise and flow bring fertility and wealth to the farmer, and the people look eagerly forward to the time of the inundation, which is always kept as a festival. Yet sometimes they have to prove the truth of the old saw, that one may have too much of a good thing; when the great river rises much beyond the usual level, it brings destruction with it, overwhelming some of the lower hamlets on its banks in the swift eddies of its rushing waters. True, there is this great and important difference between too high a Nile and too low a one, that the former, if man's skill and watchful energy are employed, may be averted in a large degree, and perhaps engineering talent may find means in time to avoid entirely the mischief of too great a flow of water by turning it into canals at the right moment, &c. Whereas where there is too little water, no human cleverness can prevent a considerable loss to the country. But as things are now, a good deal of harm is done by an over-full Nile. This year (1885) numerous peasants as well as landowners lost a great deal by having the maize crop "drowned." But some years ago there was a very much higher Nile than that in 1885, and many villages were quite washed away, and others partially so; some peasants lost buffaloes, fowls, and other live stock; a few children were drowned, though the loss of life was very small; that of property, however, was considerable.

The little Bedouin village, where for the first time (as far as can be ascertained) the Gospel of peace had been proclaimed to sinners by the servants of Christ, was one of those swept away by the unexpected rush of water. Not a vestige remained but a few bits of ruined mud walls the day after the catastrophe, which took place in the night; all the people escaped, and as they had no crops to be destroyed, there was no very great damage done. They were active enough to save the few camels and goats they possessed, and a few days afterwards quietly began to build another village higher up on the slope of sandy ground; but the hut where poor Marcos had found peace and light was no more to be seen. What matter? it had served its purpose, and was done with.

On the shores of the river, the danger as well as the damage was much

greater than on the plains near the Pyramids. Many of the hamlets stand near the shore, and amid thick groves of date palms and in the darkness of night, it was not easy to scramble out of their huts and get to a place of safety beyond the reach of the flood, because the trunks of the palms formed obstacles in the way, and the deep ditches, which intersect the groves (made on purpose to give a place for the water) became most perilous when the raised pathways were covered. Boats were fortunately close at hand, and there are generally plenty moored off every Nile village, and as before observed, not many lives were lost, but there was much distress, and many from immersion in the cold water, even at that mild season, for a whole night, got colds and fevers.

It was in one of the villages that had been overflowed, but only partially destroyed, that a widow woman named Fatmeh resided; as this is the special favourite name among Moslems, there were probably several other Fatmehs in the place, and they would be distinguished (as surnames are not used among the peasants in general) by the name of their father—Fatmeh, daughter of Mohammed or Hassan, &c. The husband's name is also occasionally used to distinguish, but not often, as the man may have two wives, or may divorce them; like a man whose mother-in-law told me the other day that her daughter was his *ninth* wife, though he was still rather a young man! The son's name is in Syria constantly given to the mother, even while the child is yet an infant—mother of so-and-so replaces for ever her own appellation—but in Egypt this is not so; the older women sometimes take this title, and it is occasionally used by friends as a polite mode of address, but they keep their own names all their lives. This Fatmeh was outwardly like many of her namesakes, a middle-aged, sunburnt woman, with black eyes, fine white teeth, as even and regular as teeth can be, and a figure still graceful from the constant habit of carrying pibobers of water on her head, and leading an out-door life, but with a face lined and worn beyond her years, rough ill-kept hair, dirty blue garments all ragged at the edges, bare feet, a necklace of silver and coral round her throat, and silver bracelets on her arms. These ornaments strike a stranger as singular on one who is evidently poor, but the personal property of an Egyptian peasant is her jewels, and of these the hardest husband cannot by law deprive her, so that in case of divorce they are often all she has to depend on for a time, and are always (though considered highly desirable for appearance sake) felt to be a resource in time of absolute need.

The winter evening was beginning to close in, not cold and grey, but with a rich golden after glow, though somewhat chilly, as the widow came up from the water bearing the customary pitcher accompanied by half-a-dozen other women similarly laden; they all walked very briskly, but she outstripped the rest, and setting down her burden at the foot of a palm-tree, looked anxiously round as if expecting some one. A little girl of eight and a boy about two years older came running to meet her, while an o'der lad driving three or four goats was discernible among the shadows of the palm-trees, and called out in a cheery voice to his mother, "Here we are, oh my mother, and we can have supper soon, for my aunt and her son are come to see us, and the fire is lit!" pointing to a small fitful blaze issuing from between two large stones on which a pot was placed. A woman, who had been concealed by the trunk of an intervening palm, rose and came quickly forward to meet Fatmeh, who was evidently sincerely delighted to see her, as the customary embraces were given with genuine warmth, and renewed over and over again before the sisters squatted on each side of the primitive fireplace, and Zobeide, the new-comer, explained that as her son had business on the other side of the river, she had walked down from their village, some miles off, meaning to embark next day.

"The only thing that vexes me is to have no house to let thee sleep in comfort now," said Fatmeh, sighing, and pointing to a queer little erection of reeds and straw, a sort of wigwam as we should call it, which was at a safe distance from the fire, and the only habitation apparently within reach.

"That is nothing; the nights are still cold indeed, but we can sleep in that very well, and Hassan has a good warm cloak, and will rest very well outside. But, dear sister, how is thy health? Well? Thank God! And the children also seem well. Hast thou any news since I last saw thee?"

"I had a visitor to-day," said Fatmeh. "Let me give the children their supper, I see they are hungry, and then I will tell thee all about it, sister."

"I heard something from my cousins," said Hassan, her nephew, a fine young man of about twenty, who joined them at this moment; "the people of the book have been here, Cadega told me, and one of the *sittat* (i.e., ladies) found her way here, and sat with thee a long time. Ah, I know something about them, I have one of their books!" he tapped the pocket of his caftan significantly as he spoke.

His aunt smiled and nodded, but made no reply, as she had a pot of scalding hot lentil soup in her hands; as soon as she could set this on the ground she took breath, and said, "I am going to tell thee all about it, nephew, only let us first give these children their suppers, and ourselves also, we are hungry too, so Bismillah (in the name of God)!" With this brief grace, which respectable Moslems seldom fail to use, she poured the soup into an earthen bowl, large and shallow, which served for dish and plate to the whole party. Her sister had already broken some coarse bread into it, which absorbed so much of the liquid that the food as it cooled became thick enough to be taken up in the fingers. The simple fare was soon disposed of, the elder boy brought water, and then the children, who dispensed with the ceremony of washing hands, ran away to play with their comrades in the moonlight; young Hassan drew the folds of his ample goat's hair covering around him, for the air was rather cold, and seated himself on a bit of ruined mud wall, where once a hut had been, close to the rude fireplace, where still the red embers were alight. Fatmeh threw a handful of dry brushwood and reeds on them, and a bright blaze sprang up, which threw a warm glow over the wigwam and the palm; the women then squatted as near the fire as they could safely do without risk to their clothes, and at Zobeide's and her son's repeated request Fatmeh began her story.

A TIME OF TRIAL IN U-GANDA.

Bishop Hannington's Death—Peril of the Missionaries and Converts—Another Execution—More Baptisms—Printing of St. Matthew's Gospel.

*Fragments of Mr. Mackay's Journal.**



UNDAY, Oct. 25th, 1885.—Soon after dawn one of the king's lads, who had come to morning prayers, told us that last night news had arrived at the palace that two Englishmen had come to Busoga,† one being a tall middle-aged man, and the other a youth.‡ The elder was reported to have lost a thumb. From this we felt sure that it was our Bishop. An hour later, another page reported that the white men had been put in stocks, and, further, that the king had determined to kill them. By this time the chapel was full, all reading in classes, as usual, before the ordinary service. We called the Church elders into my room, and agreed at once to dismiss the congregation in case of sudden arrest. We then had prayer, and they left. Ashe and myself started for the palace.§

26th.—Believing that after killing the Bishop they would next resolve to kill ourselves, we wrote a few notes containing information respecting the king's order to kill the Bishop, and gave these to several of our Christian people to keep, and try to send by-and-by to Msalala. We believe they are able to secrete them, unless themselves arrested.

28th.—S—, of the king's store, came early. He reports that king and Katikiro are eager to know *who told us* of their design to murder the Bishop and his party. Many of the pages and other lads in the palace are Christians, and now they are suspected of giving us the information. They fear being all killed, but do not shrink. The devotion and courage of these young Christians are wonderful.

29th.—Writing out final revision of St. Matthew. Ashe busy setting it up. A time of persecution has always here been a printing time. The future is ominous and dark, but God has ever been to us better than our fears.

30th.—After dark Ismail came to tell us that messengers had returned from Busoga with the tidings that the white men had been killed, and all their porters. Oh, night of sorrow! What an unheard-of deed of blood!

Sunday, Nov. 1st.—It was this day last week we heard of the arrival of our dear brethren. What a week of dreadful anxiety and sorrow this last week of October has been! Now is the time to actually carry out our former plan, viz., to get our Church elders to assemble their friends in each neighbourhood, and have worship in their houses. We have now

* The full journal is published in the *C.M. Intelligencer*.

† Busoga is the local name for U-Soga, as Buganda is for U-Ganda. "Baganda" means the people of U-Ganda.

‡ There was really no second white man.

§ They failed to see the king, though they made repeated applications.

ten elders, and these could hold as many meetings simultaneously. While the present suspicion lasts, we only increase it by collecting crowds on our own premises.

3rd.—Every day several of our people spend some hours with us, and we get progress made with revision of St. Matthew. To-day Ashe got proof of the first sheet.

5th.—Nine lads baptized to-day. They have been under instruction for many months.

6th.—Several more catechumens applied to-day for baptism, but did not receive it. They left much disappointed.

We hear that it was Masudi bin Suleman who arrested the Bishop. This man's name has often occurred in our letters. In Mtesa's days he used to violently oppose Christian teaching in court. He is an Arab, but being in heavy debt for goods advanced him, and having nothing to pay, he renounced his race and creed, and became a heathen. At the Katikiro's instigation, he got Mtesa to give him the post of the chief Munakulya (who is a Christian baptized as Isaya). Masudi had gone with Mtesa to raid in Busoga, and being glib in Kiswaheli, easily conversed with the Bishop. One morning he asked the Bishop to come with him to the top of a hill, where there was a view of the lake, leaving all the men and guns in camp. The Bishop went with the traitor, who had his force in ambush. At a given signal they pounced upon the Bishop, and secured him.

11th.—Tumah and Tohar went to the palace, to present yesterday's present to the king.* They returned in the forenoon, saying that Mwanga was in a rage, and ordered us to come ourselves and explain. Ashe and myself went up, commending ourselves to God, as we had done with the goods, for we little expected to return alive. We found Père Lourdelt in the store. He told us that the king was eager to find out who had told us, and that he meant to kill us. We were all three soon called in.

"What did we mean by the present at this time?" We replied that we had gone repeatedly to the court, and the king had refused to see us. We feared that he was angry with us, for some unknown reason, and we did not know that we had done anything to offend him. We had written him a letter, asking news of our brethren in Busoga, and got no answer; and now we came to him beseeching him to tell us about them. "Who told you of Bazungu† being in Busoga?" No answer. He then said, "I see that there are double-tongued lads here, who tell you my secrets." After a deal of cross-questioning, they failed to find an answer. Again and again, and yet again, they demanded who was our informant. We declined to mention any one. Mwanga then tried passion. He would kill any one found at our station. We were *bagwaga* (low savages), who tried to get at his secrets. Other names of abuse he likewise called us.

Our weary interview had lasted more than two hours, and then we were allowed to depart. We returned home weary, but grateful to our Heavenly Father, who had preserved us in this great danger, for we little expected to see liberty or life more.

12th.—Gabunga, the young "lord of the lake," sent a message at midnight asking when we could baptize him. So it is and ever will be. Some will press into the kingdom even in times of greatest trial.

13th.—Helping Ashe at printing. We "got ready" and printed off 350 copies of the first sheet of St. Matthew in Luganda.‡ Loom making progress. Reeds fitted in batten, also treadles and experimental treadles. It is a very simple matter to make a loom when one knows how; but I am quite unfamiliar with the art of spinning and weaving cotton, having not seen a weaver at work since I was a child, and having never seen a loom since, except a Jacquard loom on one occasion in Germany.¶

Some of the Church elders sent a note asking Ashe to go to Nua's house, about a mile off, to baptize Gabunga and about a dozen others. He went, and after examination, baptized Gabunga and five others, mostly Gabunga's lads.

15th.—A force of men passed by our gate this forenoon. We hear that they are Mujasi's, and that they have been ordered to rob and burn alive the king's head-page, Balikudembe, also called Mukasa. The accusation seems to be that he informed on the king. This fine tall lad has been a faithful servant to Mwanga ever since he became king. Formerly he read with me a Gospel and the Acts, along with Mulumba, Mwana wa Kintu, and others. Afterwards, the Roman Catholics got hold of all these. He has, however, continued friendly to us, and spoke well for us to the king last February, when we were in deep trouble. May the Lord and Saviour, whom he has learned to trust, be with the poor lad in this hour of horror and death, and give him a joyous entrance into the happy land.

We hear that orders have been given to arrest also Sebawato (Nikodemo), one of our people, a sub-chief of the Katikiro. We fear a general arrest of all the well-known Christians.

Poor Balikudembe! The first report was that he had given the king

some native medicine which made his eyes smart, and that he was arrested for that. Now we hear that he had said to Mwanga that it was wrong to kill the Bishop, as white men were benefactors of the country. The king was wrathful, and sent for the Katikiro, to whom he said, "This fellow has insulted me." The order was at once given to burn him alive. When he was tied up, the king mocked him, saying, "This is the fellow who was always wanting to teach me, and told me to put away my charms." Brave lad, Mukasa! Thou hast witnessed faithfully for thy Master here below. Enter into the joy of thy Lord.

Our Christians in the king's service are all in great fear. They have never made any secret of their profession, and now they are all under suspicion, and fear being put to death at any moment. Several of them have been condemned to death, to be burnt alive for having gone to see Balikudembe after he was tied up.

16th.—We received a letter from S—, one of the king's storekeepers. He had got details of the murder of the Bishop and party. There were fifty-three servants, and all (except two or three boys whom Luba seized for himself) were killed. S— heard from some of his friends who had been in Busoga how the massacre took place. The army of the Baganda first arrested the Bishop. They tied him up and put him into a wretched hovel, filthy and full of cobwebs. He complained for some days of being ill, and begged his captors to build him a new hut, which they did. Wakoli (the king's gatekeeper) then arrived. The white man and his men were at once taken to an open place outside the plantations, where the Wang'wana were all speared. The Bishop implored them not to spear him, but to shoot him with his own rifle. This they did.

26th.—From a Native I had the story confirmed of there being only one Muzungu killed in Busoga. When a prisoner, the Muzungu (European) said that he was going to Buganda to see those who had been taught. They kept him aloof from his men and his goods, but allowed him his bedding, and his Bible and one or two other books. He occupied his time in writing much. When they were about to kill him, he bade them tell the king that he had purchased the road to Buganda with his life, and that he died for the Baganda.

29th.—First Sunday in Advent. May it be blessed of our dear Lord as the dawn of a brighter year to this benighted land.

Dec. 8th.—The whole of the Sermon on the Mount now in type. Every proof-sheet we distribute several copies of among our people, and have their corrections and emendations before going to press. They take a deep interest in the work in this way, and are proud to have *their own* Gospel.

A MISSIONARY HYMN.

"Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King."—Ps. xcvi. 10. (Prayer Book Version).

TUNE, *Christchurch*.



OUND loud the trumpet blast,
The Gospel call proclaim,
Till every tribe, at last,
Has heard Messiah's fame.
For heaven or hell let all decide;
Tell out that "Jesus Christ has died"!

Through Afric's central space,
In plains of fair Japan,
To China's myriad race,
Declare salvation's plan.
North, south, east, west—how great man's need!
Tell out, "The Lord is risen indeed"!

From chill north-western shore,
From India's tropic strand,
From where Christ dwelt of yore,
From every heathen land,
Trophies of sacred conquest bring:
Tell out that "Christ the Lord is King"!

Too long the heathen rage,
While faithless Christians sleep:
Awake! God's heritage,
Your Master's charge to keep.
Your work is vast, your duty plain;
Tell out that "He shall come again"!

Go forth in God's own might
To sound the Gospel call,
Till darkness turn to light,
Through this terrestrial ball.
Lift up your voice, prolong the cry,
Tell out that saints shall reign on high!

Eastbourne.

W. A. BATHURST.

* The missionaries had sent a present to the king, hoping to appease him.

† The French Roman Catholic missionary.

‡ "Bazungu" means Europeans. "Muzungu" means a single European.

§ The language of U-Ganda.

¶ The king had requested him to make one.

WORK AT SIMLA.



IMLA, which is beautifully situated in the Himalaya Mountains, 6,000 feet above

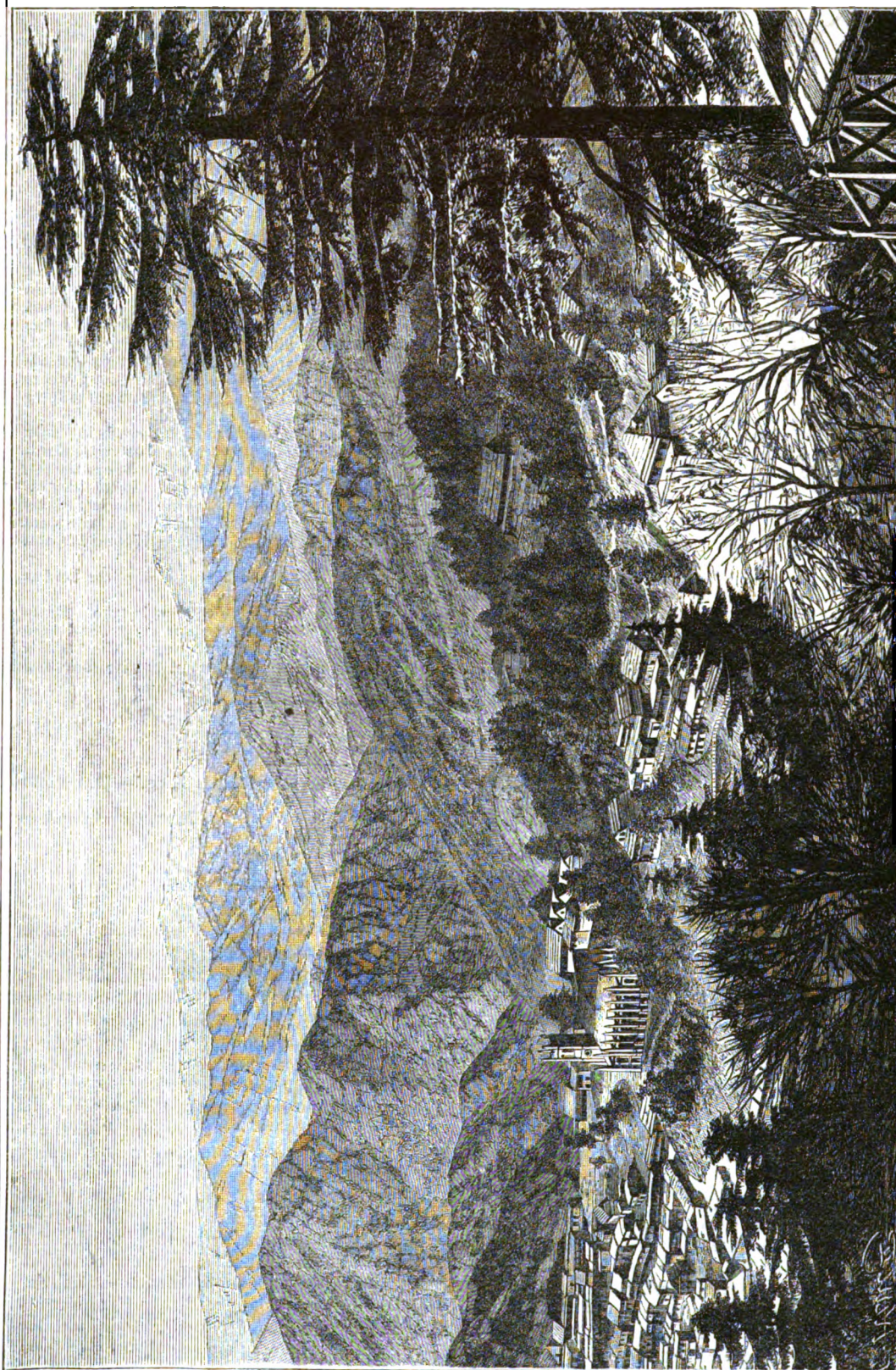
the sea, is one of the most important places in India. For six months at least of the year it is the residence of the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. Here the Government officials have their homes, and Native princes and chiefs are continually going there to visit the Viceroy and the Lieutenant-Governor. Besides all this it is, as a health resort, the summer residence of many influential friends.

Simla is not strictly a mission station; but there is a Native Christian congregation connected with the C.M.S., which is ministered to by an excellent Native clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Edwards, who gave up a good secular position to enter the ministry and take a Native pastor's small stipend.

The important event of 1885 was the completion and dedication of a church for the Native congregation, numbering some 200. It was dedicated by Bishop French on Aug. 9th. The Viceroy and Lady Dufferin were present, and both received the Holy Communion with the Native Christians—a circumstance without parallel in the history of the Mission.

Much valuable help is given to the Native pastor by influential English residents at Simla. One lady conducts a Bible reading, another interests herself in the school and its ninety-eight scholars; a gentleman of high position under Government conducts a weekly Bible-class, and a weekly meeting for non-Christians; and other good work is being done, on all of which, to quote the pastor's words, "God's blessing is resting abundantly."

VIEW OF SIMLA, IN THE HIMALAYAS.

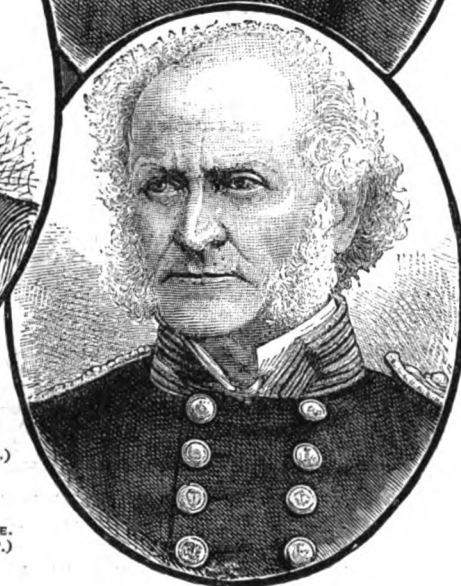
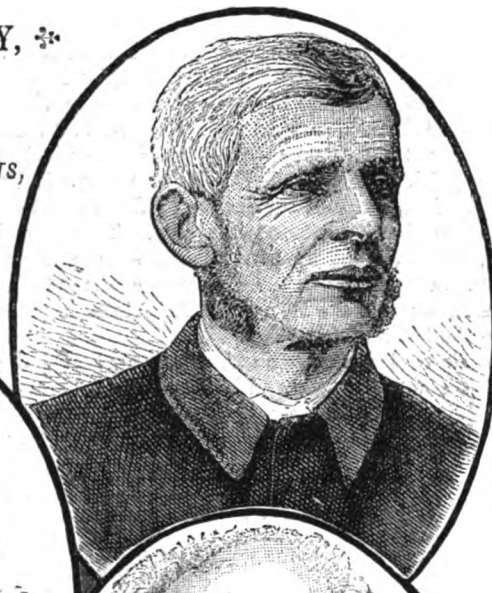
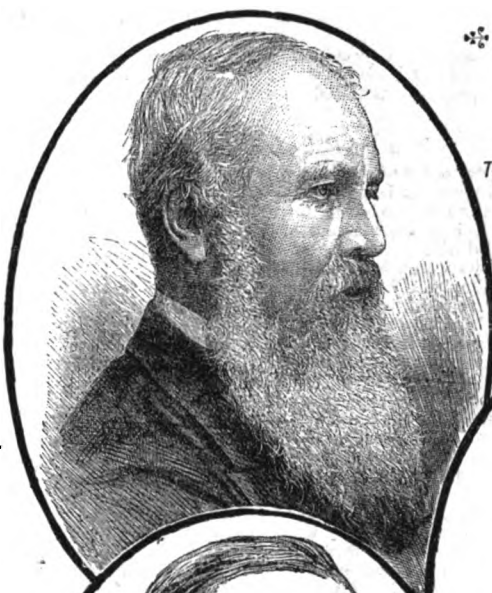


❖ OUR ANNIVERSARY, ❖

1886.

THERE ARE DIVERSITIES OF GIFTS,
BUT THE SAME SPIRIT.

1 Cor. xii. 4.

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.
(Speaker, Morning.)BISHOP MOULE.
(Speaker, Morning.)THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
(Preacher.)LORD NORTHBROOK.
(Chairman, Evening.)CAPT. HON. F. MAUDE.
(Chairman, Morning.)

OUR ANNIVERSARY.



SEVERAL distinct features of interest marked the Society's Anniversary proceedings this year. First of all, on the Monday evening, the Society had for its preacher the Primate of all England. This is only the second time that an Archbishop of Canterbury has preached. Archbishop Sumner had taken his turn when a private clergyman, years before his elevation to the Episcopate, and Archbishop Tait when he was Bishop of London. Archbishop Longley, in 1863, was the only one before this year who actually preached as Primate. There was an immense congregation on May 8th. Full as St. Bride's always is, we do not often see aisles and lobbies blocked with people standing the whole time. His Grace made touching allusion to the departed friends of the past year, especially Lords Chichester and Shaftesbury and Bishops Poole and Hannington. The rest of the sermon was a masterly discourse on the development of the Native Churches, which many who are not acquainted with the questions involved were scarcely able to follow, but which astonished those more familiar with the subject by its thorough knowledge of what is actually going on in India and elsewhere.

At the Morning Meeting, with its dense throng, in which old and tried friends were mingled with a larger proportion than

ever of younger clergy, the absence of Lord Chichester's well-known face and figure was deeply felt, while a hearty welcome—the whole assembly standing—endorsed the Committee's choice of the venerable Treasurer, Captain the Hon. F. Maude, to fill the President's chair. Two old friends of Lord Chichester's, Sir Harry Verney and the Rev. F. Bourdillon, spoke briefly first, commemorating the late President and introducing the new one. Then Captain Maude spoke a few hearty but humble words; and then followed the Report. Not the "Annual Report" itself—that would take all day to read, and all night too, and all the next day; nor even the "Abstract," which would take an hour and a half; but a short "General Review of the Year," which Mr. Wigram read in thirty-one minutes. The speakers were the Bishop of Liverpool, Bishop Moule of Mid China, Mr. Sydney Gedge; the Rev. Dr. H. U. Weitbrecht, from the Punjab; the Rev. H. M. M. Hackett, Vice-Principal of the Divinity School at Allahabad; and the Rev. E. C. Dawson, Incumbent of St. Thomas's, Edinburgh, the intimate friend of Bishop Hannington, some of whose reminiscences of the departed Bishop will be found on another page. The whole programme only occupied ten minutes over the three hours planned, and almost all the entire assembly, platform and all, sat it out to the end. That is the best evidence of sustained interest.

The Evening Meeting, however, undoubtedly surpassed the Morning one in the effectiveness of the speeches. Lord Northbrook was in the chair, and spoke admirably. Mr. Fenn reviewed the year's work. Six missionaries then spoke for a few minutes each, viz., the Rev. A. W. Faumann (North India), the Rev. W. S. Price (East Africa), the Rev. J. D. Thomas (Tinnevely), Dr. S. T. Pruen (going to East Africa), the Rev. L. Lloyd (Fuh-Chow), and the Rev. W. A. Roberts (Western India). Every one of the six touched the heart of the meeting, and drew forth vehement applause. Then Mr. W. Blakeney, R.N., told of what he had himself seen in New Zealand and Japan, in such a way as to rouse the whole assembly to enthusiasm; and the Rev. John Robertson impressively pressed home the lessons of the day.

Thank God for such an Anniversary! Of the finances we speak on another page. We now only subjoin some gleanings from the sermon and speeches:—

The Archbishop of Canterbury on Departed Friends.

Chrysostom tells how in his time the Church gave itself in these Easter weeks to the reading and preaching from the Acts of the Apostles. The circumstances also under which we meet give our hearts special reasons for thankfulness that our mission festivals are falling in the sunlight of the Resurrection. We have lost so many leaders—we should have lost them but for the Resurrection, which not only gives us them for ever afterwards, but affirms to us that we never do lose them at all. Not only "shall they live though they die," saith the Master, "but they shall never die." They still "are living unto Him." We must speak a word of them. The strong judgment, the faithful piety, and practical, unwearied devotion of our late President, the passion for humanity, and the almost prophet-like enthusiasm of a Shaftesbury, were powers with which it is good to have been brought face to face in this Society. . . . But the roll is not ended. We have, like the ancient Church, our confessors; faithful unto a death coming not by violence, but with the wearing and the weariness and the pain with which the extremes of climate bring men down—missionaries falling upon the field; among others, Bishop Poole, whose clear insight and large views, set forth so modestly in your great meeting, as well as the devotedness and self-surrender of his whole being, marked him to enter on the difficulties and the great claims of Japan. Yet again we have those three martyr-boys whose tortured patience turned their torturer into a Christian. Above all we have the unquenchable hopefulness and intrepidity of Bishop Hannington, sealed with prison-suffering, and with death. His was one of those bright brave spirits to which success seemed pledged. His was also that purpose which would not count death itself a bar to success. For his was that simple faith which committed both life and death to God, and then looked not back again. It falls now on us to turn the dread check into one of those victories which are doubly consecrated by the chieftain's blood.

The world of to-day is full of such visions. The whole air rings with calls. There is not one heathen land into which the way of Christ is not prepared or fast preparing.

The Bishop of Liverpool on Sympathy with the Missionaries.

Let us try more and more to cultivate a spirit of sympathy for all our dear friends whom we are sending out as workmen in the missionary field. They deserve our sympathy, for few people have an idea of what the missionary has to go through. Far away from his own home, in a climate that probably does not suit him, tried often by affliction in his own family, his wife's health in all likelihood suffering, his children far away, sent home to be educated, he often has to face persecution, often callous indifference. All these things are very trying to flesh and blood, and our missionaries deserve to be mentioned in a special intercessory prayer. And after all, what a little reward they get in this world! Other men get the Victoria Cross for leading a party to storm a breach. Other men get rewards for things merely temporal. The missionary gets no Victoria Cross, but comes back in broken health to spend the remainder of his days in this country, unable to do anything. These are things which call upon us all to pray for special assistance and special tenderness from God for our missionary brethren.

Mr. Sydney Gedge on Missionary Contributions.

I find that the Church is raising and spending £4,000,000 a year, of which not more than half a million goes to Foreign Missions directly. I find that each Church family gives to Foreign Missions 8s. a year; that for every £1,000 of Church income, 18s. 6d. is given for Foreign Missions; and that for every £1,000 of rateable value belonging to Church people, 40s. is given, or less than a rate of a halfpenny in the pound. Which of us would hesitate to vote for a rate of a penny in the pound for a free library? and yet the payments to Foreign Missions are less than a halfpenny! Only 20,000 people give as much as a pound a year to the Church Missionary Society, and of these between 4,000 and 5,000 are of the clergy. It may be said that people are not rich enough to give more; but the ninety London Clubs have 80,000 members, who pay subscriptions exceeding half a million, while the whole Church of England sends less than half a million to Foreign Missions.

Looking to the statistics of parishes and contributions for religious objects, I find that they indulge in a great outlay upon religious luxuries. There is more paid for nicely-decorated edifices than for building up living temples to

God's honour and glory. There is three times the amount spent in building churches and parsonages than is spent for mission work. . . . Let us give up religious luxuries, to minister to the wants of the heathen abroad. . . . It has been said that the three letters "C.M.S." mean not only "Church Missionary Society," but "Christ My Saviour," "Carry My Salvation." I should like to see a fourth interpretation inscribed on the missionary boxes—"Contribute More Supplies."

Lord Northbrook on the Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

I was called upon to-day to attend a very different scene from this. I was at the opening of the great Indian and Colonial Exhibition. That scene was, perhaps, one of the most striking of which any man could be a spectator. It was distinguished by the presence of the Queen. There were assembled many of the most distinguished supporters of the throne; and we had there, from all parts of the world, from the Colonies and from India, worthy representatives of the Empire. Well, my thoughts at that scene extended a little beyond the actual material interest which it excited. The question occurred to me, as it must have occurred to many among those who were present, and to many here—For what purpose under the dispensation of God's providence has this little island been allowed to extend her influence and her power, as the Archbishop said in his prayer, "from sunrise to sunrise in this world of God"? It is impossible to penetrate the designs of Providence, but this at least we may say—that it is an effect of the extent and the power of the British Empire that we, the people of England, are enabled by our influence to support, and by our missionaries to preach, the Gospel of Christ in every part of the globe. When that ceremony concluded with the magnificent "Hallelujah Chorus"—perhaps the finest effort of the genius of man applied to music—there was something to my mind still finer than the music: it was the words of the music of that chorus—"Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth; the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever, King of Kings and Lord of Lords: Hallelujah!" My friends, surely it is our duty to do what we humbly can, with the help of God's blessing, to perform this glorious task, which may, in the providence of God, have been allotted to the people of England.

"WE SEE."

(Extracted from the Report read in Exeter Hall at the Society's Anniversary on May 4th, 1886.)



EAR by year the impossibility of reporting on the Society's Missions themselves at the Annual Meeting becomes more and more evident. With a work constantly growing, the time allowed for reading this Report has gradually been reduced to one-half what was allotted to it a few years ago. All that can be done now is to notice in a few brief sentences the most conspicuous aspects of the year's work.

Surveying the field in the light of the multitude of letters and reports received from all parts of the world, the eye falls upon the following features of special interest:—

1. We see flourishing Native Churches rejoicing in the progress granted them. Tinnevely celebrates its beloved Bishop Sargent's Jubilee, and contrasts the 8,000 Christians in 224 villages, and the one Native clergyman, of 1835, with the 56,000 Christians in 1,000 villages, and the 68 Native clergymen, of 1885.
2. We see Native Churches also planning their own Missions and sending forth their own missionaries. Fuh-Chow, for example, encouraged by the sympathy and support of both Native and foreign merchants, sends lay evangelists to Corea.
3. We see Native Christian lay-workers imbued with the true missionary spirit. An ex-Musulman at Amritsar writes, "I have worked more this year because I have trusted more in Christ." A young school-master gives up his situation to join the Mission, and lives on his scanty savings, and then writes, "I cannot express my joy." Chinese divinity students astonish Mr. Hoare by their power in open-air preaching and their meekness under sore provocation. Nishkah Indians, on the Nass River in British Columbia, hold open-air services for their heathen brethren when away at their fishing; and one of them says, "We have not much knowledge; we cannot show a great light; but if we can only strike a match in the darkness it may show the path to one of the lost."
4. We see the labours of Native clergymen honoured of God; one of them, the Rev. Kuttonji Nowroji of Aurangabad, baptizing 255 adults, the largest number in the year at any one station.
5. We see Native clergymen honoured also by the Church—Bishop Speechly making the Rev. Koshi Koshi the first Native Archdeacon in India; and by the Universities—Cambridge conferring an honorary M.A. on Archdeacon Johnson of the Niger.
6. We see 252 Native clergymen at work, and we remember that they are but the survivors of a total roll of 349.
7. We see converts witnessing for Christ: school-boys and young men in India among opposing relatives, and before the magistrates; boys in U-Ganda even in the agonies of death by fire.

8. We see the great Enemy everywhere active among the Native Churches: drawing back into heathenism, as at Bezwada, poor villagers, who, for lack of adequate help, get no teaching; ensnaring African Christians in the sins of the flesh, and Indian Christians in the toils of caste prejudice, and Palestine Christians in quarrels and party spirit.

9. We see also, with sorrow, the priests of Rome, who profess the name of Christ, seeking to entice away weak Christians in Bengal, and in Tinnevely, and in U-Ganda, and on the Niger, and in far-off Athabasca.

10. We see, on the other hand, earnest efforts put forth to quicken and revive dead and sleeping hereditary Native Christians, by means of services akin to the parochial missions so well known at home. Especially in West Africa, to be noticed presently.

11. We see abundant fruit granted to the Society's direct missionary labours in the Heathen and Mohammedan World: baptisms of adult converts which are of special interest—the first-fruits at Mpwapwa and Uyui, the first-fruits from among the Aino aborigines of Japan, the first convert from Mohammedanism in Egypt, the second convert from among the Gonds of Central India, a fakir and poet in Bengal, five lepers in a Leper Asylum; a leading Hydah chief in Queen Charlotte's Island, 70 years of age; and nearly 100 persons from a hitherto untouched community of despised and out-caste Punjab villagers.

12. We see the influence of the Gospel over many who remain unbaptized; such as a Hindu gentleman at Burdwan, who openly avows himself a believer in Christ, and holds a service every Sunday in his own house for those like minded, using the English Prayer Book.

13. We see the alarm of the still untouched heathen and Mohammedan antagonists: one, for example, lamenting that "*the leprosy of Christianity is spreading fast everywhere.*"

14. We see fresh examples of the kindly feeling of high British officials towards the growing Native Churches; for example, at the dedication of a new Native church at Simla, the Viceroy himself and Lady Dufferin receiving the Communion with the Native Christians.

15. We see great work being done by the ladies of the Zenana Societies: in Krishnagar and in Coochin particularly, where the principal C.M.S. converts of the year have been directly influenced by their labours.

16. We see the progress of translational work: the first issue of a consecutive portion of Scripture (Matt. i.—vii.) in the language of U-Ganda, printed on the spot; the first printed page in the Aino language; the first translations in the Blackfoot, the Nishkah, and the Hydah tongues; extensive work in Santali, Kashmiri, Pushtu, Telugu, Japanese, and many languages of East and West Africa.

17. We see the beneficent influence and attracting power of Medical Missions, in Kashmir, on the African Frontier, at Amritsar, and at Fuh-Ning and Hang-ohow in China.

18. We see Missions crippled for lack of labourers; Yoruba, Western India, and the Telugu Mission, very especially: the hearts of the missionaries sad, and promising work waiting to be done.

19. We see, on the other hand, young recruits entering on their work: the late curate of Lowestoft at the foot of Mount Kilima Njaro; the late curate of St. Peter's, Hereford, in Palestine; the late curate of Fisherton, at Bombay; the late curate of St. James's, Holloway, in Tinnevely; the late Vice-Principal of Ridley Hall, at Calcutta; another Cambridge graduate at Batála; yet another Cambridge graduate in Central Africa; young medical men at outposts in Mohammedan lands; members of the C.M.S. Lay Workers' Union for London, in the Seychelles Islands and among the Blackfeet of Saskatchewan; a member of the Liverpool Y.M.C.A. on the Niger; English ladies in West and East Africa; all these besides the men trained by the Society at Islington.

20. And, lastly, we see new names on the roll of missionary martyrs: the beloved Bishop cruelly put to death by the boy-king of U-Ganda, and the young missionary, V. C. Sim, dying of bodily privations within the Arctic Circle.

JAMES HANNINGTON,

First Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa.

III.—RECOLLECTIONS: BY THE REV. E. C. DAWSON.

[Condensed from "*Recollections*" contributed to the "*C.M. Intelligencer*" by the Rev. E. C. Dawson, of Edinburgh, an intimate friend of the Bishop.]



JAMES HANNINGTON was a remarkable man. His double I have never seen. Everything that he said or did bore the stamp of his own distinct individuality. And this from the first. James Hannington the boy must have been James Hannington the man "in little." At least for this I can vouch, that in his case the young man was most certainly the father of the mature and chastened elder. It might not be easy for one who

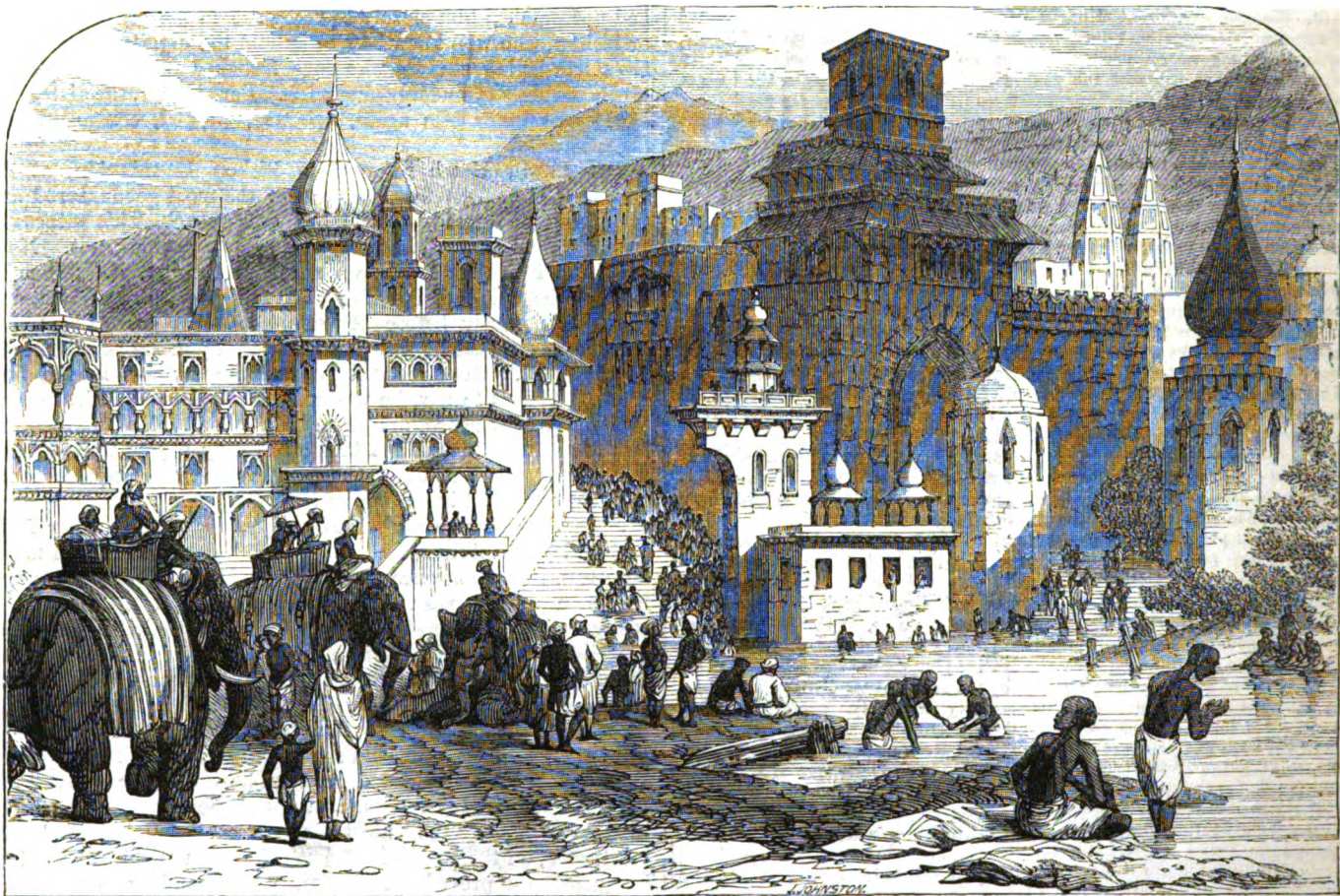
had not watched him closely to recognise in the grave presbyter or bishop, who well knew how to uphold the dignity of his office, the mirth-loving student who once frolicked colt-like across the green pastures of undergraduate life. For all that, the discerning eye might know him again, subdued, trained, controlled, but *the same man.*

Dr. Edwin Hatch referred to Bishop Hannington, at the Oxford C.M.S. Breakfast, as "one of the most goodnatured and fun-loving undergraduates he had ever met." This witness is true. "Fun-loving" he was; and we love to think of it. None who have heard his laugh can surely ever forget it. When he laughed the spirit of laughter took full possession of him, and shook him sorely before it would let him go. I am not sure, however, that he was "good-natured" in the popular sense of the word. Good-natured he undoubtedly was in the best sense. That is to say, he was true as steel to his friends, and ever ready to sacrifice himself in their behalf. He was thoughtless of self, and liberal to a fault; but if by "good-nature" any understand that amiable weakness which is easily imposed upon, then the term will by no means apply to him.

James Hannington made his first appearance at St. Mary Hall, Oxford, in the autumn of 1868. "Jim," as he was known to his familiars, became at once the fashion. He was the most popular freshman of his year. He attracted general attention, was received into the best set, and almost immediately began to exercise an influence and ascendancy, which he maintained until the end of his University course. This may be accounted for by several characteristics of his. In the first place, he was a man of great personal courage. Danger offered a positive attraction to him. In riding, he would select the most break-neck places. In canoeing over the flooded country, he would always seek out the most dangerous rapids, and insist upon "shooting" the boiling rush of the most impracticable "lashers." At Martinhoe, on the coast of Cornwall, he was not content until he had personally proved the possibility of ascending and descending the cliffs by every most perilous path. But Hannington possessed also a quiet determination and firmness of will in an unusual degree. When once he had made up his mind he was not to be denied. It was this which constituted him a leader among men of his own age.

The influence which Hannington exercised was always, even in his most careless days, in the main for good. His autobiographical notes show that, years before his conversion to God, he was accustomed to think deeply and seriously. It is true he was not, in his undergraduate days, a man with a definite purpose. He had not, apparently, any settled object in the regeneration of the society in which he moved; his religion, as Doddridge says of Colonel Gardiner, "still hung loose to him." But I never knew him to fall into any of those vices common to young men. While he was eminently social, he never indulged himself to excess. During his residence at Oxford he exercised a real and entirely salubrious influence over his fellows.

One very noticeable characteristic of the man was his real and unaffected humility; a humility that almost amounted to self-depreciation. He was ever ready to be told his faults by others, and would even choose one from among his friends as a sort of "father confessor," and invite his censures upon any course of conduct which did not commend itself to his own inner consciousness. Never can I forget that time, to which he has himself made reference in his published notes, when it pleased God that the light of the Spirit of Christ which had been shed into my own heart should be reflected from myself upon the life of my friend. Knowing his character so well, and reflecting upon his openly expressed abhorrence of humbug, and utter detestation of cant and shams, and his scorn of religious enthusiasm, I had written to him with some fear and trembling. Perhaps, however, the thought that if friendship was to be lost it should, at all events,



A GHAT AT HURDWAR.

be well lost, prompted me to use greater boldness. I hid nothing from him. Henceforth he might know upon what ground our connection could be maintained. The result he has himself recorded. [See last number.]

Shortly after it had pleased God to reveal His Son in the heart of His future servant, he came down to Hale that we might spend a day or two together in converse. He was at that time very diffident of himself, very fearful of expressing more than he really felt, very slow in appropriating the fulness of the promises, and reluctant to bear testimony until he could do so with a free heart. The following is a characteristic extract from a letter about this period:—"Alas what a sickly son you have, a Mr. Idle-bones, Ease-in-the-flesh, a Mr. Chat-and-do-nothing, a Carnal professor." We went together, on the evening of his arrival, to a cottage about a mile distant, where I used to hold a weekly meeting. As we walked arm-in-arm across the furzy common, and picked our way by the help of a lantern through the dark and muddy lanes, his conversation was always upon the one subject. Never did disciple hang more earnestly upon the lips of his teacher than he upon every word which could throw light upon his darkness. When we reached the cottage, he would not be persuaded to take any part in the service, but quietly waited while I went about among the adjoining houses to gather in some laggards, and then took his place among the group of poor folk who crowded the little room. Very touching is it now to me to think of those days in the light of his subsequent life. None who saw his strong nature thus receiving the teaching of the Kingdom of God as a little child can ever doubt that to him it was granted to see that Kingdom indeed.

HINDU FESTIVALS AT HURDWAR.

NEXT to Benares, Hurdwar is the most famous *tirth* or holy city in India. It is one of the North-West Provinces, and is on the western bank of the River Ganges, sacred to all Hindus. The city has many ghats, or landing places, leading down to the river, as seen in the picture, and these are crowded every day with devotees who go down not only to cleanse their bodies, but to wash away their sins in the sacred stream. At certain periods of the year great festivals, or fairs, are held in honour of some Hindu deities, when the merit of bathing in the river is supposed to be greater than at other times. On these occasions more than a hundred thousand pilgrims are attracted to the city, and the missionaries of the various societies, both English and American, at work in the Provinces visit the city—there is no mission in the city itself, though the C.M.S. has one not far distant—and preach the Gospel to the immense crowds. In most cases they are listened to with respect and attention, and many are aroused to further inquiries by what they hear, perhaps for the first time.

JAPANESE CHRISTIANS AT TOKIO.



THE Rev. P. K. Fyson, who is our missionary at Tokio, but is at present engaged in translating the Scriptures into Japanese, in connection with the Bible Society, has sent home an encouraging report of the self-supporting C.M.S. Native congregation in that city. This congregation is mainly the fruit of the labours of the Rev. J. Piper and the Rev. J. Williams. There are 54 members, nearly half of them new converts; and their contributions during the year amounted to no less than £75.

There is little doubt that the continued interest and zeal of the congregation may be ascribed mainly to their prayerfulness. To give one or two instances of their earnestness in this particular: last September I

found that they were meeting every evening in the church for united prayer, and when I inquired the reason I was told that they felt afraid that they were growing cold and lifeless, and so had arranged for a week of prayer to stir themselves up. I also learned that one member came early every morning to spend an hour by himself in prayer, and that another did the same in the evening, and later on in the year I found that several met in the church every morning for prayer at half-past five. How many congregations in England adopt the same means for reviving themselves?

I may mention another incident, quite a novel one in my experience. It was the first Sunday in the month, and the catechist (who acts as a pastor) having asked permission to have an extempore prayer, stood up—this was after the sermon—and spoke a few words to the congregation, telling them that he had been feeling his deficiencies very much of late, and then he knelt down and prayed aloud for some time, his words being continually choked with sobs. Then one of the congregation followed with another long extempore prayer, also interrupted with sobs, many of the congregation being also affected to tears. After this, non-communicants withdrew, and we went on quietly with the Communion service. This kind of thing may be called an irregularity, but one would be glad to see more of such irregularities, at any rate in the Mission-field.

A word or two about individual members of the congregation may perhaps be of interest.

Makioka is acting as pastor. He has worked well throughout the year. He reads the service on Sunday—I assisting—and preaches once at any rate, and has the general superintendence of the congregation. I hope he may be ordained before long.

Dr. Hada continues to be the most zealous of all, and the most liberal contributor to all Christian objects. He is the only one who can be termed well-to-do, but I do not hesitate to say that his personal zeal and earnestness are of more value for the welfare of the congregation than his pecuniary support. I remember on one occasion when he was exhorting every one to do his or her best for the welfare of the congregation, he said, "If I find I have not time to do my duty to the congregation, I will make time; make time by curtailing my other business."

Tsuda has charge of the Bible Society's Depot. He has quite a talent for exposition, and has done his part well by giving an exposition every Sunday afternoon—this is in addition to the sermon. He has also conducted women's meetings.

Fueki Kakutaro is the evangelist employed by the congregation. He used to be the most successful of the colporteurs of the Bible Society, but has given up that work. He has a fluent tongue, and is specially useful for working amongst the poorer classes.

The average congregation on Sunday is thirty-five, average number of communicants twenty-two.

That the school is not unproductive of good as a missionary agency may be shown by the two following incidents. A boy about six years old, son of the former master of the school, is now living with his grandfather at the other side of the city and attends a day-school there. Last year the teacher of his class was one day explaining to the pupils that the person called "God" in the text-book, and described as the Ruler of all things, was the sun-god whom all Japanese have been accustomed to worship. This boy said, No: it meant the True God; that his father and uncle had taught him so. The teacher maintained that it was the sun-god, and the boy stuck to his point that it was the One True God; but he was, of



SHOPS IN TOKIO, JAPAN.

course, silenced by the teacher, and went home. The next day the teacher called at the grandfather's house and half-apologised for the way he had treated the boy, and added that he did not know but what the boy might be right; and after this he adopted the boy's explanation, and taught his class that "God" meant the One True God.

The other incident is that of a young lad, a former pupil of the school, now an apprentice in a bookseller's shop. His fellow-apprentices observing that he held his head down for a short time before beginning his meals, asked what he did that for, and also wanted to know the reason why he did not pay reverence to the Kamidana (god-shelf) as they and the rest of the household did every morning. The lad replied that he always said grace to God before his meals, and that he believed in the One True God, the Creator; he had learned that at school, and that it was foolish to worship a Kamidana. They jeered at him for forsaking the gods of his country and worshipping the foreigners' God; but they have so far come round to his way of thinking, that they have given up paying reverence to the Kamidana, and the master of the house himself is half-ashamed of doing so. The lad's grief is that his master will make him work on Sundays as well, but he means to be baptized when he gets a bit older. There are no doubt more cases like these that we never hear of.

NOTA BENE.

A LADY at Bath has started a weekly prayer-meeting on the same day and hour as the one at the C.M. House, viz., Thursday from 4 to 5. This is an admirable idea, which we hope will be widely followed.

THE C.M.S. Thursday Prayer Meeting more than maintains its interest; a full room is frequently seen.

AMONG recent donations to the Society is one of £50 from a lady who has been a subscriber ever since 1817.

THE C.M.S. Union of Younger Clergy in London has now some two hundred members, not one hundred, as we said in error last month.

THE MONTH.



ON page 67 we give some account of the Anniversary proceedings, and on page 61 a note of the Society's financial position. Both call for thanksgiving. The Anniversary was a very happy one; and in the matter of funds it will be seen that the deficiency on the past year has been almost made up by special gifts.

IN addition to the Sermon and Meetings described at page 67, there were two C.M.S. Breakfasts in the May meeting week: one on the Tuesday morning, before the Annual Meeting, when the Rev. A. Baring Gould addressed the clergy present; and the other, given by Mr. Wigram to the Committee, Hon. District Secretaries, &c., on the Thursday, when an Address was given by Archdeacon Long. The latter was followed by a Conference, and among the speakers were the Bishop of Exeter, Bishops Perry and Ryan, the Dean of Gloucester, Canons Hoare and Money, the Revs. F. Bourdillon, C. F. Child, N. R. Fitzpatrick, R. R. Meadows, J. Robertson, E. N. Thwaites, &c.

THE following are the new Vice-Presidents of the Society: The Earl of Chichester; the Bishops of Salisbury, Meath, and Jamaica; Bishop E. Bickersteth of Japan; Archdeacons Perowne and Richardson; Sir R. N. Fowler, Bart., M.P.; Professor Sir M. Monier-Williams; Mr. Miles McInnes, M.P., Mr. S. Hoare, M.P., Mr. T. F. Burton, Mr. S. Gedge, and Mr. B. Williams.

TEN vacancies in the list of One Hundred Honorary Governors for Life, "having rendered very essential services to the Society," have been filled up by the appointment of Canons Jackson, Patteson, Brooke; the Revs. C. Overton, W. E. Light, H. C. G. Moule; Messrs. B. N. Cust, H. Morris, J. Rice, and F. Sellwood.

WE are pleased to announce that the Rev. F. V. Knox, M.A., late Chaplain at Amballa in the Punjab, and formerly Assistant-Master at Merchant Taylors' School, has accepted the post of Director of the Church Missionaries' Children's Home, which is vacant by the resignation of the Rev. A. J. P. Shepherd. Mr. Knox is a son of the Society's old friend, the Rev. G. Knox of Exton.

ANOTHER old friend of the Society, an Honorary Life Governor, has been taken from us, the Rev. G. C. Hodgson, of Corbridge-on-Tyne. He was one of the most untiring advocates of the missionary cause in the North of England.

IN the recent Oxford and Cambridge Preliminary Theological Examination for Candidates for Holy Orders, six students from the C.M. College competed, and all passed: two in the 1st class, Mr. E. T. Pegg and Mr. J. Vernall; three in the 2nd class, Mr. R. Heaton, Mr. W. Light, and Mr. A. N. Wood; and one in the 3rd class, Mr. Hugh Stowell Macaulay, an African, and grandson of Bishop Crowther.

THE Rev. C. Seaver, of Belfast, who has lately been appointed Archdeacon of Connor, is one of the oldest and hardest-working of the Society's friends in Ireland.

WE are glad to say that, on the recommendation of Sir John Kirk, the Government have agreed to make the Society a grant of £5 per head for all the rescued slaves handed over to the care of its missionaries in East Africa.

ON April 6th, the Committee took leave of Archdeacon Vincent, of Hudson's Bay, who sailed on the 10th for his distant home, *via* Canada. During his stay in England he has seen through the press his version of the Pilgrim's Progress in the Cree language, which is being published by the Religious Tract Society.

ON May 10th, the Committee took leave of Dr. S. T. Pruen, who sailed for East Africa on the 12th. It is hoped that the way may be open to him to go on to U-Ganda. We regret to say that the Rev. R. W. Gurd, who was to have gone with him, is forbidden by the doctors to face a tropical climate.

No further news has been received from U-Ganda later than we give at page 64, but letters are to hand from the stations on the road thither. Mr. Gordon, Mr. Hooper, and Mr. Wise were at Msalala and Uyui at the

beginning of March. Mr. Blackburn has come home invalided, and Mr. J. C. Price and Mr. Coppstone are coming. Dr. and Mrs. Baxter, Mr. Cole, and Mr. O'Flaherty were at Mpwapwa, and Mr. Roscoe, Mr. Jeanes, and Mr. and Mrs. Watt at Mamboia.

ON Feb. 1st, another Maori clergyman (the 41st) was ordained, the Rev. Wiremu (William) Hoete Te Matete, by Bishop Cowie of Auckland. Seven bishops were present, with twenty English and ten Native clergymen. Bishop Hadfield of Wellington preached the sermon.

ON April 25th, an ordination was held at Jaffa by Bishop Cheetham (formerly of Sierra Leone), who is visiting Palestine. The Revs. W. F. Connor, Ibrahim Baz, and Murad el Haddad, all of the C.M.S., who were ordained deacons by Bishop Hannington eighteen months ago, were admitted to priests' orders.

TINNEVELLY has lost three more of its Native clergy: the Rev. Samuel Gnanamutthu, last year; the Rev. Devanayagam Viravagu, Superintending Pastor in the Mengnanapuram District, in February, after fifty years' service; and now (as we hear by telegraph, with deep regret) the Rev. Viravagu Vedhanayagam, who was at the head of the whole North Tinnevely Mission, and Chairman of two District Church Councils. We gave a portrait and account of him in the GLEANER of April, 1883.

FOUR fields for extension were specially mentioned in the C.M.S. Annual Report last year, viz., Chagga, in East Africa; Quetta, on the Afghan Frontier; Aden, in Arabia; and the Soudan. Through God's good blessing, in three of these fields a first step has been taken towards their occupation. The Rev. E. A. Fitch and Mr. Wray are in Chagga; Dr. S. W. Sutton is (we hope) by this time at Quetta; and Dr. F. J. Harpur is at Aden. For the proposed Gordon Memorial Mission to the Soudan £2,700 has been specially contributed; but at present the way thither is not open.

THE Rev. F. Nevill, writing lately of his work in the Fourah Bay College at Sierra Leone, stated that there were ten students in training in the College, and that of these seven were pledged to proceed to the Society's various Missions when called upon. All of them are studying for degrees at Durham University, with which the College is affiliated. This is a larger number of men than the College has had under training for some time.

THE Rev. W. T. Sathianadhan, in his Annual Letter, gives a comparative view of the state of the Southern Pastorate of Madras at two different periods, viz.: 1863, the first year of his connection with the Madras Tamil Mission, and 1885. In 1863, there were 166 baptized Christians, 74 communicants, and the contributions for all purposes amounted to Rs. 120. In 1885 the baptized Christians had increased to 566, the communicants to 235, and the contributions to Rs. 1,567. As other indications of progress, Mr. Sathianadhan mentions the gradual increase of personal religion, a general desire to work for the public good, and the efforts of some Native Christian young men to influence the heathen population around. (This is only one of the two C.M.S. pastorates in the city, besides others in the environs.)

WE have another interesting private letter from the Bishop of Lahore to print, in continuation of that we gave last month; but it did not come in time to appear in this number.

AT the request of several friends, we propose to insert, month by month, notices of forthcoming Sales of Work in behalf of C.M.S., so any who may have work to dispose of, but no local sale to sell it at, may know where it can be sent. We shall rely on our friends sending us regularly the announcements of their sales, for insertion.

RECEIVED:—£1 2s. 6d. from the Mildmay Mission, Bethnal Green, being the offerings of the poor people attending the weekly Temperance meetings during the past year. Two or three missionary addresses have been given to them by members of the C.M.S. Lay Workers' Union for London, and they have spontaneously devoted their little offerings to the Society.

Also 30s., the contents of the Hall Missionary Box at Mayola Lodge, Co. Derry; 10s. for the Henry Venn Steamer Fund, from "A Reader of the GLEANER"; £1 from E. R.; 10s. from "a Servant"; 2s. for the Gordon Memorial Mission Fund, from A. E. S., Boston, Linc.

Scotchman.—If there is no C.M.S. Association near you, you can send your contributions direct to General George Hutchinson, Lay Secretary, C.M. House, Salisbury Square, London.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

JULY, 1886.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.


(The Texts are chosen to illustrate the "Te Deum.")

N.M. 1st, 10.6 p.m. | F.Q. 8th, 1.18 p.m. **July.** L. Cr. 24th ...7.21 a.m.
F. M. 16th, 3.8 a.m. N. M. 31st ...5.35 a.m.

		THOU SITTEST AT THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD IN THE GLORY OF THE FATHER.	
1	T	Phil. 2. 9.	Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him. <i>J. A. Lamb d., '88.</i>
2	F	Eph. 1. 22.	And gave Him to be the Head over all things. <i>Miss. arrived</i>
3	S	Ps. 110. 1.	Sit Thou at My right hand. [<i>at U-Ganda, 1877.</i>]
4	S	Acts 11. 18.	2nd aft. Trin. Judg. 4. Acts 11. E. Judg. 5. or 6. 11. 8 John.
5	M	1 Cor. 15. 20.	Now is Christ risen.
6	T	Heb. 1. 8.	When He had by Himself purged our sins.
7	W	Heb. 1. 8.	Sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.
8	T	Ps. 68. 18.	Thou hast ascended on high.
9	F	Isa. 6. 1.	I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne.
10	S	Rev. 7. 17.	The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne. [<i>or 4. 1-19. Matt. 5. 18-38. 1st Ch. op. Japan, 1875.</i>]
11	S	Acts 16. 17.	3rd aft. Trin. 1 Sam. 2. 1-27. Acts 16. 16. E. 1 Sam. 8.
12	M	Heb. 6. 20.	The forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus.
13	T	Heb. 4. 14.	A great High Priest, that is passed into the Heavens.
14	W	Acts 5. 31.	To be a Prince and a Saviour. <i>Bp. Poole died, 1885.</i>
15	T	Acts 5. 31.	To give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. 1st
16	F	Heb. 12. 2.	The author and finisher of our faith. [<i>Niger exped., 1841.</i>]
17	S	Heb. 7. 25.	Able also to save to the uttermost. <i>Jay Narain's Col. op. '18.</i> [<i>Ruth 1. Matt. 9. 1-18.</i>]
18	S	Matt. 9. 8.	4th aft. Trin. 1 Sam. 12. Acts 20. 1-17. E. 1 Sam. 13. or
19	M	Ps. 89. 27.	Higher than the kings of the earth. 1st Kwaguli bapt., 1882.
20	T	Heb. 1. 4.	Better than the angels.
21	W	Heb. 2. 9.	Crowned with glory and honour. <i>Mungo Park disc. River</i>
22	T	Eph. 1. 22.	Head over all things to the church. [<i>Niger, 1796.</i>]
23	F	1 Cor. 15. 25.	He must reign.
24	S	1 Cor. 15. 25.	Till He hath put all enemies under His feet. [<i>Matt. 13. 1-24.</i>]
25	S	Luke 9. 56.	5th aft. Trin. St. James. 1 Sam. 15. 1-24. or 2 Kings 1. 1-16.
26	M	John 12. 41.	Esaiah saw His glory and spake of Him. 1st bap. Fort Simp- [<i>son. B. Columbia, 1861.</i>]
27	T	John 6. 62.	Ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where He was before.
28	W	1 Pet. 1. 21.	God...gave Him glory. [<i>Niger M. begun, Onitsha, 1857.</i>]
29	T	John 17. 5.	The glory I had with Thee before the world was. <i>Wilberforce</i> [<i>d., 1838.</i>]
30	F	Acts 7. 55.	Stephen...saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the
31	S	Rev. 1. 6.	To Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. <i>Foundation</i> [<i>of C.M.S. College, 1825. W. C. Jones d., 1884.</i>]

TE DEUM.

VII.

 HERE is great blessing to the saints in these words, "Thou sittest." The great work of redemption is accomplished. He sits down. Every priest on earth was continually standing, and working still. There was no seat for him; but this Priest having "finished the work," "sat down." I see perfect reconciliation with God in those words, "Thou sittest."

Yes, "sittest." It is in the present. The "one Offering once offered" covers all time, the elect of all nations. The Sacrifice has never to be repeated. The blood "cleanseth" all believers from all their sins. Is not this blessing?

But the Lord is yet actively employed for His Church. "Thou sittest at the right hand of God." In the place of power. "All power is given unto me, in heaven and in earth." Else, how should we venture to send out our missionaries into the barren fields of heathendom? He has said, "Lo, I am with you alway." Yes, when I look at the Churches gathered out of India and China and Africa, when I see them enduring loss of friends and possessions, and sometimes even of life, for His Name sake, I ask, Whence comes this power, this wonderful fortitude? And here is the answer, "Thou sittest at the right hand of God."

Every convert in the wide world-field is a witness that He liveth.

And He keeps His people. From the temptations of the world, it is He that delivers. And from the wiles of the tempter, and

from the deceitful lusts of our own heart, He rescues and preserves. "The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom." It is so, only because He is "at the right hand of God."

And when sin assaults me this is my chiefest, nay my only consolation. I "have an Advocate with the Father." He ever liveth, and the sin-stains are washed from my conscience by His intercession within the veil. Conscience is always silenced by "the blood that speaketh" for me "in the glory of the Father." I have one there to plead my cause, to "appear in the presence of God for" me. I "sit in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus," the work of my redemption being finished.

So we, who know Him and trust Him, speak His praises in the Church. There are many differences among the brethren, but here, before the Cross, before the Throne of Grace, there is real unity.

J. E. SAMPSON.

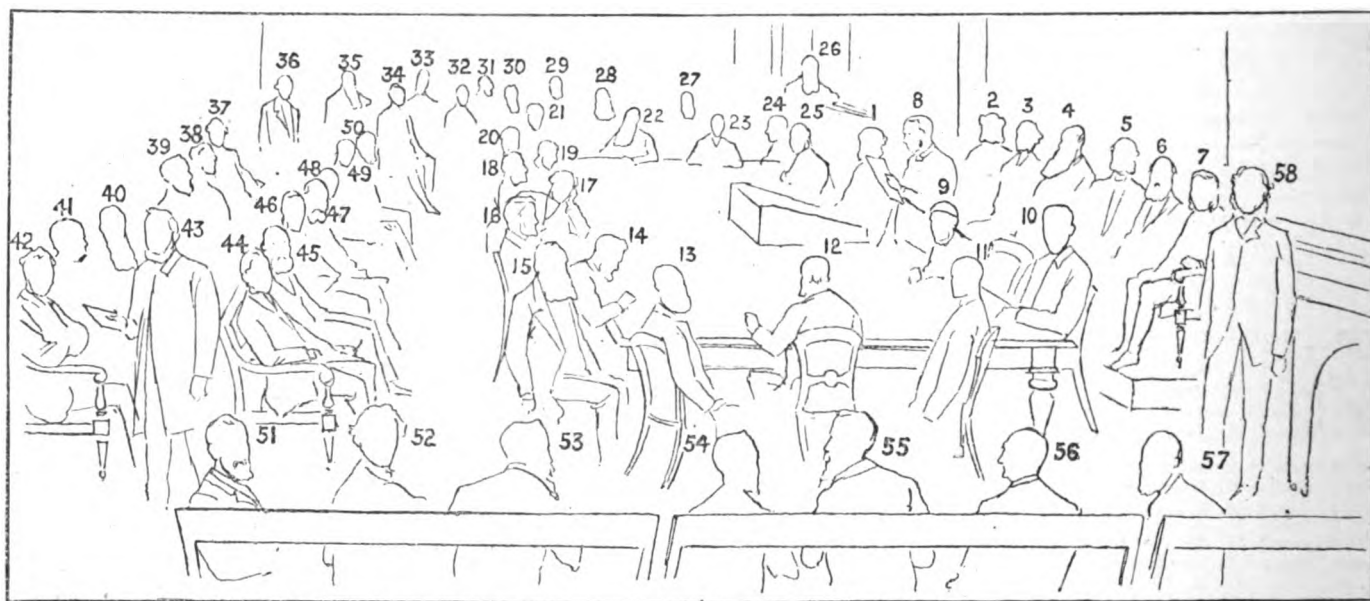
A C.M.S. COMMITTEE MEETING.



THE picture on our centre pages will, we are sure, interest all our friends. It represents the large Committee-room in the New Wing of the Church Missionary House, with the Committee sitting. We have dated the picture a few months back, so as to show our late honoured President, Lord Chichester, in the Chair; and we have also included one or two old members who have been for some time kept away by ill health. Almost all the others represented may be seen in the room pretty regularly. Several, however, who are most regular, but who are only of a year or two's standing, are omitted, as a larger number of heads would have spoilt the picture. There are nearly sixty as it is. But we regret the absence of the late Mr. Joseph Hoare, and of several present members, whose photographs were not in our possession.

The interest of the picture, to those who know the room, is much enhanced by the fact that most of the members are represented seated in the places they usually occupy. In some cases the artist, Mr. Bannister, has caught the attitudes (as described to him by us) as well as the faces; and the grouping as a whole will be pronounced signally successful by those who attend frequently.

The late Lord Chichester, as we have said, is in the Chair. On either side of him are the Secretaries; Mr. Wigram, standing in the act of reading a minute or letter, on his left; Mr. Fenn and Mr. Gray on his right; Mr. Lang and Mr. Sutton at one end of the table; General Hutchinson and Mr. Stock at the other. Two seats in the Secretarial row, however, are always reserved for Bishop Perry and the Principal of the College (Mr. Drury). On the raised bench behind the Chair are Vice-Presidents: the Bishop of Exeter, Mr. A. Beattie (a fellow-worker in India and England for over fifty years), Archdeacon Richardson, Sir John Kennaway, Mr. Arthur Mills (late M.P. for Exeter), and General Sir W. Hill (for some years a frequent chairman, but now long absent from illness). But some Vice-Presidents prefer seats at the table: notably Bishop Alford, who sits next to Mr. Sutton; Captain the Hon. F. Maude, the Treasurer (and now President), who, being deaf, is always just opposite the Chair; and Canon Hoare next to him. Another V.P., Mr. Abel Smith, M.P., is under the far window; two others, Admiral Prevost and Mr. G. Arbuthnot, under the clock; while yet one more, Mr. Sydney Gedge, who sits everywhere by turns, is represented standing by the fire. The other seats at the table are occupied by Mr. R. N. Cust (next to General Hutchinson), Colonel Channer, Mr. Henry Morris (who, however, frequently presides), the Rev. H. W.



KEY TO PICTURE OF THE C.M.S. COMMITTEE ON PAGES 78, 79.

The figures in outline in this Key-block correspond to the figures in the large picture on pages 78, 79. The numbers on the Key-block compared with the numbers printed below will identify the individual members forming the Committee seen in the large picture.

- | | | | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. The late Lord Chichester. | 13. Bishop Alford. | 25. Rev. C. C. Fenn. | 37. Mr. G. Arbuthnot. | 48. Mr. J. A. Strachan. |
| 2. Sir William Mill. | 14. Rev. W. Allan. | 26. Rev. Prebendary Billing. | 38. General MacLagan. | 49. Mr. C. A. Roberts. |
| 3. Mr. Arthur Mills. | 15. Rev. C. Smalley. | 27. Rev. J. S. S. Robertson. | 39. General Lawder. | 50. Canon Hawkeley. |
| 4. Sir John Kennaway. | 16. Canon Hoare. | 28. Rev. J. Long. | 40. General Haig. | 51. Mr. Robert Williams. |
| 5. Archdeacon Richardson. | 17. Capt. the Hon. F. Maude. | 29. Rev. T. L. N. Causton. | 41. Admiral Prevost. | 52. Rev. J. B. Whiting. |
| 6. Mr. A. Beattie. | 18. Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe. | 30. Rev. B. Baring-Gould. | 42. Rev. R. B. Ransford. | 53. Rev. Gilbert Karney. |
| 7. Bishop of Exeter. | 19. Mr. Henry Morris. | 31. Mr. Abel Smith. | 43. Rev. F. F. Goo. | 54. Mr. J. H. Fergusson. |
| 8. Rev. F. E. Wigram. | 20. Colonel Channer. | 32. Rev. W. Abbott. | 44. Sir Douglas Fox. | 55. Rev. J. Barton. |
| 9. Bishop Perry. | 21. Mr. R. N. Cust. | 33. Mr. C. E. Chapman. | 45. Mr. James Stuart. | 56. Rev. H. Sharpe. |
| 10. Rev. T. W. Drury. | 22. General Hutchinson. | 34. Rev. Canon Stewart. | 46. Mr. P. V. Smith. | 57. Rev. W. H. Barlow. |
| 11. Rev. R. Lang. | 23. Mr. Eugene Stock. | 35. Rev. J. M. West. | 47. General Touch. | 58. Mr. Sydney Gedge. |
| 12. Rev. Henry Sutton. | 24. Rev. W. Gray. | 36. Rev. J. P. Hobson. | | |

Webb-Peploe, the Rev. W. Allan (Vicar of St. James', Bermondsey), and the Rev. C. Smalley (Rector of East Thurrock, the oldest clerical member).

On the benches just in front of the spectator will be seen the Rev. W. H. Barlow (Vicar of St. James's, Clapham, formerly Principal of the College), Rev. H. Sharpe (Vicar of Trinity, Hampstead), Rev. John Barton (Vicar of Trinity, Cambridge, formerly of Calcutta and Madras), Mr. J. H. Fergusson (formerly of Calcutta), Rev. Gilbert Karney (St. John's, Hampstead, and Sec. of C.E.Z.M.S.), Rev. J. B. Whiting (Vicar of St. Luke's, Ramsgate, and Commissary of Bishop Crowther), and Mr. R. Williams (the banker). Then the Rev. F. F. Goe (Rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury,) is appropriately represented going away, for he attends the "Clerical Sub-Committee" (on Candidates) most regularly, but is rarely able to stay to the General Committee which immediately follows it. The front bench opposite the Chair is occupied by Sir Douglas Fox (the engineer of the Mersey Tunnel), Mr. James Stuart (formerly of Calcutta, Sec. of C.E.Z.M.S.), Mr. Philip V. Smith (barrister), General Touch, Mr. J. A. Strachan (the Society's honorary stockbroker), Mr. C. A. Roberts (formerly of Madras), and Rev. J. Hawksley (Canon of Saskatchewan); and the bench behind, under the clock, by the Rev. R. B. Ransford (Vicar of St. Jude's, Brixton), Admiral Prevost, General Haig, General Lawder, General MacLagan, and Mr. G. Arbuthnot. At the further end of the room are, in front, the Revs. J. S. S. Robertson (formerly of Bombay), J. Long (Calcutta), B. Baring-Gould (Vicar of St. Michael's, Blackheath), W. Abbott (Vicar of Paddington), and Canon D. D. Stewart (Vicar of Coulsdon); behind, the Rev. T. L. N. Causton (Vicar of St. Matthew's, Croydon), Mr. Abel Smith, M.P. (above mentioned), Mr. C. E. Chapman (formerly of Bombay), and the

Rev. J. M. West (Association Secretary for London); while the Rev. J. P. Hobson (Vicar of Stanstead) is entering the room and the Rev. Prebendary R. C. Billing (Rector of Spitalfields) is standing by the fire.

Besides these, there will often be seen in the Committee-room Mr. H. R. Arbuthnot (son of the V.P.), Mr. H. B. Boswell (formerly of Bombay), Colonel Chitty, Mr. H. Gibson of Ongar, Mr. P. S. Melvill, C.S.I. (late of the Punjab), General Robinson (late of Mauritius), Mr. F. P. Ward (St. John's Wood), General Crofton (late of the Punjab), Mr. W. J. Grane (solicitor), the Rev. A. J. P. Shepherd (late Director of the Children's Home), Rev. H. C. Squires (late of Bombay), Rev. E. Davys (late of Hong Kong), Rev. J. Piper (late of Japan), Rev. A. W. Cribb (formerly of Fuh-chow), Rev. S. D. Stubbs (St. James's, Pentonville), Rev. W. J. Smith (St. John's, Kilburn), Rev. J. Robertson (St. Mary's, Kilburn), Rev. J. W. Pratt (St. Stephen's, Coleman Street), Rev. J. S. Pratt (St. Stephen's, South Lambeth), Rev. A. Isham (Reigate), Rev. J. W. Marshall (St. John's, Blackheath), Rev. S. Bott (St. Jude's, Kensal Green), Rev. U. Davies (St. Matthew's, Islington), &c.

More occasionally, we see Sir T. F. Buxton, Sir Harry Verney, Canon Cadman, Rev. Sholto Douglas, Rev. C. V. Childe, and many other well-known men; while among the familiar faces up to a year or two ago were those of Prebendary Daniel Wilson, Canon Money, the late Dr. Boulbee, and the late Mr. A. Lang. If we went further back, we could give a long list of honoured names; but we must forbear.

Our picture represents the General Committee; but nearly the same members attend the Committee of Correspondence, which is the Executive for the foreign work; and many of the more regular members are at Salisbury Square three or four

days in every week, for smaller bodies, as the Finance Committee, Funds and Home Organisation Committee, Estimates Committee, Patronage Committee, Ecclesiastical Sub-Committee, Clerical Sub-Committee, Publications Sub-Committee, Personal Grants Sub-Committee, Landed Property Sub-Committee, and the Sub-Committees which severally go through the despatches from the various Missions, and arrange minor business for the larger Committees.

A CONVERTED PERSIAN DERVISH.



THE Rev. Dr. Bruce has sent an account of a journey lately made by one of his assistants, Mr. G. Macherdish, to Ooroomiah, a district in the North-West of Persia. Mr. Macherdish acts as Bible colporteur, and it was in this capacity that the journey was made. While in Ooroomiah he visited the Mission of the American Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, begun there over fifty years ago, and from the missionaries heard of the conversion of a Persian Dervish, who had, in consequence of his profession, been much persecuted. Mr. Macherdish visited the man, and sends the following interesting account of him:—

While at Ooroomiah we went to visit Agha Syed Mirza Khaleel, the learned and intelligent dervish who has accepted Jesus Christ as his Lord and Saviour. He was a dervish (as his father was before him), and a respectable and clever one, too. Some years ago he was led by the Holy Spirit to think of the sinful nature of man, and his need of a Saviour to save him from his sins, and thereby to make him fit for the Kingdom of Heaven. His soul, so to say, craved for his salvation; and, according to his story, the religion of Mohammed could not satisfy those cravings. Consequently, he became indifferent to that religion, and sought, in other religions, a salvation which might satisfy the longings of his soul. He left his village and travelled in Azerbaijan, going about from place to place. He tried Baabism and other branches of the Mohammedan religion in Persia, and Judaism, but all to no purpose. Being unsuccessful, he was obliged to return to his own place with a very heavy heart.

He one day went to visit a friend. His eye happened to fall on a shelf, where a few books lay covered with dust. Being a learned man and a scholar, he got up to see what the books were, and the first which he took up was entitled the *Enjil* [New Testament]. He asked his friend what book it was, who told him that some time ago an Armenian goldsmith had presented him with it; but that having read parts of it, he had found it to be a useless book, containing many queer things said of the prophet Jesus. On hearing this he was moved with a desire to read the book; and opening it and reading a portion, he concluded that it could not be useless and queer as described to be. So he asked his friend to lend it to him for a few days, which he was not only glad to do, but presented the book to him. Taking it home, he began to read it from the beginning, and by the time he had finished it, he was, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, convinced of its truth.

This was five years ago—in 1880. He found that all believers must be baptized and partake of the Lord's Supper, so he made another journey to Tabreez and to Ooroomiah, presenting himself to the missionaries there as a candidate for baptism. The missionaries, after due examination, baptized him, and on his wishing to return, and asking for the Holy Communion, they administered to him the Sacrament. At Ooroomiah, where he stayed some time, he got more light and knowledge of the truth of Christianity, and returned to his village to be, in the hands of Almighty God, a means of giving the light of the Gospel to his countrymen.

Mirza Syed Khaleel is very eloquent, and has an amazing knowledge of the Bible, especially of the New Testament, passages of which he has learned by heart through repeating them so often. He has been successful in convincing a few friends, not only in his own village but also in the neighbouring village of Mahmoudjak. These come to him at stated times, when he reads and explains the New Testament to them. He has five sons and three daughters, all of whom he is bringing up in his newly-found religion. He has family prayers every night, and reading



A PERSIAN DERVISH.

of God's Word, and sometimes they are obliged to shut their doors, and put out their lights to pray, for fear of the neighbours interrupting them.

But he is now in a very low condition, temporally, having spent all his money in going about from place to place seeking salvation. He has no work now, and no one will lend him any money to make capital to trade with. His children are not allowed to read in the schools, and so he is obliged to keep them at home and teach them himself. The people of the village keep aloof from him, as they are afraid of being convinced of the truth of Christianity, and led to accept it.

Now this is what a single copy of the Word of God has accomplished, without the agency of human power.

A YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER'S LEGACY.

IN September last year, Mr. Alfred T. Knight, B.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, naval instructor of H.M.S. *Audacious*, died in the Naval Hospital at Yokohama, Japan. He left all he possessed, about £320, to the Church Missionary Society, "as likely to secure," writes his father, the Rev. T. Knight, of Woodford, Wilts, "in the most efficient way for the promotion of the Gospel of the Lord and Master he so dearly loved, and so ardently desired to serve in life and death. He made it a point of honour to inquire on the spot, when possible, into any charges brought against missionaries, and in no case did he find current stories to their discredit to be true; but he was enabled to testify on many occasions to the solid and truly Christian character of their work, and to their patient labour, suffering, and self-denial." His desire was, when freed from official duties, to be a missionary himself.

THE Rev. J. W. Tims, of the Blackfoot Mission, Saskatchewan, invites Christian farmers to go out to that great and fertile country, through which the Canadian Pacific Railway now runs, and to "settle down on land at present unoccupied," farm the land, employ the Indians, and seek to win them to Christ.

SKETCHES OF HUMBLE LIFE IN EGYPT.

By Miss M. L. WHATELY.

II.—FATMEH; OR, THE HUT ON THE SAND.

CHAPTER II.

“T WAS sitting on that bit of wall where Hassan is now, this afternoon while the sun was warm, for truly sleeping there with the wind blowing through the reeds is cold, and I was not feeling well. I had got some thread to wind for the weaver, and while I sat there turning the wheel* and enjoying the sun on my shoulders, when I saw a foreign lady, a Frangee apparently, coming through the palms, and presently she stood still watching the winding, and after a minute she came near and smiled at me cheerfully and saluted me. I could tell she was not of our country by her accent, still she spoke Arabic and seemed to know the country; she asked to look at the way of winding thread, and said it was pretty work.

“Then she said, ‘What is that?’ pointing to this booth of reeds. ‘Do you live there?’ said she, surprised, and no wonder.

“‘Lady,’ said I, ‘we have houses; huts they are indeed, but built with walls like other people’s, but for our misfortune the river destroyed them—God’s name be praised,’ I added, for it would be wrong, and not lucky indeed, to speak evil of the river, which is God’s gift. ‘But,’ I continued, ‘except our lives, we saved little from this year’s flood.’

“‘Did you lose a great deal?’ said she, with a kind look, as if sorry for us.

“‘I had not much to lose, lady,’ said I, ‘but most of what I had went in the flood. My buffalo, poor thing! most of the fowls, and all the few things we had, except our clothes, and those so wet that we all got cold; the eldest boy was ill for two weeks, but thank God we are alive.’

“‘And were all the huts broken or melted?’ said the lady.

“‘Nay,’ I answered, ‘a few were out of reach of the worst of the flood, and were only partially broken down; but these melted away like sugar.’

“‘So that is why you had to make wretched little places like these?’ asked she, and again pointed to the reeds there.

“‘Why of course,’ said I, ‘they are poor places, but better than no shelter. We shall build by-and-by, but the men are all busy; and I having none to help me, my boys yet young, what can I do? We must wait.’

“‘Then,’ said the lady, coming nearer to me, and sitting down just like one of ourselves on the ground, ‘will you build them again like the old ones? Why not build them of stone?’

“‘Lady, dost thou see Tourra out yonder, over the river?’ I said. ‘Yes, yes, it is easy there for them to build of stone, the rocks are all around them, and the quarries are close. A little way from the water it is all rock; I have been there and I know,’ said I, ‘for indeed, sister, that is why they have no such crops as we have; on the other side it is all stone and rock!’”

“‘True,’ answered Zobeide, “we have better corn here, and more clover a hundred times than on the mountain-side, still they are not in such danger from the floods.”

“‘By God’s mercy it may be very long before another comes; but let me go on with my story.’

“‘Yes, go on,’ observed Hassan, nodding.

“‘The stranger had a book in her hand, and she began turning it over as she asked me if I had ever heard of God’s Word.

“‘I said, ‘There is a young man in a village not far off, who gets books from people who come in a Nile boat, and give them to those who can read. He has read some to me and the neighbours several times; they have nice stories and good words. And Hassan, that is the young man,’ said I, ‘my sister’s son he is, told me that they were out of the Word of God!’”

Hassan here descended from his perch on the ruined wall, and came to sit close to the embers of the fire to be near his aunt.

“‘Is that so, aunt?’ he said. “‘This is news I like to hear, for my little brother has torn the book I got last year to pieces—good for nothing little thing—and the one I had before that, a young Copt I know coaxed me into giving it to him; he gave me no peace, saying it was the Gospel of St. Matthew, and he wanted it most of all because it tells about the

Lord Jesus taking flight to Egypt. Now I want another. I have only a very small old book with short stories left.”

“‘Well, Hassan, they are here anchored off our coast, the people of the book, as they call them, I hear. Go and get one to-morrow; I am sure they will give thee one.”

“‘Mashallah,’ said he. “‘But now finish the story, aunt, I wish to hear the rest.”

“‘The lady,’ continued Fatmeh, “said there was a story about a house built on sand or mud like ours, and she wanted to read it to me if I was willing.”

“‘Good,’ said I, so I stopped the wheel and she read about—let me see—a wise man: first he built a house and made the foundation on the rock, and it was so strong then that when a flood came and a great wind also, it stood firm! Then there was a foolish fellow who built his house on sand. (We don’t do this from foolishness, I told her, but poverty; if I were rich I would bring a boat-load of stones from Tourra.) She smiled then, and said this was not real men and real houses, but a parable; and then the flood came and wind and rain and destroyed all the house on the sand, just like mine. All his buffaloes were no doubt drowned, and it was his fault, because he might have had rock like the wise man.”

“‘And the meaning?’ said Hassan. “‘I think I know; but do thou tell us, aunt, what she said.”

“‘Why, she said the book explained it, and read a little bit further back, where the Lord Esa [Moslems always call Jesus by this name] said whoever heard what He taught,—His good words, and did right and did as the Word taught him, was like the wise man. And the people that would not attend, and went on thinking only of this world, were like the fool. And she said more, but I forget, I am stupid.”

“‘Women are stupid,’ observed her nephew, which not very polite remark only elicited a good-humoured smile. Hassan, who was not unkind and really liked his aunt, patted her on the back, the universal *soother* in Egypt, and desired her to try and recollect something more.

“‘Well, she told me beautiful things, sister, I assure you,’ turning to both her hearers. “‘How God loved us, and sent the Word to show us the truth, and about a place in heaven for every one who had their house on the rock—but it was not a house really.”

“‘It means our souls, dost thou not see?’ said Hassan, who, though still very ignorant of Scripture, had not been reading portions from time to time without effect. “‘One of the gentlemen in the boat,’ he continued, “once read that very story to me and some others. Truly, I forgot more than I ought of it, but now it all comes back to me, and it is beautiful!”

“‘But,’ said his mother, a timid woman, and less intelligent than her son or her sister, “the book was Christian, and perhaps the lady was also Christian, and if so it is not good for us Moslems to listen to or read what is Christian. Let us keep to our book; the sheikhs tell us it is the only good book in the whole world, and that Christians are bad.”

“‘Some are bad no doubt,’ replied Hassan, “such as drink spirits for instance; but these people are a different sort of Christians from *that*, they are people of the book, and the book is God’s Word—the *Tora* and *Angeel* [i.e., Old and New Testament], which our Koran allows to be a good book, and I have read many parts and they were all good. See now, mother, one who loves God obeys Him, does not commit vile actions, speaks truth, is kind to his neighbours, and trusts on God and not on himself; he is like a man whose house is on a rock, and at the Day of Judgment will be on God’s right hand, and the perverse and foolish sinners who stop their ears will then be overwhelmed like a house built on sand!”

“‘There is no harm in these words, my son,’ said Zobeide. “‘And, sister, did the lady tell you if they stay here to-night?’

“‘Yes, she said till noon to-morrow, or even later perhaps, according to the wind; and they brought books,’ she added, “which they give without money, freely, to those that can read well, and that desire earnestly to have them. I am tired now,” added Fatmeh, “but, Mashallah, before I sleep I will say the prayer the lady told me; she made me repeat it many times, coaxing me by kind and loving words; I hope I can still recollect it. ‘God be merciful to—’”

“‘Me a sinner,’ cried her nephew promptly. “‘I read that in the Gospel of St. Luke.’”


* The peasant women in Egypt wind yarn for the weavers on a simple machine made of reeds, ingenious and cheap though so primitive.

The poor woman repeated it over two or three times, and then adding O Lord! once or twice, she wrapped her scanty garments round her, and crept into the wigwam, where the three children lay fast asleep, and Zobeide quickly followed her. If they were not warm in spite of the poor shelter, it would be strange (in that mild climate), for the space in which the five human beings lay like herrings in a barrel was very circumscribed. Hassan outside rolled his cloak over his head and put a bundle of straw under it, and was soon sound asleep, for though it was yet early, people who have to be up before dawn, and who have nothing to do in the dark, soon retire to rest.

LETTERS FROM THE BISHOP OF LAHORE.

(Extracts from private letters in continuation of the one printed in the GLEANER of May.)

MOOLTAN, March 19th.

UST now we are learning much from the young converts of whom I wrote by last mail. The one I baptized at Narowal (that wet and stormy Sunday) has been seized and carried off by his violent, fanatical brother, and is kept imprisoned at present, no Christian being allowed access to him. The Mahomedan gentleman (Nauroz Ali) who accompanied him to Narowal, encouraging and backing him up, though not then baptized, was baptized the next day; and last Sunday the Native officer (a sirdar or nobleman) was baptized at Amritzur before a great crowd, who were much exasperated; and some pressed into the church, scarcely believing that after all he would be received into the Church. But with firm and fearless voice, in their presence, he made his confession, and again Christ was glorified, and the slain witness rose and stood up upon his feet. Mr. Lefroy, of Delhi, was so full of joy that he proposed to sing a Te Deum at once! I have been working out a sermon to-day on the words, "He shall divide the spoil with the strong, because He hath poured out His soul unto death." As one grows older the more glorious and heavenly such words appear, and one is ashamed to think how marred one's work has been though spared so many years to take it in hand. What a grand trio have Messrs. Gordon, Kay, and Bateman been! Two taken, one left. To Mr. Bateman, however, the blessing of the most marked and ever-growing success has been granted. Mr. Shirreff is encouraged by the promise of a little additional group of students for the Native Pastorate College from Batala and elsewhere. Brig Lal, a very promising student from Multan, will be ordained, I believe, deacon at Christmas, and Dina Nath, priest. You would have been gladdened by the flocking together of Native Christians from far and near at the Batala Church consecration. My sermon was chiefly on the kingly and priestly office of the Jewish people once, and now, in a higher sense, of the Church of God, symbolised and promoted by holy times and places, realised and perfected through Him Who loved us and washed us from our sins, and hath made us kings and priests unto God. Nine youths from the Batala School were confirmed the next day—a happy day to me, because I knew how some of their hearts were truly consecrated, and largely expectant of blessing.

RAWUL PINDEE, April 5th.

We had an important committee meeting of the C.M.S. last Friday evening, at which were present three of our chief doctors, two of the judges of the High Court, and the Finance Commissioner, besides missionaries. A memorial was drawn up and agreed to, to be forwarded to Government, requesting for a decision to be given as to the youth who was seized by his father and a fanatical mob after his baptism in February, and delivered up in court to their tender mercies (in spite of the pleadings and protests of the youth himself to the British authorities) on the ground of toleration and liberty of conscience. The matter has created much indignation even amongst officers not decided Christian men. Though the youth, after holding out fourteen days, was driven on the 15th, in the presence of six men armed with daggers, to read the Mahomedan confession of faith, Mr. Mayer (our missionary) says he denies ever having recanted or proved false to Christ.

I am now going to Amritzur for a week's visitation, to examine the various schools, hospitals, and other Mission institutes, and to preach in the English and Native churches. Miss Hewlett has just returned, full of

zeal and vigour for her work. The Alexandra School has about eighty girls. The Arya Samāj is like a freshly buttressed fortress, behind which Hinduism may be stoutly defended. Christ is riding on, however, "conquering and to conquer," and this will be growingly verified if only our motto be, "He must increase, and I must decrease."

Having preached four times yesterday at Rawul Pindée, thrice to military congregations and once to the Native Christians, and up at five this morning to journey, I write as I go along by train, which is rather difficult. Opposite me are the snow-capped Murree Hills, and on the other a mountain 7,000 feet high called *Sakaur*, on which Mr. Gordon built a small summer retreat for invalided missionaries.

We lost such an excellent officer lately in a skirmish with marauders on the frontier out here, Colonel Hutchinson, brother of the C.M.S. Finance Secretary. His widow is bent on raising a little memorial church at the station where his regiment has long been, if she, with others, can succeed in raising funds for it. How blessed is this life out of death!

ON CERTAIN DEATHS LAST YEAR.

[The news of Lord Shaftesbury's death, and of three boys in U-Ganda being roasted to death, reached Archdeacon Moule in Shanghai at about the same time, and suggested to him the following lines.]



OW sets in glory the wide-circling sun;
The latest hour of evening toil is done;
And soon before their Lord
The elder and the younger workers stand,
Then, humbly kneeling, from that pierced Hand
Receive the same reward.

Here, where with murmuring swell or tempest roar
The heaving channel frets along the shore,
The good Earl falls asleep.

There, where with distant blue Nyanza gleams,
Down the long shafts of Afrio's fierce sunbeams,
Three fiery chariots sweep.

Blest psalm and promise from th' eternal word,
Like heaven's notes, by his dying ears are heard
Who "loved and served" so long;
And there, triumphant over sword and fire,
The three, heard by the hushed celestial choir
Still their own cries with song.

Here the great Abbe's doors thrown open wide
Welcome the feet of London's mourning tide
In transept, aisle, and nave;
There, circled round as by a fenish wall
Of gibe and curse, the martyrs' ashes fall
Into a nameless grave.

O wondrous meeting in the home above!
By blest acquaintance with the Saviour's love
All hearts and hands are tied.
The great philanthropist forgets his fame,
The martyrs speak not of the sword and flame
Before the Crucified!

A. E. MOULE.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

A "Service of Song" for the C.M.S.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am sure you will be glad to hear of an effort which has lately been made on behalf of the C.M.S. At the time of the simultaneous meetings in February it was suggested to me by one of my fellow-teachers in the Sunday-school that we might do something to help fill the box, which every Sunday went round to each class, but only received a stray halfpenny or penny.

After due consideration we decided that we might get up a Service of Song; so we got a choir together, some of whom were very young children (as it is not a large school), and practised them for some time.

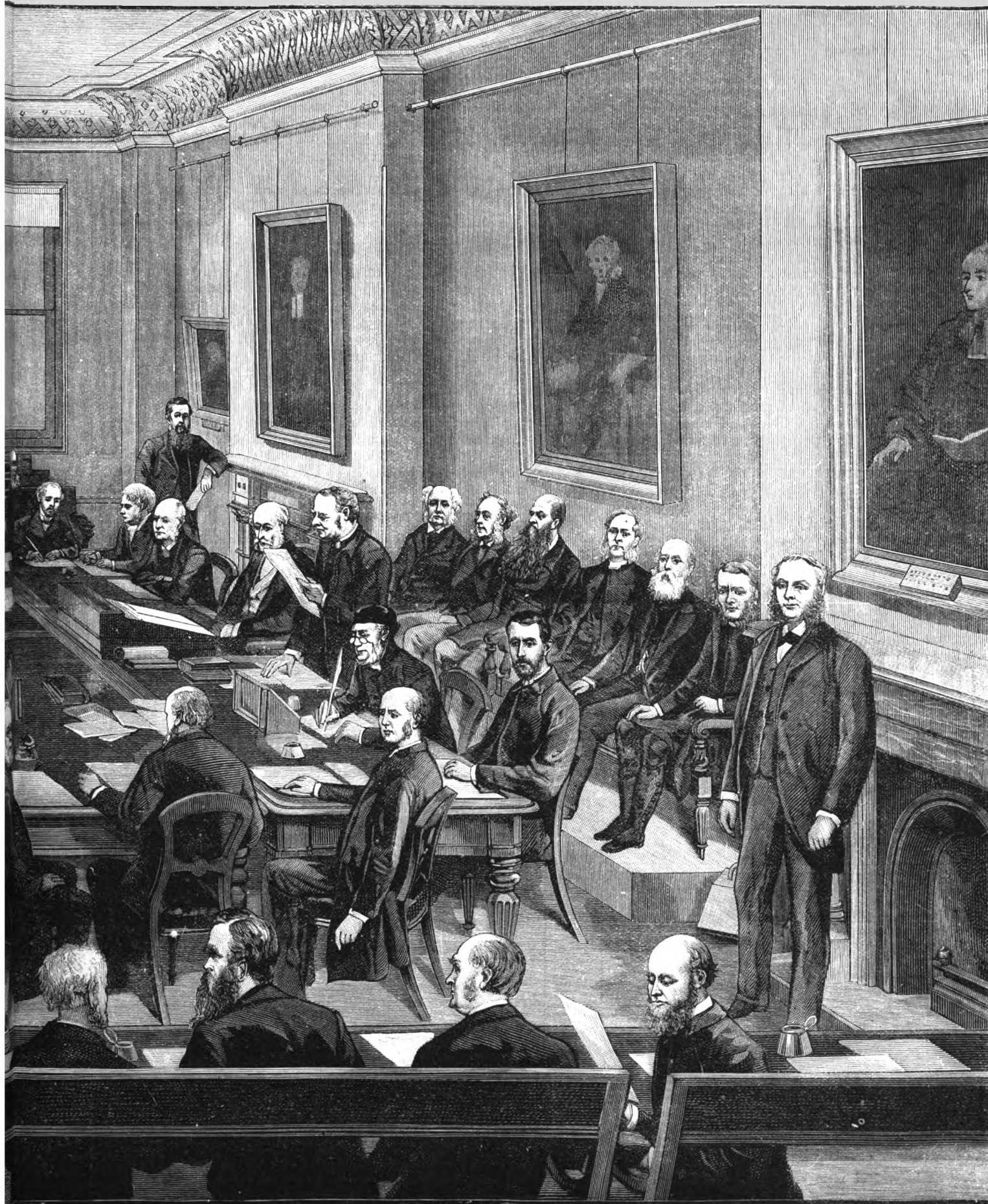
We then sent out notices of our intended gathering, and on the appointed evening the parents and friends of the children came to hear "Jessica's First Prayer," and a more charming sight you could not wish to see. Our superintendent (Mr. Ewins) kindly read for us, and our clergyman (Rev. T. Owens) spoke some very encouraging words of our humble efforts on behalf of the C.M.S. It was quite a success, and we were able to put 15s. in the box, and our expenses were nil. The papers for singing and the printing were paid for by the teachers. All present were so pleased with their evening's entertainment, that they asked us to get up another as soon as possible.

Weymouth.

Yours faithfully,
ROSE E. DOWELL.



THE COMMITTEE ROOM OF THE CHURCH MISSION
Digitized by Google



LIBRARY SOCIETY. (See Key-block on page 74.)

Special Notice to all Readers of the Gleaner.

THE GLEANERS' UNION,

For Prayer and Work.

"Let me now go to the field, and glean. And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field."—*Ruth* ii. 2, 3.



THE Editor of the CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER invites all members, friends, and supporters of the Church Missionary Society to enroll themselves members of the new GLEANERS' UNION.

Not the *Gleaner* Union, but the GLEANERS' UNION—the UNION OF GLEANERS. Every member, by enrolling his name, undertakes to become a Missionary Gleaner.

What is he to glean?

1. He is to glean, out of the field of Holy Scripture, the messages of God regarding His purposes of mercy to mankind, His commands to His people to make Christ known everywhere, and His promises of blessing to all who work for Him.

2. He is to glean knowledge and information about the heathen and Mohammedan world, about missionary work in the world, and, in particular, about the Church Missionary Society; first, for his own instruction and profit, and secondly, for use in interesting others in the cause.

3. He is to glean the sympathies and the services of others to help in the work. Every Gleaner is to invite others to become Gleaners.

4. He is to glean the offerings of young and old, rich and poor, for the treasury of God.

5. Lastly, but first of all and above all, he is to glean blessings from the bounteous hand of the Lord, for Missions and Missionaries and Missionary helpers at home and abroad, by regular and definite prayer in union with his fellow-Gleaners.

Every enrolled Gleaner will receive a card of membership, or (shall we say?) a card of Gleanership.

Every enrolled Gleaner is invited to join in prayer, either

(a) Daily, following the Church Missionary cycle of prayer;

(b) Or, weekly, on Thursday, the day of the Ascension of Christ, and the day of the C.M.S. Weekly Prayer Meeting.

Every enrolled Gleaner may, if he desire it, receive the Monthly *Church Missionary Gleaner*, or the Quarterly *Gleanings from the Gleaner*, direct from the Church Missionary House to his own address, subject to the conditions below.

How to become a Gleaner.

Send your name and address to the Editor of the *Church Missionary Gleaner*, Salisbury Square, London, E.C. It will be best to use the enclosed form.

Remit One Penny, for a Card of "Gleanership"; and also, if desired—

One Shilling and Sixpence if you wish the C.M. GLEANER posted to you monthly.

Sixpence, if you wish the *Quarterly Paper* ("Gleanings from the Gleaner") posted to you quarterly.

One Penny, for a Cycle of Prayer on a wall-sheet, or on a stout card. (N.B.—Those who do not order a Cycle in this form will receive it in the smaller form with the Card of Membership).

P.O. Orders payable to General George Hutchinson, Lay Secretary.

Four things to be noted.

1. There is no necessity for any one to order the C.M. *Gleaner* or the *Quarterly Paper* in the way above suggested. Those who prefer to obtain them through a bookseller, or in any other way, can still do so, and thus save the postage. Nor is a member obliged to take either of them at all.

2. The card will be renewed yearly, so that the register of members may be kept accurate.

3. One individual member can act for others, sending their

names, remitting their fees, and receiving their cards. Forms of application can be had in any number.

4. Members desiring to glean contributions for the Church Missionary Society should do so in co-operation with any Parochial or other local Association that may exist. Missionary boxes and collecting cards should be obtained from local secretaries of associations, and money collected should be paid to local treasurers. But where there is no local organisation, and no one to receive money for the Society, offerings collected may be sent to Salisbury Square direct. In all cases the members' fees (as above) must be sent to Salisbury Square.

Why is the GLEANERS' UNION formed?

1. Because it is desired to perpetuate the special influence of the February Simultaneous Meetings. The key-note of those meetings was that Foreign Missions are the work, not of missionaries only, not of missionary committees only, but of all members of the Church of Christ; and that the work should be joined in, not merely by money gifts, but by prayer, sympathy, interest, personal effort. "F. S. M." meant "February Simultaneous Meetings"; but it might stand for "*Fellowship in the Service of Missions*." To promote this fellowship it is desired to band all missionary helpers together in the GLEANERS' UNION, and thus to bind them to one another and to the Society, not by the link of a money subscription, but by the link of union in prayer and work.

2. Because there are large numbers of friends and fellow-helpers scattered over the country in places where there is no active local organisation, and no opportunity of union and fellowship with others in the same neighbourhood. It will be a great gain to bring these into direct regular communication with headquarters in Salisbury Square. They will then feel that they belong, as they really do, to a great missionary army.

3. Because, while some new means of encouraging present helpers of the cause and calling out new ones is proved by the "F. S. M." campaign to be required, it is not desirable to start an elaborate organisation involving the leading clerical and lay friends of the Society, who work the existing Associations and County Unions, in fresh labour and responsibility. Hence it is that the plan has been adopted of inviting members for the new Union, not by circular through the various Secretaries and Treasurers and the parochial clergy, but direct through the pages of the C.M. *Gleaner*. The GLEANERS' UNION will be a non-official self-working and self-extending Band, or League, or Alliance, destined, we hope, to help all existing Church Missionary organisations while interfering with none of them.

It is proposed (D.V.) to begin the practical working of the GLEANERS' UNION in October. Communications at once are invited from all quarters. We hope that in the next month or two a great many names may be received. The cards will be sent out early in October, and the C.M. *Gleaner* or *Quarterly Paper* will be sent from that date to those who have ordered it.

If it is found that our friends generally approve of the plan, and that large numbers join, a page of the C.M. *Gleaner* will be set apart every month for accounts, notices, instructions, hints, &c., for the members of the GLEANERS' UNION.

We desire to begin modestly and quietly. But why should not the GLEANERS' UNION become in time a powerful body, with world-wide influence? Why should not our Native converts be "Gleaners" too? And why should not the result be a real move forward in missionary interest and sympathy and enterprise?

We ask the prayers of all our friends in this matter. We desire that nothing should be done, no plan formed, no step taken, without the guidance of the Master Whose we are and Whom we serve. We think that so far "the thing is of the Lord," that He has guided His servants to originate and propose the plan. Let us pray that it may be for His glory.

A CHINESE NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A LETTER FROM MID-CHINA.



DEAR MR. EDITOR,—So you are not tired of Mid-China, but want to hear more of us! I am very glad of that, and will willingly do my share, not I hope to satiate, but to stimulate your appetite; only you must tell me what sort of things you like to know.

The Chinese Sunday is just over! They have a Sunday once a year, generally on a week-day. Of course it is not really Sunday, we must wait a little longer for that; but every New Year's Day they shut their shops and get up late, so that just for once, on the morning of the Chinese New Year, there is a break in the unceasing daily round of buying and selling and hubbub of city life; and the closed shop fronts and quiet streets remind us a little of the old Sundays at home.

For some days the people are in a holiday mood, and indeed so important is the New Year's season that even the Post takes a holiday, and throughout the empire we are left for several days in total ignorance of what is happening to our neighbours and in the outside world. Fancy such a thing in London! Post blocked for a whole week! What would become of you all? Yet the Chinaman is quite unperturbed, a week more or less is not of much consequence to him; he likes to take things easily, and acts habitually as if he knew for certain he, and the rest of the world with him, were fated to live as long as Methuselah. Of English rush and wear and tear he knows nothing. Happy man! But oh I *should* like to see him alive and awake, *hastening to serve God*.

Can you imagine holiday time without any outdoor games, athletic exercises, or excursion trains? Here we have no trains, excursion or otherwise (only the electric telegraph, never forget that); and as for sports, the only one I know of is kite-flying, in which old and young take part, but not to any great extent, and only at this season of the year. The boys have peg-tops in the peg-top month, and play pitch-and-toss all the year round. Of course gambling in many forms is sadly prevalent. But the *proper* way of spending your holidays is to saunter idly and with dignity in the streets and places of resort, arrayed in your choicest silks, with a pipe as long as a walking-stick in one hand and a tiny birdcage in the other, vacantly enjoying the sense of having nothing to do and nothing to think about.

The tea-shops—not public-houses, thank God—are crowded at this season. Public singers (*such* singing!) fortune-tellers, tellers of stories, Punch and Judy proprietors, proprietors of peep-shows, play-actors, acrobats, conjurers, sweetmeat sellers, trinket sellers, booksellers, and sellers of second-hand clothes, dentists, quack-doctors, beggars, and other professional people ply their trade with unusual vigour.

And we, too, try to seize the opportunity. A little account of an afternoon in the streets may interest you. On the Chinese New Year's Day, Morgan from Ningpo, Coultas, and I, armed with but a slender stock of language, but with a good stock of books, after prayer with others in Bishop Moule's drawing-room, went out together. We started for the City Hill, the favourite promenade ground of Chinese holiday makers, but on the way we found so much to do that the hill was never reached. We are all young hands, you know. I am two years old, Morgan one year, and Coultas about one month. Whilst doing my best to talk to little groups which gathered round, I found both Morgan and Coultas each with a goodly company around him equally busy with myself. Morgan was greatly refreshed. Finding himself alone in the midst of the people, what could he do but talk to them? And he found to his joy God gave him words which his hearers evidently understood.

And Coultas, he beat us both! With the most delightful smile, and with much courtesy, he would approach a gentleman, or it might be a coolie, passing by, and holding out a book would say, "Pah-ko dong-dzien," i.e., eight cash, the price of the book. (It is thought better to sell the books for a small sum than to give them away.) The stranger thus accosted would take the book to look at, others would gather round, and somehow (a mystery to me) Coultas would keep them for a long time thoroughly interested, and succeeded in selling several books. Then he would pass on and make friends with others. What he said to them, or rather how at this early stage he could say anything, is best known to himself, but he appeared to be sticking closely to the point, "Pah-ko

dong-dzien." All irrelevant questions were at once brushed aside, and the inquirer was brought back face to face with the book and its modest price, "eight cash" (less than one halfpenny). "What is your honourable name?" "Eight cash." "Where is your exalted mansion?" "Eight cash." "How many sons have you?" "Eight cash." "What is your venerable age?" "Eight cash." "Which is your honourable country?" "Eight cash." "How much foreign money did your coat cost?" "Eight cash." "And your boots?" "Eight cash." And so on; each time holding out the book to the erring inquirer with the happiest disregard of anything else but the all-important "eight cash."

And really important it was too, for if one should buy the book who can tell what blessing it might bring to him, and through him to hundreds more? Who can tell? Our God so often uses such little things and such little people to accomplish His great designs.

Sometimes a book would be asked for as a gift, whereupon Coultas, who understands the Chinese word for "give," would express by his face such profound astonishment—"A gentleman like you begging for charity! Surely now you won't grudge me these few cash?"—that the gentleman in question would be quite overcome, and very likely pay up his money without further hesitation. Altogether we returned home happy. It is certainly very wonderful that God should entrust to us young men His Divine message of love and mercy to give to some of the people in China. Pray that we may know our privilege. Pray that we may be faithful to our responsibility, and abundantly avail ourselves of His abounding grace.

Here I should stop, but I must tell you of a woman I overtook on my way back from the open-air preaching, which all the missionaries in Hang-chow, with the help of Native Christians, are again uniting to carry on day by day in some public part of the city. You remember it was inaugurated last year by Bishop Moule. Holding up a large green umbrella, though it was quite fine, and carrying a lighted lantern, though it was quite light, and with a child's garment on her arm, she was slowly walking along the street, plaintively calling some one by name. *The poor thing was looking for the departed soul of her sick child!* Every one, you know, is supposed to have three souls, and the child was so sick it was evident one of its souls had already departed, and was hovering about in the neighbourhood. She was calling it to come back; the lantern was to enable it to find its way; the child's garment on her arm it would at once recognise and reinhabit; and the umbrella overhead would protect it from the sun, and make it otherwise snug and comfortable. On her return to the house she would lay the garment on her child, and the recaptured soul, thus conducted back, would enter in and dispel the sickness!

Now, in the face of such darkness, amongst a really intelligent, civilized, sensible people, I ask how many hundreds of God's ambassadors are coming out to China to tell such as these of the blessed hope of everlasting life through Christ Jesus?

HANG-CHOW, Feb. 15th, 1886.

J. HEYWOOD HORSBURGH.

"DESCRIBE HEAVEN TO ME."

THE Rev. J. R. Longley Hall, Secretary of the C.M.S. Mission in Palestine, gives the following touching account of the death of the wife of the Native teacher at Abûd:—

At Abûd the wife and one of the children of the teacher died during the past year, and their prolonged illnesses hindered the teacher very much in his work. Nevertheless, there has been much encouragement. The day before the teacher's wife died I went over to see her. I found her very ill, and evidently dying. I prayed with her, and spoke to her, but I could not obtain from her any statement or expression which might assure me that she was a true Christian. After two or three hours I prepared to leave, and was on the point of mounting my horse when I was called back by the sudden news that the woman was just dying. I returned, and found her apparently just passing away. However, she revived after a few minutes, and seemed much better, although able to speak only with very great difficulty. She was again conscious, and asked for her only child. Feeling that it might be my last opportunity of ascertaining the state of her soul, I said, "Jesus loves you much. Do you love Him?" Her only reply was, "There are two worlds." I said, "Yes! there is this world and heaven." "Oh! yes," she said, with some excitement, "describe heaven to me." Thinking that her strength was small, her mind feeble, and the fewer words used the better, I merely replied, "Heaven is where Jesus dwells." She moved her head in a very



THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS. (See Note on next page.)

restless way, and said, "Oh! describe heaven. Don't you know what I mean by 'describe'?" I then said, "In heaven there is no sin or sorrow, temptation, pain, or sickness. There is a perfect rest and joy and holiness in heaven. There every one is spotlessly holy. Those who have gone there from earth have been great sinners, but they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." "Ah! yes," she said eagerly, "that is what I wanted you to say. He has washed my sins away." After more prayer, and some words of comfort for those standing round, I said, "Good-bye." The woman then appeared quite unconscious, and I therefore did not speak a word to her. But, as I was on the point of leaving the room, she called out loudly to me, and I returned. She said, "It is all right. It is all well with me."

It is needless to say that I went away happy, and when I heard of her death the next day, I could but rejoice that she was safely folded.

Reading Unions.

MISS H. PATTINSON, of Keswick, whose letter on the formation of Reading Unions for the systematic reading of missionary literature appeared in the GLEANER last October, writes that the Union started some years ago by the late Rev. G. C. Hodgson, will be continued by Mrs. Hodgson, who still resides for the present at the Vicarage, Corbridge-on-Tyne.

FUH-KIEN MISSION.

Gleanings from the Rev. J. R. Wolfe's Report.

Dying Testimonies.



THE dying testimony of Lazarus of Tang Tong, was, "Thanks, great thanks, to God, my Father, I am saved! I am going home to see the blessed face of Jesus. I greatly thank the grace of the Heavenly Father. I am not afraid to die. I am glad to go. I am saved, thank the Heavenly Father! Thanks to Hu Sing Sang [Mr. Wolfe], who told me of His love to me, give my thanks to Hu Sing Sang, and tell him I am going home. I shall see his face in heaven. Don't forget to thank him." This message was recently delivered to me by the Native Christian that was charged by the dying saint to bring it to me.

Another old Christian said, "Glory be to God for His great grace. I am happy. I am going home. I greatly, greatly thank the Heavenly Father for having sent Hu Sing Sang to speak to me, and tell me of the Heavenly Father's love. It was that wonderful day. I thank God for that day he spoke to me. I did not like it. I wanted to get away, but he would not let me go. He told me of the Heavenly Father's love. Oh, thank him, thank him, he told me of God's love." These were his last words, and they were brought to me by the catechist who was charged to do so by this dear old saint.

This latter case is truly an encouragement to sow beside all waters, and to scatter the good seed all round on every side. I met him about four years ago on the roadside, and spoke to him of God. He was absolutely ignorant. I told him the story of God's love in Jesus. He seemed at first indifferent, and said he was too old to think of giving up his old ways, and wanted to get away. I almost forced him to remain, and told him as much as I could of the story of Christ's love, and warned him not to reject this message of God's love to him. He went away apparently unaffected, but the Spirit of God carried the simple story of Christ's love to his soul, and he soon became a constant worshipper at our little church in the village. The result is the triumphant faith and the blessed peace expressed above.

"Boycotting" the Converts.

There are now about forty candidates at Pwo Kau, and a great deal of interest has been excited. Persecution has broken out because the Christians have absolutely refused to take part in any of the heathen ceremonies of the village, and the chief men have become furious at the progress and the interest which has so suddenly sprung up in favour of Christianity. The Christians have been boycotted, and are denied access to the wells, and their right to walk on the public roads leading to the village is disputed. I have counselled them to wait patiently upon the Lord, and He will surely open up the path for them.

A Strange Dream, and its Results.

We were led to Koi Hu by a very marked providence. About eighteen months ago an old man in the valley had a singular dream, in which he saw, as he was strolling leisurely by the riverside, five men sitting on the side of the hill. There seemed something unusual about their appearance, and the old man concluded they were supernatural beings. He at once addressed them, and asked who they were, and what brought them there. They in return asked the old man what he wanted, and he replied, "I want to know goodness." The five men then said, "Go to Sing Taing, and there you will be told what is goodness." The old man awoke, but could not tell why he was sent to Sing Taing in search of goodness. He hardly knew even where Sing Taing was. For several weeks this dream was constantly on his mind. One day, as he was puzzling his head over the matter, an old Christian man, a native of the valley, but who had lived at Ma-pe for the last 20 years, and was converted there, suddenly returned. (Ma-pe is 45 English miles from Koi Hu.) The old man who had the dream mentioned the circumstance to the old Christian, who at once told him about Jesus, and said "There is a church at Sing Taing." The two men walked the following Sunday morning fifty li to the Sing Taing church; and here he was told by the catechist about the love of Jesus, and what true goodness was.

The man's mind was prepared for all that the catechist told him, and he believed with his whole heart. For several months he accompanied the old Ma-pe Christian to the Sing Taing church; but as the road is long and rough and hilly, and the two men were old, they found it difficult in the hot weather to walk so far. As there was a large population in the valley of Koi Hu, we opened it as a station. I was privileged to baptize seven adults and two children there this year, among whom this old man and his two children were the first and the most interesting.

God's Messages on Back and Breast.

The catechist at Hong Ah has long practised the plan adopted by Mr. Hoare at Ningpo, in carrying a banner, having a text inscribed on it, with the additional plan of wearing a sort of linen vest, with the Ten Commandments written in Chinese characters on its front, while the Seven

Beatitudes are inscribed on its back. This plan, he says, helps him immensely, as it at once discovers to everybody what he is and what the object he has in view. The Ten Commandments on his breast, and the Seven Beatitudes on his back, renders him an object of veneration with these villagers, and they listen with eagerness and respect to a man so covered over with "doctrine," and so evidently anxious to teach them the truth.

NOTES ON THE PICTURES.

The pictures on this and the opposite page are engraved from drawings by the Rev. Ting Sing-ki, the C.M.S. Native clergyman at Ning Taik, in the Fuh-Kien Province. Dr. B. Van Someren Taylor, of Fuh-chow, who sends the original sketches, has also supplied the following notes upon them:—

The picture opposite represents the Rich Man and Lazarus. The rich man is seen seated at his table. Before him are spread his chopsticks and three dishes containing "pwoi" or condiments to eat with his rice. On one side is a servant bringing in his bowl for rice, and on the other stands another servant pouring out wine from a Chinese decanter. The lower part of the picture shows the gate, outside of which is seated a beggar, whilst a dog is licking his sores.

The picture on this page represents the Unjust Steward. Four men are seated at a table, just such a table as you often see in a Chinese house. Three have open before them account books, whilst one has the "abacus," or reckoning beads, which every Chinaman needs when he is making out accounts, for they are no adepts at mental arithmetic. But so accustomed do they get to the use of these beads that with them they can calculate much quicker than if they wrote down the figures and then proceeded to add up. In the corner of the room are wine jars. On the table is an inkstand with a small jar containing water to replenish the inkstand. Dr. Taylor adds, "It is only right to say that the head-dresses, though often met with in Chinese pictures, belong to early Chinese history. One does not now meet with them."

A MISSIONARY "SANGAM" IN CEYLON.

THE Rev. Hugh Horsley of Kandy, Ceylon, in his Annual Letter, gives the following interesting account of a missionary "Sangam," or meeting, held in his District last September:—

Last September [1885] we had an interesting meeting in our Kandy Tamil Church. It was felt that the people needed stirring up on the duty of giving more liberally to the support of their pastor (Rev. A. Gnanamuthu). Accordingly, arrangements were made to hold a Sangam, or meeting. Invitations were sent by Mrs. Horsley to all the members of the congregation to an "afternoon tea" in the schoolroom, and we were encouraged by seeing at least forty of the Native Christians in and near Kandy respond to the invitation, and all partook of tea, cake, and plantains. One poor man managed to empty the contents of his cup into his lap; but I at once comforted him by quoting a Tamil proverb, which corresponds with "accidents will happen," &c. and may be rendered as follows:—

The surest-footed beast of all,
The elephant, may slip and fall.

After a good shake down our friend was quite reassured, and did justice to another cup of tea.

When all had partaken of the good things already mentioned, the company adjourned to the church, which was well lit up, and presented a cheerful appearance. The table behind which the chairman sat was gay with twenty missionary boxes, made out of tin, and covered with pictures cut out of the C.M. GLEANER, at a total cost of four shillings.

The meeting was opened by the singing of a lyric, reading, and prayer; after which the chairman (one of the members of the Kandy Church Council) stood up, and having deliberately put on his spectacles, said, "Dear friends, I am going to sing you two of the lyrics composed by the well-known Tanjore poet." He then sang the hymns in a good clear voice, which quite surprised us all, for the snobs of time have whitened the old man's head. It was certainly the most unique speech I had ever heard a chairman make! He then called upon the several speakers who had been appointed to propose and second the following resolutions:—(1) "It is good thus to meet together from time to time"; (2) "It is the duty of Christians to do all in their power to support their pastors"; (3) "God's mercies in the past call for our gratitude, and lead us to trust in Him for the future."

More than one of the speakers referred to the fact that in former years such meetings had been held in Kandy in connection with the Tamil congregation, but that they had been discontinued owing to the troubles which had befallen the Ceylon Mission, and they expressed the wish that these meetings might now be resuscitated, as they believed them to be both necessary and useful.

Before the meeting broke up, I drew attention to the gay missionary boxes on the table, and requested the head of each family to come and take one. In a few minutes every box was taken, and more called for; so that we returned to our homes feeling that it had been good for us thus to come together, and I trust we may see a good result following this humble effort, and that a regular "Annual Meeting" has been now firmly established.



THE UNJUST STEWARD. (See Note above.)

A C.M.S. COLLECTOR FOR FIFTY YEARS.

AN old and tried friend of the C.M.S. has lately gone to her rest, one who for more than half a century collected subscriptions for the Society, and otherwise interested herself in Missions.

Eliza Godwin had reached the great age of eighty-three years when the writer of this notice first made her acquaintance, and then she was the most active and diligent helper in the parish of Pontefract. She regularly visited the workhouse, and read and prayed with the sick, caring for their bodies as well as their souls. She had the largest and most difficult of all the districts in the parish to visit. She not only collected the C.M.S. subscriptions, but also circulated month by month a large number of the GLEANER and *Juvenile Instructor*, leaving them herself at the houses of subscribers.

Having no family cares, she was able to devote the whole of her time and thought to doing good, and was a bright example of what a truly Christian woman may be.

During the last few years of her life she was laid aside owing to frequent attacks of bronchitis, but, though reluctantly compelled to give up active work for her Lord, she still manifested the greatest interest in every good work.

She fell asleep March 27th, 1886, aged 88 years.

F. E. E.

THE MONTH.



Another page, and also on a separate slip, will be found an important announcement regarding a proposed "GLEANERS' UNION." We invite the attention of all our friends to it, and communications and suggestions regarding it; and we shall be glad to receive at once the names of friends willing to join, young and old, rich and poor, those who can work, those who can pray.

Two more old and valued friends have been taken from us, Canon James Bardsley, formerly Rector of St. Anne's, Manchester, and Mr. R. B. Seeley, for many years head of the firm that has published the C.M.S. periodicals for more than half a century.

We have received with deep regret, by telegraph, the news of the death of the Rev. G. Shirt, of the Sindh Mission.

Two of the most pressing vacancies in the C.M.S. Missions are, we are glad to say, provided for. Miss Eliza Krusé, a daughter of the late Rev. W. Krusé (who was a missionary teacher of the Society in Egypt and Palestine from 1826 to 1861), has been appointed to the Lagos Female Institution; and the Rev. Chas. W. A. Clarke, B.A., of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, Curate of St. Cleopas, Liverpool, has been accepted for the Principalship of the Noble High School, Masulipatam.

ANOTHER Cambridge man accepted in the past month, Mr. Horace Mc. C. E. Price, B.A., of Trinity, has been specially welcomed as the son of the Rev. W. S. Price, formerly of Western India and East Africa.

Of the C.M.S. Islington students who completed their College course, the ordinations of three have been already recorded, viz., of Messrs. Ekins, Wallis, and Gurd, who have gone respectively to Persia, North-West America, and North Pacific. Another, Mr. A. N. Wood, was ordained by Bishop Perry (for the Bishop of London), at Christ Church, Hampstead, on June 6th, having to start for East Africa on the 10th. The remainder, Messrs. R. Heaton, W. Light, E. T. Pegg, and J. Vernal, were to be presented at the Bishop of London's Trinity Ordination, as well as the Rev. J. Carmichael, formerly a Wesleyan missionary in India.

THE Society's Deputation to Metlakahla, General Touch and the Rev. W. R. Blackett, are probably now on their way home again. They have had much intercourse with the Indians, both Mr. Duncan's party and those who cleave to the C.M.S., and it is hoped that their visit may prove to have been a blessing to the Mission.

FURTHER letters have been received from U-Ganda, down to Jan. 31st, at which date Mr. Ashe and Mr. Mackay were well. Bishop Hannington's Bible had been recovered.

AT an ordination on May 2nd, by the Bishop of Saskatchewan, at South Branch, near Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Mr. John Badger, a native of the country, was admitted to Deacon's Orders.

ON May 10th, Mr. Malcolm Scott, a Native student of St. John's College, Winnipeg, was ordained by the Bishop of Athabasca for C.M.S. work in the Diocese of Athabasca.

THE C.M.S. missionaries in Mid-China have offered, out of the small allowances they receive from the Society, to maintain an additional missionary, if sent out for "real extension."

THE following missionaries have arrived in England in the past two months:—The Revs. J. Blackburn and J. C. Price, and Mr. A. J. Copplestone, from East Africa; the Rev. C. T. and Mrs. Wilson, from Palestine; the Rev. B. and Mrs. Davis, the Rev. G. B. Durrant, and the Rev. F. E. Walton, from North India; the Rev. H. U. and Mrs. Weitbrecht, and the Rev. C. Merk, from the Punjab; the Rev. F. G. and Mrs. Macartney, from Western India; the Rev. E. and Mrs. Sell, from Madras; the Rev. J. E. and Mrs. Padfield, from the Telugu Mission; the Rev. F. and Mrs. Bower, from Travancore; the Rev. T. and Mrs. Kember, from Tinnevely; the Rev. J. G. and Mrs. Garrett, from Ceylon; and Bishop Moule, from Mid-China.

THE Native Christians of the Mengnanapuram District, Tinnevely, are deeply lamenting the death of the Rev. Devanayagam Viravagu, the Superintending Pastor of that District. His last words were, "Jesus is to me, for time and eternity, my only trust and refuge."

THE Rev. R. Clark, of Amritsar, writes that the sales in the Lahore Book Depository for 1885 for the Religious Book Society for English books amounted to Rs. 11,782, and for Vernacular books Rs. 9,329; for the Bible Society, English Scriptures Rs. 751, Vernacular Scriptures Rs. 4,990, or a total of Rs. 26,856, of which Rs. 14,319 were received for vernacular publications.

THE Mission to the aboriginal Gônd people of Central India is developing. It was begun five or six years ago by one missionary, the Rev. H. D. Williamson. There are now three others, the Rev. H. P. Parker, the Rev. E. P. Herbert, and Dr. W. P. Johnson. The timid and suspicious Gônds now receive them cordially; and there have been more baptisms.

THE Mission to the Hill Arrian tribe of Travancore, begun by the late Henry Baker, nearly forty years ago, is being energetically worked by the Rev. A. F. Painter and the Rev. K. Kuruwila. There were seventy-three adult baptisms last year. Of the converts at one village, Mr. Painter writes: "Their simple faith, their evident desire to walk worthy of their high calling, and the affection they show, make me thank God on every remembrance of them."

IN the Island of Mauritius, the Mission to the Hindu coolies on the sugar estates continues to receive blessing from the Lord. There were ninety-nine adult baptisms last year. The Industrial Home for African Children in the Seychelles Islands, is now carried on by a member of the C.M.S. Lay Workers' Union for London, Mr. Luckcock.

IN Japan, the C.M.S. missionaries baptized ninety-eight adults last year. The baptized Christians connected with them are now 519, with forty-six catechumens. The first *Aino* convert has been received, the son of a village chief.

FROM the Punjab, Dr. Weitbrecht brings the news of a remarkable movement towards Christianity among the Chuhras, a low-caste aboriginal people hitherto scarcely touched. There are many inquirers and catechumens, and nearly 100 adult converts have been baptized in the last few months.

THE C.M.S. station that reports the largest number of converts in the year in India is Aurangabad, in the Nizam's dominions, belonging to the Western India Mission. There is no English missionary there, but only a converted Parsee, the Rev. Buttonji Nowroji, who is greatly respected both by Natives of all classes and by English officials. He baptized 255 adults last year. His totals (Christians, 1,065; communicants, 565) have just doubled in three years.

Forthcoming Sales of Work.

THE following announcements of forthcoming Sales of Work for the C.M.S. have been sent to us for insertion:—

Mrs. Southey, Woburn Vicarage, Beds. Sale first week in July.
Mrs. L. C. Laurence, Foxfield, Park Hill, Clapham. Sale in September.
Mrs. M. A. Sharpe, 4, Alexandra Terrace, Lower Walmer. Sale to take place on July 8th.

Miss R. Duke, The Vicarage, Lake, Salisbury. Sale first week in August.
Mrs. Mills, Orton Waterville Rectory, near Peterborough. Sale on July 5th.

Contributions of any articles suitable for such sales will be thankfully received by the persons whose names and addresses are given above. Parcels should be sent so as to reach their destination at least three days before the respective sales are held. Each article sent should have the price marked upon it in plain figures. Parcels are *not* to be sent to the C.M. House.

Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Thanksgiving for the fresh offers of service accepted in the past month (see above). Prayer that many more may follow.

Prayer for the newly ordained Islington men (see above).
Prayer for success, if it be the Lord's will, to the proposed new GLEANER'S UNION (p. 80).

Prayer for Persia (p. 75), the Punjab (p. 77), Hang-chow (p. 81), Fuh-Kien (p. 82).

Thanksgiving for the baptisms mentioned above, in Japan, Mauritius, Travancore, the Punjab, and among the Gônds.

RECEIVED for the C.M.S.:—H. C. A., £1; Anon., 3s.; M. A. W., 10s.; for the Agarparah Orphanage, £1 from two orphans and their aunt.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

AUGUST, 1886.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

(The Texts are chosen to illustrate the "Te Deum.")

F. Qr. 6th9.6 p.m.
F. M. 14th ...6.24 p.m.

August.


L. Qr. 22nd...7.41 p.m.
N. M. 28th ...0.54 p.m.

WE BELIEVE THAT THOU SHALT COME TO BE OUR JUDGE.

- 1 S Rom. 2. 16. 6th aft. Trin. 2 Sam. 1. Rom. 2. 1—17. E. 2 Sam. 12.
[1—24, or 18. Matt. 16. 24 to 17. 14. *Slavery abol.*, 1834.
- 2 M Acts 1. 11. This same Jesus...shall so come. *H. Williams landed New*
3 T 1 Thea. 4. 16. The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven. [*Zealand*, '23.
- 4 W Jude 14. The Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints.
5 T Matt. 25. 31. The Son of Man shall come in His glory.
6 F Rev. 22. 20. Surely I come quickly. [*Binue*, 1854.
7 S Rev. 22. 20. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. *Crowther at furthest point of*
[or 28. 1—21. Matt. 21. 1—23. *Mafat d.*, 1883.
- 8 S Matt. 21. 5. 7th aft. Trin. 1 Chron. 21. Rom. 8. 1—18. E. 1 Chron. 22.
9 M James 5. 8. The coming of the Lord draweth nigh.
10 T Ps. 96. 13. For He cometh to judge the earth. *E. Auriol d.*, '80. [1865.
- 11 W Acts 10. 42. Ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead. *Pest d.*,
12 T John 5. 22. The Father...hath committed all judgment unto the Son.
13 F Rom. 2. 16. God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ. *H.*
14 S Matt. 25. 32. Before Him shall be gathered all nations. [*Wright d.*, 1880.
[or 1 Kings 3. Matt. 24. 29.
- 15 S Matt. 24. 42. 8th aft. Trin. 1 Chron. 29. 9—29. Rom. 12. E. 2 Chron. 1.
16 M Dan. 7. 10. The judgment was set, and the books were opened. *Gordon*
[*killed at Kandahar*, 1880.
- 17 T 1 Pet. 4. 17. Judgment must begin at the House of God. [shall give.
18 W 2 Tim. 4. 8. A crown of righteousness, wh. the Lord, the righteous Judge,
19 T Matt. 25. 34. Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom.
20 F Matt. 25. 41. Depart from Me, ye cursed!
21 S 1 Cor. 6. 9. The unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God.
[1—15, or 11. 26. Matt. 27. 27—57.
- 22 S 1 Cor. 3. 13. 9th aft. Trin. 1 Kings 10. 1—25. 1 Cor. 3. E. 1 Kings 11.
23 M 1 Thea. 1. 10. Jesus, which delivered us from wrath to come.
24 T 1 John 4. 17. St. Bartho. That we may have boldness in the day of judg-
[ment. *Jovett sent to Mediterranean*, 1815.
- 25 W 1 Pet. 4. 18. That, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad.
[*Brass Mission begun*, 1868.
- 26 T Tit. 2. 13. Looking for that blessed hope. *Japan Treaty Ports op.*, 1858.
27 F 2 Pet. 3. 12. Hasting unto the coming of the day of God.
28 S James 5. 7. Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord.
[Mark 3. 1—18.
- 29 S 1 Cor. 9. 27. 10th after Trin. 1 Kings 12. 1 Cor. 9. E. 1 Kings 13. or 17.
30 M Rom. 14. 12. Every one of us shall give account of himself to God. *Fuh-*
31 T Luke 21. 34. Take heed to yourselves. [*Chow outrage*, 1878.

TE DEUM.

VIII.

 HE coming of Christ is the hope of His Church. He said to His followers, "I will see you again." The "two men in white apparel" said, "This same Jesus" will come as ye have seen Him go. Thenceforward they were looking for His appearing, "Looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ."

This is the attitude of the Church of Christ. The servant is expecting his Master. The scattered subjects are waiting for their absent King. The bride is looking for her Lord. Her eye gazes lovingly and longingly to catch the first gleam in the Eastern sky. Already the day-star has risen in her heart, the harbinger of morning. She yearns for Day, when the Sun of Righteousness shall arise, when His bright beams shall heal all her woes, and gladden her heart for ever.

He comes "to be our Judge." We do not fear this. Honestly we serve Him, though our service is so imperfect because of the flesh. But it is not for our service that we are now, or shall be then, accepted in His sight. We are "accepted in the Beloved" One. "We know whom we have believed." He has made us righteous before God in His own perfect righteousness. "There is no condemnation to them that are in" Him. Therefore we do not fear rejection.

We "love His appearing," because He judgeth rightly. Here

we are often misjudged, our motives mistaken, our ends suspected. But when He comes, He is "the righteous Judge," and the crown which He has for us is the "crown of righteousness," and He gives it unto "all them that love His appearing." Therefore we do not dread Him, though He comes "to be our Judge."

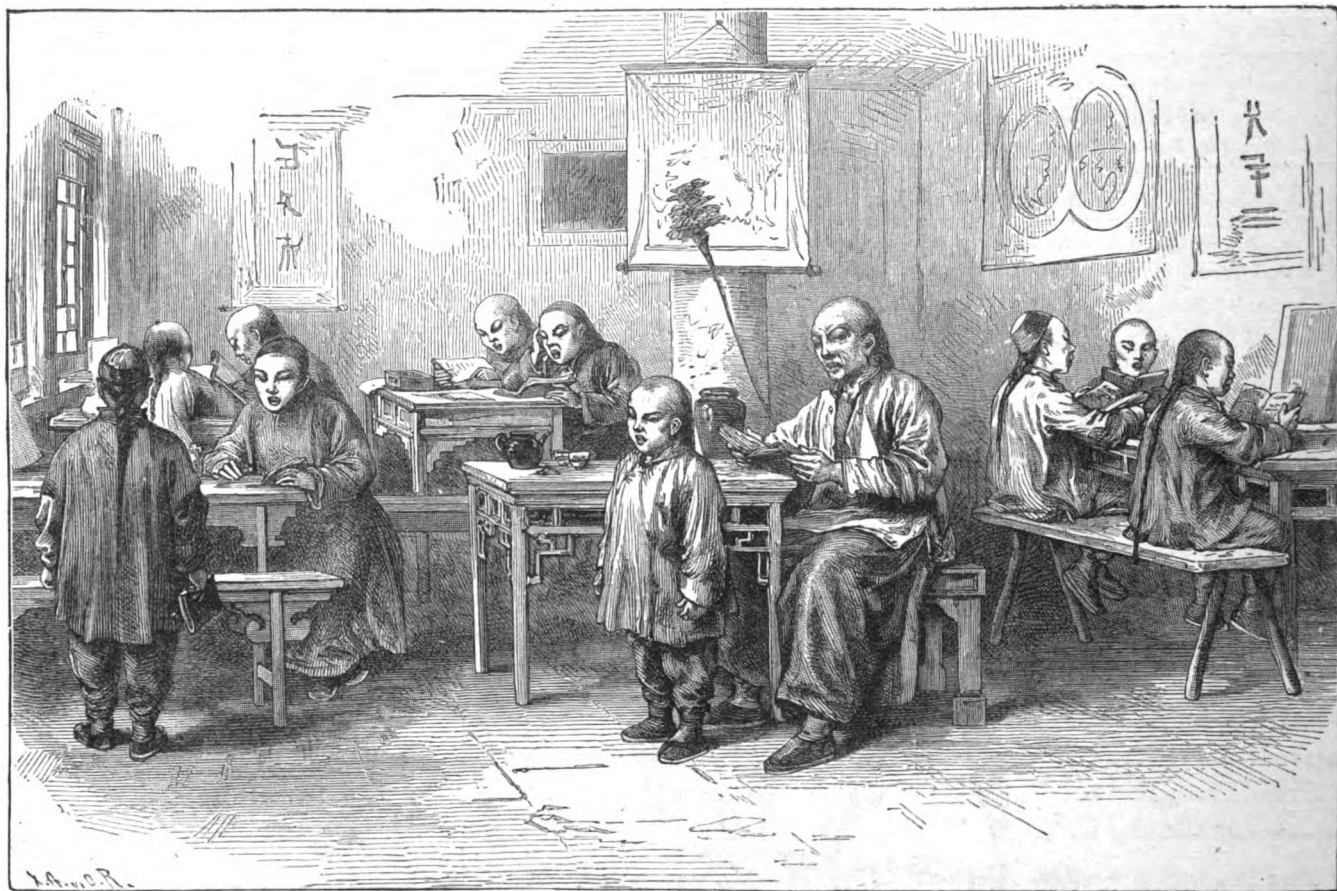
Nay, it is a happy hope for the patient worker, to the obscure, the lowly, the unknown servant of God. We have, thank God, long subscription lists; but I see no record of the silent groanings of the closet, the earnest yearnings, the secret prayers, the gifts not sufficient to be put in print, of the Lord's hidden ones. Those counsellings of the heart which the hand, through the providence of God, were not able to execute,—those heart-cries of the afflicted servant which, because of poverty or sickness, can be no more than heart-cries,—they are not in our reports. But they are registered above. Therefore let us "judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come." For He comes "to be our Judge," to "make manifest the counsels of the heart," to lift away the curtain from over our little unthought-of heart-deeds. "And then shall each one have his praise from God."

To the wicked the prospect is fearful. For they must appear before "the great white throne" to be judged, and to be "cast into the lake of fire." It is a thought which should stir our missionary devotion. But it is not the thought which is presented to us here. *TE DEUM* is the praise-hymn of the Church, the confession of our faith and of our hope. "We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge." For "we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." J. E. SAMPSON.

CHINESE SCHOOLS.



HE School is an institution throughout the great Celestial empire. Not only in towns, but in every village you will find the schoolmaster, who is generally a man of influence and much respected. The schools are only for boys; no parent ever thinks of sending his daughter to school; and it is very seldom indeed that you meet with a woman able to read or write. There is no compulsory education, but every father tries to send his son to school, if only for a short time. The education of a boy consists first, in committing the Four Books of the Chinese classics to memory, and then in understanding their meaning as expounded by the commentators; and the more familiar a scholar is with these commentators, the more learned is he considered to be. The memory is the principal faculty of the mind cultivated, and often when boys leave school, the sounds of the words remain through life, though the meaning of the words is not retained. In a good Chinese school there would not be more than twelve pupils, each one coming in for a good share of the master's attention. When a boy repeats his lesson, he is said to "bo-hyü," or "back the book," because he has to turn his back to the master while he sings out his task. All lessons are learnt by the boys aloud, so that when a boy's voice is not heard, the master knows that that boy is not working, but playing, and soon calls to him in an angry tone to resume shouting. It is wonderful how much boys commit to memory in these schools, and in mission schools too. In the latter, boys generally study the Chinese classics in the morning, and the Bible in the afternoon, and in this way many of our scholars have learnt by heart two or three of the Gospels and other large portions of the New Testament. In most of our missions we have schools also for girls, an innovation in Chinese etiquette, which the Christian young men are beginning highly to value.



BOYS' SCHOOL IN CHINA. (*The native custom of the pupil saying his lesson with his back to the master is shown in the picture.*)

I shall never forget my first visit to a Chinese school to hear the boys repeat their lessons. I had only been in China a few months; but the Bishop considered that I was sufficiently advanced in the language to go to the mission school and hear the boys their Scripture. Accordingly, at the time appointed, I threaded my way through the narrow streets of the city to the school, delighted that I was now about to make a beginning, and quite confident as to success. On entering the schoolyard my ears were at once filled with a confused sound of voices, which became more confused and bewildering when I opened the door and found myself in the midst of about twenty boys, all with their mouths wide open, and shouting their lessons at the top of their voices. After exchanging the usual salutations with the master, I said I had come to hear the boys repeat their Bible lessons. Thereupon a sharp little pigtailed fellow was called, who on coming up slipped the book into my hand, pointed to the place, turned his back to me, and began shouting out his lesson as fast as he could. Luckily for me, the boy knew his lesson perfectly, and having rapidly reached the last word, left me to resume his shouting over a new lesson at his table. Next came a peculiar-looking boy with a most peculiar voice, who turned his back to me in the proper way, and began shouting his lesson. Alas! this was too much for me! What with the strangely cracked voice of the boy, and the rocking to and fro of his little body as he sang out his task, and the inharmonious shouts all around me in the school, and the solemn look of the master hearing another boy—all this was too much for my gravity, and do what I would, I could not restrain the fit of laughter which I felt was seizing me. Taking out my handkerchief to hide my mouth, and cover my shame, my difficulty increased, for I had lost my place, and my

pupil was galloping away somewhere down at the bottom of the page, while I was hopelessly looking for the word in the middle. Suddenly he came to a stop, a very short one, and then began to shout "tsong," "tsong," "tsong," his head beating time as he shouted the word. I knew what it meant. He had come to a part of his lesson which ended with "tsong," and he could not remember the next word. I ought to have prompted him, but how could I, for the boy's ludicrous position only increased my discomfort, and positively prevented me from finding "tsong." At length, having sung "tsong," till I was ashamed, I told him he had said enough, and might go to his place; and thus I got out of my difficulty. Since that time I have heard hundreds of such lessons with the gravity and sage demeanour, I trust, of a Chinese master, and with a hidden delight at seeing the little ones—the majority of them heathen—treasure up in their memories the words of Eternal Life. A few years ago when itinerating and preaching to a crowd of people, a young man called out, "I know all about the doctrine, sir." "How is it that you know the doctrine here?" He replied, "When I was a lad, sir, I went to the mission school, and learnt the whole of this, and this, and this," pointing to various parts of the New Testament. Thus schools are giving that knowledge of the Gospel to the head, which may at any moment be applied to the heart by the Holy Spirit. In fact, there are thousands in China who are in the position of the men on the day of Pentecost, that is, they have sufficient scriptural knowledge, which may become saving at any time.

ROBERT PALMER.

MISS PITCAIRN, South Yeo, Bideford, Devon, writes to us that she has various kinds of seedling ferns to sell for the benefit of the C.M.S.



EGYPTIAN FELLAH, OR PEASANT, PLOUGHING.

SKETCHES OF HUMBLE LIFE IN EGYPT.

BY MISS M. L. WHATELY.

II.—FATMEH; OR, THE HUT ON THE SAND.

CHAPTER III.

T was the following morning, and before the chill air of night had been warmed by the genial sun, and even a slight mist was to be seen and felt still amidst the palm-groves, that Hassan wended his way towards the shore; he was determined to be among the first who came to ask for books, and only two were yet earlier, sturdy peasants, one of whom was the watchman who slept in a hut close to the river bend, where a number of boats (chiefly fishing boats) were stationed, and the other a man waiting for a passage across till the clumsy, flat-bottomed craft, which took passengers, both human and fourfooted, to the opposite shore, should have made up its complement. These two, rolled in heavy coarse mantles of home-spun, were crouched on the higher part of the beach, if we may so call it, the huge clods of black earth looking like a rocky cliff at a distance, but proving unstable walking when any one climbed up, except on the trodden pathway where the women came daily for water. There were two dahabeeyehs, or Nile boats of large size, containing cabins, and used for travellers as well as for purposes of traffic in Egypt, moored to the shore by ropes fastened to strong wooden pegs driven into the earth. These were very different from the traffic boats, which are usually old and dirty, and full of Nubians, and crowded with mats, pitchers, baskets of fowls, &c.

The passenger boats, which are often hired for months together by

wealthy persons, foreigners who have come for health or pleasure, are neatly painted, and some of them not only neatly but even luxuriously furnished. Some belong to native families of high position, and are arranged of course to suit Oriental taste, but a greater number are fitted specially for Europeans, and are let by their owners at a high price, even the smaller ones costing a considerable sum, as boatmen have to be included. One of the two dahabeeyehs moored at the village which had suffered so much in the overflow some time previously, was a quiet, middle-sized boat of rather the humble style, though a good "sailer"; the other was larger and very well got up outside, while within it was supplied with every convenience and adornment that could be stowed into a small space. The morning being chilly, most of the blinds were down, and the ladies of the party evidently not up yet, but two of the gentlemen of the party (which consisted of six besides servants) had braved the cold to go out shooting, and about an hour after Hassan had come to the shore they came in the sandal (or small rowing boat attached to the dahabeeyeh) with a couple of the boatmen who had rowed them to a sand bank in the river, a mile or so distant, in search of wild ducks.

By this time the sun was high in the heavens, the mist had rolled away, and the palms were actually gleaming in the morning light, and touching with gold the white turbans of the peasants, who had now assembled in numbers, and were sitting on the edge of the shore.

"What on earth can all those fellows be sitting there for at this hour in the morning?" said one of the sportsmen, as he scrambled up on the deck of the dahabeeyeh.

"I suppose they have no work, or else are idle," said the second gentleman, who did not know that most of these men had been up before it was

light to take their cattle to pasture, or were otherwise occupied for at least two or three hours. It was now half-past nine o'clock.

They both ascended the steps to the upper deck, where a young lady shortly joined them, and after congratulating them in having had tolerable sport, and complaining a little of the laziness of two other members of the party causing breakfast to be delayed, she began also to comment on the troop of peasants collected on the shore.

"How odd they should all be squatting about doing nothing," said she. "But no doubt they are staring at our boat, and watching our foreign ways; it amuses them, I suppose."

"A dahabeeyeh is a common sight enough," said her husband, who was one of the gentlemen who had been shooting. "It seems to me we are not the attraction, Laura. Look there! Don't you perceive a man not dressed at all like the country people, but sitting in the midst with a book in his hand?"

"So there is, I declare," said the lady. "Some foolish fanatic of a missionary, I daresay. How stupid to thrust his religion among the ignorant creatures who don't want it, and are quite happy in their own simple belief."

"It is a great mistake, a very unwise thing to do," said her husband, nodding his approval of her sage observations, and not noticing (for none are so blind as those who *will* not see) that there was no thrusting of religion against people's will, or anything approaching to rudeness or compulsion. The courteous as well as friendly manner and language of the reader must have been apparent to even one ignorant of the language in which he read and spoke, if prejudice had not clouded the minds and perceptions of the English strangers.

"Only look," said the lady presently, "there are two more of the party bringing books. Did one ever see such a meddling, foolish set of people, as if the natives wanted any of *their* books? See, Frank," turning to her husband, "they are trotting up a set of unfortunate boys, and making them read, or pretend to do so, one after another."

"Well," said the other sportsman, who was younger and less cynical-looking than his companions, "if they are to have books I suppose it is right to ascertain that they know how to read, and I can't say they seem unwilling—these two are almost fighting to get a book."

"Oh, yes," said the lady, "boys will fight for anything. If you give them an oyster-shell they will struggle to take it from one another for the fun of a fight. Really, Mr. Smith, you ought not to stand up for these foolish interfering people."

"Miss Wood," he replied, "I don't stand up for people I know nothing about, and I think missionaries are generally humbugs; but I don't see that they are wrong for giving books to persons who want them, and those bearded peasants are not boys, there is an old fellow with a white beard reading to himself, and looking awfully pleased too—"

"I fancy they like anything to read, and anything they get for nothing also," said the elder gentleman. "If you gave them any rubbish free of cost they would accept it eagerly. Didn't our friend, Dr. Headley, tell us how Arabs in the desert would take medicines, even nasty bitter draughts, without being the least ill, and beg for them if they could get them free?"

"But look how poor some of those fellows seem to be; and those ragged women, shivering in their thin, miserable concerns of veils, and I know not what. What can *they* want with books, which *they* are begging for?" observed the younger traveller. The dragoman came up to announce breakfast at this moment, and having overheard the last remark, he explained.

"The women, sir, they ask for their sons—learning to read. The gentleman yonder give small books for boys; no shops here you know, sir; and very poor peasant in this village, and all their cattle most all drown in river. Last year very much water, sir; they very poor now."

An older lady appeared on the scene at the bottom of the deck stairs as the servant spoke, calling to the party to descend to their morning meal, and not waste their time by looking at those absurd fanatical people. "Who are they, Mohammed?" she added, pausing at the cabin-door.

"The peasants, ma'am, call them the people with the book," replied the dragoman. "I do not know any more than that. We seldom stop in these poor villages down here, ma'am, only you see wind be very bad this

week." So saying he withdrew to give orders to the cook, and the party seated themselves at the luxurious table, spread with everything man could wish for a breakfast; while on the shore the poor men who had broken a piece of dry bread some hours before for their breakfast were now grouped round the messenger of good tidings to hear the words of God's Book, and some of them to receive those words and live thereby.

By noon a fair wind far "up the stream" arose, and the river was, as though by magic, dotted with hundreds of white wings, the long sail of the Nile boats so exactly resembling the wings of the white Ibis or Paddy-bird, as Indians call it (from its frequenting rice or paddy-fields in India). The gay dahabeeyeh unmoored, and flew away, to the delight of the inmates who were weary of the villages where there was "nothing to see." The other boat lingered a little longer, for there was plenty to *do*, and some would have said a very interesting sight to see—but how can those see whose eyes are blinded by the god of this world?

Young Hassan returned, at once glad and sorrowful, to his aunt's wigwam soon after noon. He was sorry to see his friends sailing away, but joyful in the possession of a *whole* New Testament, and in such clear print; and some things he had heard, if but imperfectly understood, yet were plain enough to be very cheering to his mind. He had given up going to the opposite side till the next day for the sake of staying to hear the Word and get the book, though at the cost of some trouble and inconvenience, and this without a moment's hesitation. Was not a little sacrifice of this kind in a very poor man quite as good as if he had paid a few piastres for the price of a book?

It is quite true that as a general rule people value what they pay for more than free gifts, but it is a rule admitting of many exceptions, and among people who are as yet quite ignorant of the value of God's Word, and are listening to it for the first or second time only, or who are very poor, and at the same time are timid and half afraid of "Christian books," of which of course they know nothing—some must be given away if the door is to be opened. "Freely ye have received, freely give," is then an applicable text.

"Thou has missed going to Tourra with thy uncle's son. Oh, Hassan, why didst thou delay till the time was gone?" said his mother, who had been sitting with the female neighbours of her sister, while he was at the river.

"Mother! it was time well spent," replied Hassan; "and look!" holding up his treasure, "I have a whole Gospel now, and, Mashallah, no one shall take it away," and he thrust it into the large pocket of his vest.

"It is good, and they are certainly kind to give it thee, for we have no money just now," said she, "but thou mayest lose a good chance by not selling thy share of the cow to-day."

"Never mind, mother, please God, to-morrow we will sell it, and I am very happy now. See, I will just read this word; the gentleman put in a mark for me," and he turned over the leaves to a small strip of paper marking a certain place where they had been reading (among many others), and read aloud to his aunt and mother, the former listening with marked satisfaction:—"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

"That is a sweet word!" exclaimed Fatmeh, smilingly pointing to a pair of sparrows hopping on a palm branch which hung low from a young tree beside them. And the "very hairs of our head!" she added, half unconsciously stroking the rough grey-streaked locks that escaped from her ragged veil. "Mashallah, God is good, and those words are sweeter than honey."

The Gleaner and the Colonial Exhibition.

To the Editor.

MY DEAR SIR,—My eldest daughter, who is staying near London, writing to one of her sisters a few days ago, said, "Do you know, I found having studied the *Gleaner* made the Indian and the other foreign figures at the 'Indo-Colonial' much more interesting to me." As you are, no doubt, pleased to hear of any way in which the *Gleaner* proves useful, I thought I would mention this. I trust that my daughter's visit to the Exhibition may tend still further to deepen her interest in the *Gleaner*, and in the great cause, the interests of which it is intended to promote.—Yours faithfully,
June 22nd, 1886.

C.

THE FORGOTTEN PRAYER.

A Letter from Ningpo.



DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You may remember that in my annual letter of 1884 I spoke of a young man who heard a short prayer and forgot it, but was led through what he had heard to seek for further instruction. The story was then incomplete, but I am now in a position to complete it, and as it is extremely interesting, I do so. I must, however, repeat what I wrote before with a few additional details which I have since learned. The story is as follows:—

Whilst on one of our evangelistic tours two years ago, some of my students were preaching in a village to a crowd of heathen. Amongst them stood a young man who had, in the hope of obtaining merit in the world to come, for three years abstained from all meat, and lived solely on vegetables. As he stood and listened he heard the words of a prayer which the preacher was teaching his audience, “O God, I pray Thee, give me Thy Holy Spirit.” “What an extraordinary prayer,” the young man thought as he went away, and he repeated it to himself as he walked along, “O God, I pray Thee, give me Thy Holy Spirit,” wondering what it meant, when suddenly he forgot it. “O God, I pray Thee, give me, give me—give me . . . what?” He could not re-call it, so he went back to hear again, and to ask the preacher; but the students had gone, and he had to go home unsatisfied. He went to bed, but in the middle of the night he woke up with the same question in his mind. “O God, I pray Thee give me . . . what?” Next morning he made inquiries, and hearing that a Christian woman lived on the other side of a neighbouring hill, he made his way to her to ask her what the prayer might be. She was able to tell him, for God in His goodness had led him to the house of a woman, poor indeed in this world's goods, but rich in faith; an old woman who spends most of her time in telling others of the good tidings of salvation, not for pay, but from love to the Saviour who died for her. She taught him the prayer, and taught him also of the love of Christ; and many a time did the young man come to her house to hear more of the way of life. She urged him to come to the services at one of our little chapels by the lake side, but he, poor fellow, was the youngest of four brothers, and his brothers threatened dreadful things if he should become a Christian. So he dared not come to the services; but the old woman, nothing discouraged, urged him to read his Bible, judging rightly that he would gain strength from that. But he could not read, so the woman set to work to teach him, and he used to come when he could snatch any time from his work to have a lesson, and then go home to study what he had learned at night. His brothers persecuted him, and tried to stop him, taking away his light by which he read, and in other ways hindering him. But by steady persisting in prayer he grew in knowledge and in grace, until at last he began to come openly to the services, able to read his Bible and Prayer Book, and to take intelligent part with the Christians who met together. At last he asked for baptism, and, after due instruction and examination by the Native pastor, the day was fixed for him to be baptized. But his brothers heard of it, and tried to stop his coming to the chapel. By some means he avoided them, and before his fellow Christians made a public confession of faith, and was baptized by the Rev. Dzing. But as he went out of the chapel his brothers, who were lying in wait, seized him, carried him off, and beat him, and bitter has been the persecution which he has had to endure since that time. But thank God, he has held fast to his profession, and though for the last five months he has had to make his way to the Sunday gatherings in secret, almost, as he expresses it, like a thief going out for a robbery, yet he has never faltered in his faith.

It was only a few days ago that I first saw him, for during the last two years my work has been in other directions. But our meeting was a curious one, and will illustrate how one soweth and another reapeth. My students were at the chapel by the lake one Sunday, when this young man came up, and began to thank them most earnestly. As they did not know him, they wondered what he meant, until his story was told to them. But then it was found that he did not know them. Hearing that they were students he thought that they were those from whom he had first heard the prayer, and began to thank them accordingly. But

the men who were students then are scattered far and wide; two are in Shanghai, one in Hangchow, the other two are pioneering in Nying-hoe and T'in-doe. So true is it that one soweth, and another reapeth. But as the old woman, who was looking on, said to the present band of students, “Take courage yourselves from the sight of this young man. The former students sowed the seed; they never saw this man, and possibly have never heard of him. Believe that the seed you are sowing now will bear fruit in like manner.” And, said the students, as we were talking this evening in the boat together about this incident, and about our present preaching tour, “We are sure that this work is not in vain. The word that is preached is received gladly. We may not see the results ourselves; the time and the place are in God's hands; but we know that there must be results.” Thank God for their faith; and thank God also that He has already set His seal to the work of the present band of students, by giving them the joy of seeing men who heard the word from their lips, being brought by the Holy Spirit's influence into the glorious light of the Gospel.

Ningpo Lake District, April, 1886.

J. C. HOARE.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF JAPANESE CREDULITY.

BY THE REV. G. H. POLE.

VI.

A BELIEF in ghosts is not confined to semi-civilised or barbarous nations. Even in England and America there are many who have a firm faith in the possibility of the spirits of the dead returning to the haunts and abodes which they frequented during their lifetime. The Japanese, too, many of them, believe strongly in such revisits by ghosts to this earth, as the following story, taken from a native paper, proves:—

A few nights since a jinrikisha man, whose stand was close by the entrance to a temple in the vicinity of Kawasaki (O-saka), was hired by a woman to take her to a house in the village. After starting, the jinrikisha man says, he was astonished at the lightness of his fare, and repeatedly turned round to see if she had not alighted. Each time, however, he distinctly saw her, and in due course they arrived at the house he had been hired to take her to. Here she got out and at once entered the premises, but, as she had not paid her fare, he, after waiting a few minutes, knocked at the door. His summons was answered by the master of the house, to whom he applied for payment of the amount agreed upon (10 sen), when, to his astonishment, he was told that he had made a mistake, and that no one had lately entered the house. The jinrikisha man, however, was not to be put off, and insisted that he had brought a woman who had just entered the premises without paying her fare. To this the master replied that his statement could not be correct, as there was no woman living on the premises, his wife having died a few days previous. The jinrikisha man, however, would not be convinced, so a child four years old, who was nursing the deceased's baby, was called, and stated that she had just seen her mother enter the house and nurse the baby. The husband was convinced that his deceased wife had paid a visit to the children, and paid the jinrikisha man his fare.

“IS THE STONE GOING?”

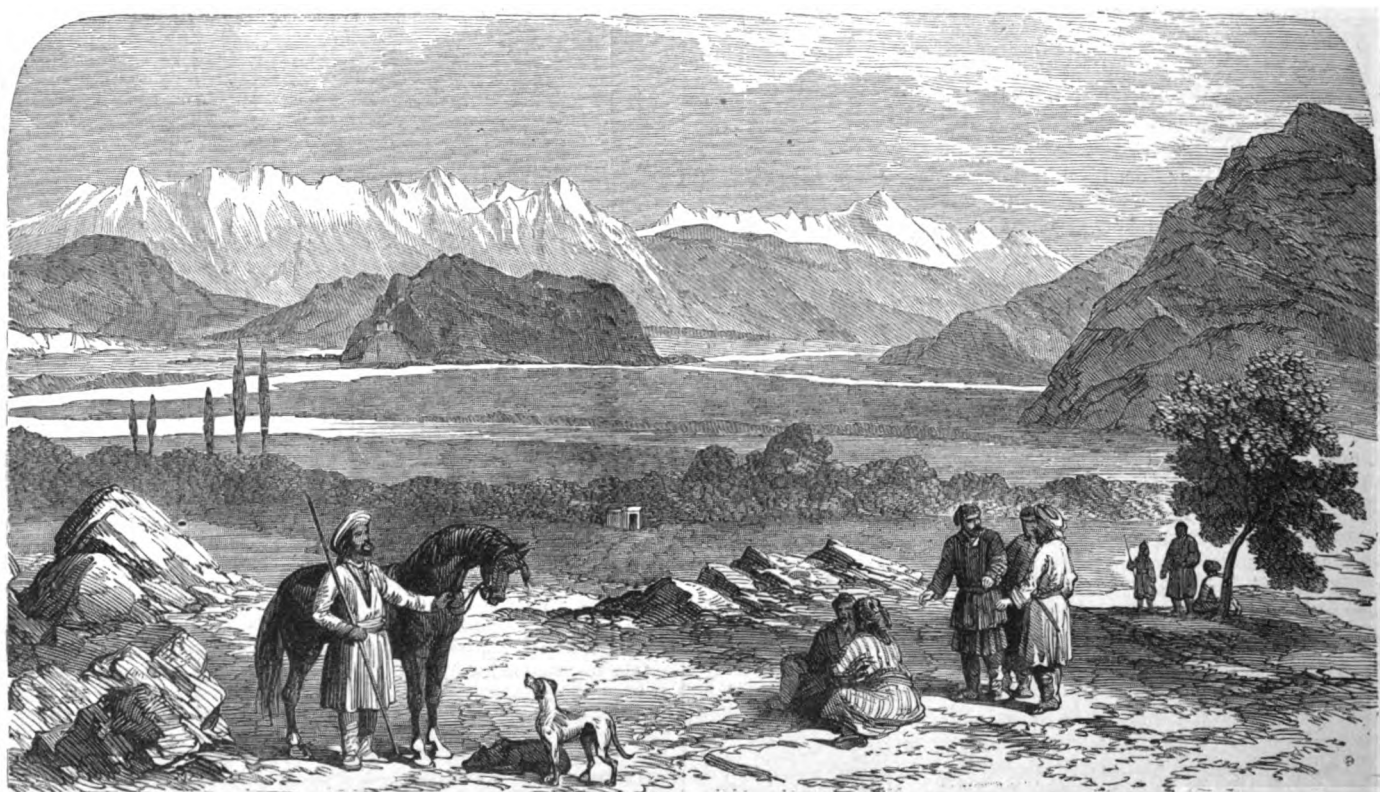
THE Rev. T. Bomford, C.M.S. missionary at Multan, in the Punjab, heads one of the divisions of his Annual Letter thus: “Take away the Stone”; and then writes:—

“In Multan this stone is unusually heavy, and is a conglomerate of ignorance, pride, superstition, bigotry, and prejudice welded together. To remove this or to blast through it is no light task, and one in which there is no romance and much discouragement; and yet it is our principal work here. Our instruments are threefold—(a) Schools, (b) preaching, (c) circulation of books.”

After describing what has been done in each department, he proceeds:—
“Is the stone going? Yes, inch at a time, and chip by chip. Thirteen years ago the first Native of Multan was baptized. His relations heaped curses on him and the missionaries. Three years ago he was (while a catechist) living with his parents. This year his father died. The family, all Mohammedans, met to elect a head, and they elected the Christian catechist; and further, some land belonging to the family in another district was, with their unanimous consent, registered in his name. The storm of prejudice is certainly considerably shaken before this could take place in Multan.”



THE TIBETANS OF TIBET: (1) MEN OF SPITI AND WOMEN OF UPPER KUNAWAR.



THE TIBETANS OF TIBET: (2) ROCK OF ISKARDO, IN THE VALLEY OF THE INDUS, LITTLE TIBET.



THE TIBETANS OF TIBET: (3) CROSSING THE PARANG LA.

"THE REGIONS BEYOND."

IV.—THE TIBETANS OF TIBET.

THE Tibetans, occupying the regions lying between the Western and Eastern Himalayas, in the extreme north of India, may be regarded as an almost unevangelised race. By religion they are Buddhists, and, years ago, the Buddhist priests had powerful sway all over the vast country, as the Buddhist monasteries and colleges, many of them now in ruins, bear witness. The Romanists have frequently attempted to get a footing amongst the people; but from various reasons their stay has been but short, and their operations almost *nil*. There is one Protestant Mission at work, the Moravian at Lahoul, which was begun through the influence and pecuniary assistance of the late Colonel Martin, the founder of the C.M.S. Punjab Mission, after a journey across the Himalayas with the Rev. R. Clark in 1854. But this is all. And yet there is perhaps no "region beyond" from which the cry is more earnest, "Come over and help us."

In the summer of 1884, Dr. Neve, the Society's medical missionary at Kashmir, made a professional tour through Ladak, or Little Tibet, a journey which involved a tedious march of 250 miles over an almost impassable mountainous country, and at every stage of the journey the sick from the neighbouring villages came, or were brought, in large numbers, to be treated by the missionary, and to hear what he had to say. And in nearly every instance his exhortations were listened to with eagerness and attention. To show how Dr. Neve's services were prized, it may be mentioned that one boy walked more

than a hundred miles to have his eyes seen to. What a marvellous scope for usefulness this fact alone suggests! For the medical, as well as for the more directly Gospel missionary, the sphere of labour among these sadly neglected people would be almost illimitable.

NOTE ON THE PICTURES.—The first engraving on the opposite page shows some types of the people. The group on the left are men of Spiti, the name of a valley so called from the River Spiti, which runs at the base of a mountain 25,000 feet high; the group on the right are females of Upper Kunawar, which lies to the south-east and south of Spiti, from which it is separated by mountains covered with perpetual snow, 18,000 feet above sea-level.

The second is a view of Iskardo, in the valley of the Indus, Little Tibet. The climate here is singularly constituted: "It freezes almost every night during summer"; while "the noonday sun is sometimes 25 degrees hotter than in any other part of India."

The picture on this page shows the high and much-dreaded pass, Parang La, which separates Tibet from Tartary. This pass is one of the highest in the whole Himalayan range, and one of the most inhospitable. For miles round nothing is to be seen but rugged rocks, pointed ridges of hills, and extensive snow-fields.

JAMES HANNINGTON,
First Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa.

IV.—FIRST JOURNEY TO AFRICA.

WE have said that Hannington's thoughts were first directed to Africa by the news of the murder of Smith and O'Neill in 1878. Four years, however, passed away before the way seemed clear for him to go, and it was not until February, 1882, that he offered himself to the C.M.S. His offer was accepted, and three months later, on May 16th, he, together with a party of five, who with himself were appointed to the U-Ganda Mission (one

of them, the Rev. E. C. Gordon), being his nephew, received his instructions at the Valedictory Dismissal held at St. James's Lecture Hall, Paddington. Many can look back upon that occasion as one of deep interest. The large hall was densely packed, many persons standing the whole time. The special address to the departing missionaries was given by Bishop Horden of Moosonee, and his eloquent words will long be remembered by those who heard them.

The steamer by which Hannington and his party were to go was to start at noon next day. Before the Dismissal proceedings were finished he left to catch the train for Hurst, where he was to preach a special sermon that evening for the Society, not in his own church, but in the parish church, which was thronged, and it was midnight before he could get free from the people and reach home. He returned to London next morning in time for the steamer. Much interest was felt in Brighton and the neighbourhood in the new expedition, and on Ascension Day, the day after the party sailed, there was a largely attended prayer-meeting in the Brighton Pavilion, at which special supplications were offered up in their behalf.

The party arrived at Zanzibar on June 19th, 1882, and started on the 28th for the interior. On June 27th, Hannington wrote as follows:—

I am thankful to be able to send you a very excellent report of our progress.

I preached at the cathedral on Sunday evening, as a slight return for the many kindnesses the Universities' Mission have shown us. They had a special Communion for the party in the morning.

I have to-day been introduced to H.H. the Sultan. He asked me how long the journey would take, how fast we travelled, and about the shape of the Lake. I, on the other hand, expressed my respect for his Highness, and said I had come to pay homage, and to ask for letters of safe conduct and an introduction to King Mtesa; that our object was not to interfere with, but to further the interests of the Sultan.

This first journey in Africa was prolific in adventures. On one occasion he was dropped into a wide stream by the native who was carrying him across; on another, we find him helping to stay the ravages of a prairie or "pori" fire which threatened the destruction of the mission camp; on another, when out alone in a canoe, he was beset by crocodiles; on another, when in search of game, and crawling through a narrow track, he came suddenly upon a deadly puff-adder, from which he had difficulty in escaping. Then we read of him falling headlong into a pitfall with a double-barrelled gun in his hand; then repelling an attack from robbers; and then again narrowly escaping being shot by a gun accidentally discharged by one of his followers.

But perhaps the most exciting of all his adventures was that with the lions. The story is told in the *C.M. Intelligencer* for April, by Mr. Dawson, who heard Hannington relate it on several occasions:—

He was out collecting some botanical specimens. At about a mile from camp he saw some animal moving through the dense mimosa scrub, and, firing, killed it. His prey proved to be a large lion's cub. The gun-bearer, seeing this, fled with every sign of terror, and shouted to him to do the same. It was time indeed to do so. The cries of "Run, bwana, run!" were accentuated by a double roar, and, looking round, Hannington saw the bereaved parents, a fine lion and lioness, coming towards him with long, bounding leaps over the scrub. An ordinary man, encountering lions for the first time, would probably have lost all presence of mind, and, turning to run, have been inevitably destroyed. He deliberately faced round upon his enemy. The enraged lions were distant but a few paces, but they suddenly checked, and both stood as though transfixed, glaring upon him. So they remained for some time, till Hannington, placing one foot behind the other, and still keeping his eyes fixed upon the yellow orbs before him, gradually increased his distance, and having placed about a hundred yards between himself and the monsters, quietly walked away.

But the brave nature of the man comes out more strongly in what followed. Most men would have concluded that they had had enough of such an adventure, and have accepted their escape from the jaws of death, or at least would not have renewed the contest without assistance. Han-

nington was formed of quite another metal. He determined that he would return and secure the skin of the cub he had killed. So he retraced his steps. When near enough to observe their motions, he could see that the lion and lioness were walking round about their cub, licking its body, and filling the air with low growlings. At this moment an unknown flower caught his eye. He plucked it, took out his note-book, pressed it between the leaves, and classified it as far as he was able; then with coolness perfectly restored, he ran forward a few paces, threw up his arms and shouted! Was it that the lions had never encountered so strange an antagonist before? At all events, they looked up, then turned tail, and bounded away. He dragged the cub for some distance, till having left the dangerous vicinity, he shouldered and brought it into camp.

Hannington and his party arrived at Mpwapa, the first C.M.S. station reached after leaving the coast, on August 1st, 1882, and Uyui, the next station on the road to U-Ganda, a month later. The letters written from this place contained the first intelligence of his having been seized with that illness which clung to him with more or less tenacity during this first journey. Some notion of his suffering may be gained from the following extract from a letter:—

Fever continued on me with its worst symptoms—a succession of fainting fits, but it was no use to give into it. I was desperately ill, and in such agony that I had to ask all to leave me to let me scream, as it seemed slightly to relieve the intense pain. I was compelled to abandon the hammock and walk for two hours. How I managed it I scarcely know. I had been in bed the best part of six weeks, had persuaded myself that I could only crawl from one room to another, and sit up for an hour at a time; now I had to walk six miles, or even more.

The sense of a solemn trust committed to him decided him to go forward; but he had to be carried most of the way, and though he succeeded in reaching the south end of the Victoria Nyanza, the fever never left him, and it became clear that there were but two courses open to him—to return home or to die. With deep reluctance, and at the urgent advice of his brethren, he decided upon the former course, and in February, 1883, started homeward.

It would seem that the object of reaching U-Ganda had sustained him so far, for no sooner did he set his face coastwards than his illness assumed a most dangerous aspect. His companions looked daily for his death, and on two occasions the natives who carried him laid what they believed to be his lifeless body on the ground and left it, saying it was useless to concern themselves further about a corpse. But each time consciousness returned to the deserted one, and he crawled painfully after the bearers till he was discovered. But, through all, his patience and cheerfulness never forsook him. His black men said to another missionary, "Master must die; he is sure to die; but how is it master is always so happy?"

The voyage from Zanzibar to England worked wonders in helping to restore him to his wonted robust health, and a few weeks only of England's temperate climate were needed to complete the process of recuperation. Once again he was soon actively at work in his beloved Hurst, and within a month of his return home was also in great request as a C.M.S. Deputation, and to this work he gave much of his time.

Cards for Missionary Boxes.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to any letter in the April GLEANER, on the subject of the initial letters "C.M.S.," I have now the pleasure to inform your numerous readers in all parts of the country that some very pretty cards (printed in Red, Black, and Gold) have been prepared by a Lady Friend of our Society, with a view to their being sold, at 2d. each, to holders of Missionary Boxes. They contain appropriate texts, and are ornamented with scrolls bearing the mottoes, "Christ My Saviour," and "Carry My Salvation."

These cards are now ready, and can be obtained from Mrs. Claridge, 7, Cambridge Street, Norwich, at the following prices, *post free*, 12 for 2s.; 50 for 7s.; 100 for 12s. All profits arising from the sale to go to the funds of the "C.M.S."

I hope that many Lady Collectors will send for a packet, and sell them to the Box-holders in their district; whilst Honorary District Secretaries, or Association Secretaries, by sending for 50 or 100, might make a small profit for their local Association by selling the cards at 2d. each.

Peasenhall Vicarage,
July 8th, 1886.


EDWARD D. STEAD,
Hon. Sec. "Suffolk Church Missionary Union."

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE.

Experiences of Two Young Missionaries.

From the Rev. J. H. Morgan, Ningpo, China.

TRINITY COLLEGE, NINGPO, November 30th, 1885.

N December 11th, 1884, the steamer from Shanghai brought me to the mouth of the river Chin-hai, and thence up to this port.

I was very thankful to be at last within the walls of this College, and could not but feel that the light of God's countenance is being shed upon this land of darkness and the shadow of death, as I attended chapel for the first time, and heard the praises of God sung by the boys and young men.

My first duty was to begin work at the language, which I did at once: the curious sounds were very difficult to discriminate between at first, and the perplexing mixtures of aspirated and unspirated hisses, sibilant and guttural, seemed to defy the most earnest efforts of throat and lip, and made one doubt the assertion that a knowledge of music is a help to one in learning this very unmusical language. It seems to require considerable time (at least in my case) to get any idea of what is before one when one's object is to learn Chinese.

But a missionary has other studies besides the language, namely, the people among whom he is to work. And truly, the Chinese are a study indeed, almost as perplexing as their language.

As soon as I could, I began to study the people around me in this city, first making a tour of inspection on the wall which surrounds it, and afterwards descending into the narrow busy streets. On one occasion I found positions reversed, for I became quite as much a study to the Chinese as they were to me. I had gone out alone with some phrases carefully written out, and of course tried to use them: the people at once crowded around in great glee at hearing the foreign man talk, and began talking to him, which was another matter to him, their words being utterly unintelligible to him, and he, having exhausted his little stock, feeling rather in a strait; the good humour of the people, however, soon helps one out of such perplexities, and so one feels quite free in moving about among them, though one grows more discreet in practising talk after a little experience.

From the Rev. G. Chapman, Osaka, Japan.

OSAKA, 5th December, 1885.

As soon as I was settled in Osaka I began without delay to study the language, and was very fortunate in getting a good teacher. I still well remember the novel feeling with which I began to learn the language, which in the future was to be a kind of second mother-tongue. It was like beginning to attack some strong and unknown fortress; and though novelty has given way before tame experience, new interest opens up as I advance in my knowledge of Japanese. At first my lessons naturally took a decided dramatic turn, and sometimes a ludicrous turn. My teacher did not know English, and I did not understand Japanese. But somehow or other we were compelled to converse with each other. The objects of the room, the actions around us, the chirping of birds, the barking of dogs, changes in the weather, and such like things, formed the subjects of our talk. I noted down all the words he gave me, and studied them when alone. After having learnt a few nouns and adjectives, we went on to the verbs, and after a very short time I was able to put the simplest of sentences together, and was surprised to find how much can be said with a very little language.


After being in Japan three months, and could put a few sentences together, I took my teacher and went to Fukuyama, where there are no foreigners, that I might hear nothing but Japanese, and also that I might compel myself to use the little I had learned. In this way I hoped to train my ear and to loosen my tongue. I stayed two months, and although the result was not all what I longed for, it was a training that helped me very much, and did much to give me a little freedom in speaking. There were about ten men who were wishing for baptism in the town, and these assembled every Sunday for prayers, which I read after the reading of the Scriptures. If there happened to be any difficult passage in the lesson, in broken language, and with a stammering tongue, I endeavoured to throw light upon it. I am afraid I sometimes completely failed, and then there was nothing left for them to do but to wait until some one who could speak their language came. These passages, however, were few.

I now take prayers, or some part in the prayers, every Sunday, and have done so for about eight months. I am now able to take the whole service with comparative ease, the only thing that is lacking being my inability to preach; but as I have begun the composition of my first sermon, I hope that by the time my next Annual Letter is due I shall be able to report that I have been able to do something towards the spread of the kingdom of Him whom we love.

WORK AT HAKODATE.

Letter from the Rev. W. Andrews, Hakodate, Yezo, Japan.

December 31st, 1885.

E began the new year as usual by observing the week of United Prayer; the members of the three Protestant denominations meeting together every night for a week, and on Sunday morning closing the meetings by gathering together around the Lord's Table and partaking of the Holy Communion. I think it was a sight which must have made the angels rejoice to see such unity, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Episcopalians kneeling side by side to remember the dying love of their Master.


Some three years ago the majority of the Native Christians separated from the C.M.S. on account of a doctrinal difficulty. About a fortnight before Bishop Poole died he sent them a letter asking them to be reunited, and now they have all come back, and we are one body again. Is not this a cause for thankfulness? The Christians who are now in connection with the C.M.S. in this northern island number 46. I wish all these 46 lived in Hakodate, then we should feel ourselves a strong body.

At Nemoro, a place 450 miles away, there are four Christians. Up in the mountains, 100 miles away from Hakodate, two Christian families live. They are trying to start a farm, but find it very hard work. We can only visit these places two or three times a year on account of the deep snow in winter. In other places round 17 are scattered about, so that in Hakodate itself our little band numbers only 12, including children. This reunion has been the subject of much prayer, and now we can end the year with a song of praise to God.

With the money which you have sent us from time to time, or which has been realised by the sale of the work you sent, a little church has been erected on the mission ground. This is to encourage the Christians, and is rather on the condition that they subscribe a certain amount of money every week to be put away for purchasing ground in the town, so that when they get a Native pastor the church may be removed and handed over to them. The church is very small and compact; it will seat about 100. The church was opened on Christmas Day.

A Japanese judge recently said to me that he wished me to baptize his wife. He has been in America for eight years, but still is perfectly indifferent to Christianity. He would like his wife to become a Christian, not for any spiritual advantages, but rather that she may become like a European lady, so he wishes me to make her a Christian. Of course I told him I could not make Christians, still he thought if she could be taught a little she would soon be fit for baptism, so little do they understand the spiritual side of Christianity. This is only one of many similar cases. However, we were glad of the opportunity thus afforded to open a small Bible-class amongst the woman's friends in her own house. Please pray for this woman that her heart may be opened as Lydia's was.

EVANGELISTIC WORK AT AGRA.

E Rev. C. G. Dauble, the Society's veteran German missionary in North India, who for the last four years has been superintendent of the evangelistic part of the work at Agra, North India, has sent us a photograph of his itinerating staff, from which the picture on the next page has been engraved. The following are his notes upon it:—

The picture shows my wife, myself, and my itinerating staff. They do not all now travel with me though, for old Radhu, for instance, who is sitting on the left side, is now nearly blind of old age and unable to go out into the district, though he is still active in the city and in the suburbs, and Antone Esayas, whose work also is confined to the suburbs of Agra, where he has been working amongst the Chamars ever since dear Vine's time. He is the first of those standing behind on the right. The second of these, standing behind me, is a Brahmin convert from Bhartpur whom I baptized about twenty years ago, a most valuable helper owing to his thorough knowledge of Hinduism. The short man next to him is a convert from the Sikhs, baptized by Mr. Strawbridge in the Punjab, especially useful for a Muhammadan audience. Then comes the head catechist behind my wife, one of Hoernle's old Secundra boys. Of my good wife's five Bible-women only two are in the group. One was absent and two were transferred to other stations in December last. The musical colporteur with his sitar (the ancestor of the modern guitar) is conspicuous enough. He was long in regimental messes and has adopted English dress. The tall man standing behind old Radhu is one of those lately baptized with his family. By-and-by I hope he will join our little force, which he is anxious to do. I advised him to wait and continue in his present position as a servant till the Lord would call him out. Four of the group are colporteurs and two are teachers in the city schools. Altogether eight of the group are



THE REV. C. G. DAEUBLE AND HIS ITINERATING STAFF, AGRA, NORTH INDIA.

converts, one Armenian, six, including the two Bible-women, of Secundra, and two from other stations.

AGRA, *January*, 1886.

C. G. DAEUBLE.

Since sending the account of his work in January last, Mr. Daeuble, we regret to say, has been obliged to leave Agra for a time through the ill health of himself and his wife.

ing, and furniture was about Rs. 14,000, the whole of which (besides many gifts, such as font, reading desk, &c.) was given by the residents of Colombo and neighbourhood. The church was opened in June, 1881, and since that time services have been regularly carried on in it in Sinhalese, Tamil, and English. The Sinhalese service is at 9.30 A.M., the Tamil at 3 o'clock P.M., and the English at 5 P.M.

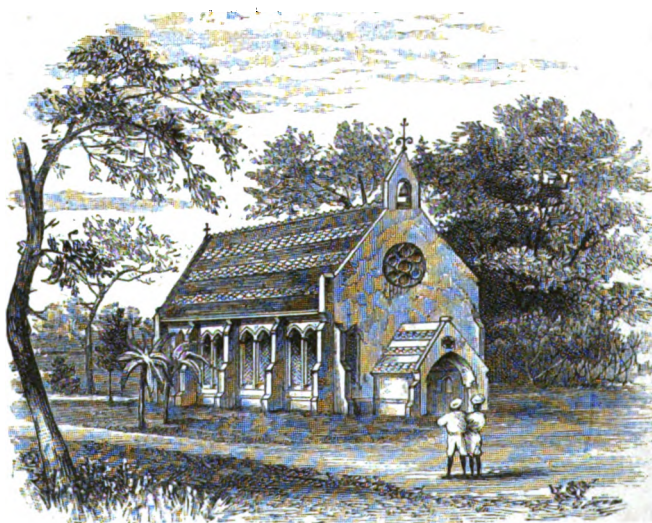
ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, COLOMBO.

To the Editor.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I send you a sketch of St. Luke's Church, Colombo. It gives a very good idea of the church, and I thought it might be interesting to some of your readers.

The history of it is as follows:—Some years ago an English service was commenced for the benefit of the English-speaking people of the district of Buella and the Cinnamon Gardens. At first the service was held in a private house, but the numbers increased and then it was found necessary to remove to a larger building.

The total cost of the land, build-



ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, COLOMBO.

The Sinhalese service is, I believe, well attended. The Tamil service is attended chiefly by the children from the boarding-schools and servants from the different houses around. The English service has generally an attendance of 100 or more, and has, I feel sure, been a blessing to many. We are trying to stir up a missionary spirit among the people, and they do already help us a little in our work, raising about Rs. 200 per annum. I trust the time will come when some of those who now listen to the Gospel within its walls may be preachers of it themselves. Trusting that you have had many and rich blessings as the result of your February meetings, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

J. J. PICKFORD.

COLOMBO, *March 15th*, 1886.

THE GLEANERS' UNION, For Prayer and Work.



WE are glad to say that nearly every post is bringing in applications to join the GLEANERS' UNION. Some of the Society's best friends have sent for packets of forms to distribute; and the results of this distribution will appear in due time. But most of the direct applica-

tions are from the very class we wanted more especially to reach — individual workers and sympathisers in distant places. We heartily rejoice at the opportunity this will give us to know a little more of them, and to bind them in closer bonds to the world-wide fellowship which the words "C.M.S." afford.

Almost all who have applied so far want only the Card of "Gleanership" and the Cycle of Prayer. They do not want the *C.M. Gleaner* sent to them, because they get it already. That is to say, the circle begins with the readers of the *C.M. Gleaner*, as it ought. As the forms get distributed, and the scheme becomes known, we hope many who do not get the *C.M. Gleaner* now will ask for it.

We are planning some important improvements in the contents of the *C.M. Gleaner* after the present year, which we trust will make it more welcome, more helpful, more generally attractive. One page it is proposed to devote specially to the GLEANERS' UNION. To this page the "Gleaners" will specially look for information and suggestion for themselves. We shall give them topics for prayer and hints for work. We invite friendly communications from all quarters.

Would our readers like to know who is No. 1 on the roll—Who is the first "Gleaner"? The very earliest application came to us from a student in St. John's Divinity Hall, Highbury, Mr. W. J. Cotton. It is very pleasant to see a college that chiefly trains for the home ministry foremost to be represented in a Union to help Foreign Missions. The first home clergyman to join was the Rev. R. C. Billing, Rector of Spitalfields and Prebendary of St. Paul's. The first missionary to join was the Rev. Arthur Elwin, from Mid-China. These were quite spontaneous. We have asked no one directly. The great majority of the names are quite unknown to us, and some come from most unlikely quarters.

Let us give a few fragments from the letters received. As they were not written for publication, we do not give the names. A gentleman writes for himself and his wife:—

I have prayed for "Missions among the Heathen" for some time past, so that I shall be glad to be enrolled, and my wife too, in the Gleaners' Union, and we will do what we can to get more Gleaners for prayer and work.

I have prayed for (a) the Missionaries, that they may have strength, courage, and perseverance: strength, so that they may be accepted and continue in their work; courage, that when they go out they may speak fearlessly and in the name of the Lord Jesus; perseverance, that disappointments and hardships may not overcome them; and many souls for their reward; (b) for those who watch over them that they may be blessed in their plans and in their own souls; (c) for a blessing on the late efforts made by the C.M.S. to rouse all Christians to a sense of their duty to the heathen; (d) for those who have lately offered themselves as Missionaries; (e) for a special blessing on all who are zealous in Missionary work, and that many more may become so.

A young lady writes:—

I wish to become a member of the Union for prayer and work. I have long taken an interest in foreign missions, and it seems a very nice

idea to have a Union like the one formed, and I pray that it may meet with great success, which it is sure to do, as it is the cause which is so dear to the heart of our Lord. I have been a collector for several years, but I shall now have the privilege of being called a member.

An old lady writes a touching letter:—

Advanced age, late partial recovery from a severe illness, make it improbable, humanly speaking, I can very long be made use of in this branch of our dear Master's vineyard, but I pray He will be pleased to own and bless the little addition I may be permitted to offer in this blessed work. I have for upwards of 20 years been a collector for the C.M.S.

Another old lady, who bears an honoured name, writes from Cannes, requesting to be enrolled, "though too old and feeble to undertake the 4th duty enjoined."

Some friends have written for cards of membership to distribute. These we cannot supply. It is essential that every individual be named, and the name registered at Salisbury Square. We want every "Gleaner" to feel that he or she is directly connected with headquarters. But there is no occasion to give separate addresses in all cases. If one friend will undertake in any place to be a medium of communication for many others, that will of course save us much trouble. Suppose Miss Smith gets twenty friends to become "Gleaners," Miss Jones, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Robinson, and so on; and suppose she is willing to act for them, and they willing that she should. Then she need only send us the names, with directions to send to them "care of Miss Smith." She will then be responsible for all communications between them and us, and we shall only know them through her. But each one must be separately registered as a "Gleaner" by name, and no card must be transferred from one to another.

Now will all our friends who like the plan, and wish it to succeed, try and invite many to join at once? Let us start with a good muster-roll. How many shall there be by October 1st? We shall publish in this page the numbers from different places, thus, Kensington so many, Clapham so many, Bath so many, York so many. Which town or district or parish will register the largest number of names in the next two months? We shall be happy to supply forms in any number; but there is no need to have a form for each name, especially where one member is going to act for several others.

A Call to the Gleaners.



THE corn fields are ripe, and the reapers are hasting
To gather the harvest while still it is day;
Already the sweetness of work they are tasting;
Up! follow their footsteps! Come, Gleaners, away!

No matter if young, or unskilled, or unlearned;
No matter if feeble, unknown, and obscure;
If only the heart be to heaven upturned,
The work shall be blest, and the winning be sure!

For lo! round the reapers, the ears, thickly falling,
Lie waiting for hands that will gather them in;
And hark! 'tis the Master Himself who is calling—
"The harvest is plenteous!" Then, Gleaners, begin!

By faith and by prayer may our hearts, upward springing,
Lay hold on the promises giv'n from above,
Rich treasures of mercy to earth downward bringing,
Fresh drawn from the stores of omnipotent love!

With patience and care let us quietly labour,
Undaunted by hindrance, unfettered by fear,
And ever behold, in the sick, wounded neighbour,
Far over the water, a brother most dear.

And bring we the talents to each one entrusted
Right humbly to Christ, be they many or few;
Too long have some lain by, forgotten and rusted,
Yet grace can restore and prepare them anew.

And though but a little we seem to be gleaning,
Small, trifling, and lowly our part in the toil,
In time we shall know its full glorious meaning,
Rejoice in the harvest and share in the spoil.

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.

THE MONTH.



CONFERENCE of London clergy whose parishes support the Church Missionary Society was held on June 30th at the C.M. House, to consider the question of holding Simultaneous Special Meetings in London and its suburbs similar to those last February in the provinces. The meeting was unanimously and heartily in favour of the scheme being worked in London, and after full discussion the week commencing Sunday, Feb. 6th, 1887, was fixed as the most convenient time, on the whole, for the campaign. We earnestly ask the prayers of all our readers for a blessing on this effort.

MR. WIGRAM and his eldest son (Mr. E. F. E. Wigram, B.A., of Trinity, Cambridge) start (D.V.) on October 1st for their journey round the world to visit the C.M.S. Missions. We are sure they will be followed by many prayers for a rich blessing, both upon themselves, and through them upon the stations they visit, in India, Ceylon, China, Japan, and North-West America. Africa, Palestine, Persia, and New Zealand, it has been found impossible to include in this tour. Mr. Wigram will say good-bye to the Society at the Valedictory Dismissal of Missionaries, which is fixed for Wednesday, Sept. 29th. During his absence from England, the Rev. G. Furness Smith, M.A., who was for a time Association Secretary in the Midlands, will assist in the Secretariat in Salisbury Square.

THE Islington Students mentioned last month were duly ordained on Trinity Sunday at St. Paul's. The occasion was marked by a circumstance of special interest to the Society. Mr. Vernall, one of the Islington men, was appointed by the Bishop to read the Gospel, being the first in examination out of 35 candidates for deacons' orders.

By the death of the Rev. George Townsend Fox, of Durham, on June 17th (just after the last GLEANER went to press), the Society has lost a staunch and faithful friend indeed. Perhaps no name in England was more identified with its principles and work. Mr. Fox was the brother, and biographer, of Henry W. Fox, the founder (with R. Noble) of the C.M.S. Telugu Mission. He was Treasurer and Secretary of the Durham Association for 35 years, and under his auspices it became one of the most important in the country. He also several times gave large gifts of his own to the Society, especially £4,000 in 1873, in memory of his friend, Mr. Amherst Hayne, and £5,000 in 1878 to start a Deficiency Fund.

YET another Cambridge man has been accepted for missionary service, Mr. Walter S. Moule, B.A., of Corpus Christi College, son of Archdeacon A. E. Moule of Shanghai, and nephew of the Bishop, and of the Principal of Ridley Hall. Mr. Moule's name was the first in the senior optime list in the recent Mathematical Tripos.

THE C.M.S. Committee have lately had the pleasure of receiving, among other friends from the mission field, Mrs. Sorabji, of the I.F.N.S. Society, wife of the Rev. Sorabji Kharsedji, honorary C.M.S. Missionary at Poona; Mr. John A. Payne, a leading African layman from Lagos, Registrar of the Supreme Court there, who is in England in connection with the Colonial Exhibition; and the Rev. Dr. Lansing, of the American United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt.

WE note with great pleasure the election, as one of the new members of Parliament for Stockport, of Mr. Sydney Gedge, who has been a regular and active member of the C.M.S. Committee for twenty-six years without intermission. He was made a Vice-President this year.

THE deputation to Metlakatla, General Touch and the Rev. W. R. Blackett, have returned to England, and been warmly welcomed by the Committee. Their report gives every encouragement to the Society to persevere in the straight and patient course it has been pursuing during the last three or four years amid many difficulties.

ON Easter Monday, April 26th, a new *Leper Church*, a little church for the Christian lepers in the Leper Asylum at Calcutta, was dedicated by the Bishop of Calcutta. It has been built through the exertions of the Rev. Dr. C. Baumann, the leader of our C.M.S. evangelistic work in that city. There were both English and Bengali services, and the Bishop spoke on the words, "My peace I give unto you." Five adult converts

were baptized on the occasion, two of whom were lepers. More than fifty lepers have been baptized by C.M.S. missionaries in that hospital in the last few years. We have an account of this deeply interesting work waiting its turn for space in our crowded pages.

THE Rev. H. Cole, of Kisokwe, near Mpwapa, East Africa, writing on April 23rd, says: "The Lord has begun to answer their prayers, as there seems to be a real awakening in our midst."

No recent book is having a larger circulation than Mr. Froude's *Oceana*, which is selling by thousands at the railway stations. Readers of the GLEANER will be interested to observe that its frontispiece, a view of Lake Rotorua, New Zealand, is identical with the picture in our March number, and has evidently been engraved from the same photograph. But the engraving is not nearly so good as ours. Mr. Froude's account of the Maori people is very unfavourable; but he only saw the worst and lowest of them, who hang about the colonial towns. The thousands of quiet Christian Natives, with their own clergy and churches, in the outlying eastern and northern districts, he seems to be quite unaware of. Many travellers are. A much truer account is given in a capital book just published by the Religious Tract Society, *Glimpses of Maori Land*, by Miss A. R. Butler.

THE large picture of the C.M.S. Committee Room in the last GLEANER has been separately printed in sepia tint on good paper for framing. Copies will be sent post free for One Shilling each. The picture has excited great interest, and is highly approved, even by most of the gentlemen whose faces were, we fear, rather caricatured! Portraits on so small a scale in wood engraving are extremely hard to get really good, and often it is only by means of exaggerating particular features that a tolerable likeness can be hit off. One friend, however, who looked at our picture for the first time at once identified fifty-five out of the fifty-eight figures; and as regards the group as a whole, the leading members of the Committee praise it much. But the picture, even as it is, could not have justice done to it in the machine-printing of 35,000 copies of the GLEANER. As printed now for separate issue, it is very much better.

THE Weekly Prayer Meeting at the C.M. House, on Thursdays, from 4 to 5, will not be discontinued, as last year, during August and September. It will be held, D.V., every week; and we hope any friends who may be in London will try and be present.

JUST as we go to press, we hear with deep regret of the death, on July 14th, of the venerable Vicar of Islington, the Rev. Prebendary Daniel Wilson, who had been all his life one of the heartiest friends and advocates of the missionary cause, and of the C.M.S. especially.

The London C.M.S. Unions.

THE Ladies' C.M. Union for London has had some interesting gatherings. The monthly addresses in May and June were by the Rev. H. M. M. Hackett and the Rev. H. Sutton. The Editorial Secretary also gave a course of three lectures on East and Central Africa. At a meeting of the newly appointed District Lady Secretaries for different parts of London, held at Mrs. Wigram's, reports were presented showing much fresh and active work of various kinds initiated by them and other ladies. Mrs. Richard Fry has been appointed an Hon. Sec. of the Union in addition to Mrs. Barlow.

The C.M.S. Lay Workers' Union for London has had three meetings since our last report. In May, a discussion was opened by the Rev. J. B. Whiting on "The Object of Missions: the Conversion of the World? or, the Gospel to be Preached as a Witness?" In June, Mr. G. Martin Tait gave an address to children on China, which was afterwards criticised by the members. In July, the members were kindly entertained by Sir Douglas Fox at Coombe Springs, Surrey, when a pleasant out-door evening was spent, and a short address was given by the Rev. F. Nevill, of Sierra Leone. The last Sunday in May was the half-yearly Missionary Sunday in many London Sunday-schools, and some eighty addresses were given, most of them by members of the Union.

The C.M.S. Union of Younger Clergy met in May and June, and addresses were given by the Rev. J. B. Whiting, the Rev. G. F. Head, and the Rev. H. C. Squires.

Forthcoming Sales of Work.

Mrs. Cheales, Brockham, Betchworth. Sale on August 3rd. Parcels to be sent by S. E. R. to Betchworth, and labelled "To be called for."

Miss Stubbs, 3, Blenheim Terrace, Ramsgate. Sale on August 3rd.

Miss L. Storrs, Skirbeck, Boston, Lincolnshire. Early in September.

Mrs. C. Dunlop Smith, Didsbury Rectory, Manchester. Sale in second week of September.

RECEIVED for the C.M.S.:—£1 10s. from "Faith" (a thankoffering); £1, a Clerk's offering; £2 2s. from G. H. Gooch; 10s. from a Country Schoolmaster.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

(The Texts are chosen to illustrate the "Te Deum.")

F. Qr. 5th.....7.55 a.m.
F. M. 13th.....10.50 a.m.

September.

L. Qr. 21st ...5.55 a.m.
N. M. 27th ...9.18 p.m.WE THEREFORE PRAY THEE, HELP THY SERVANTS,
WHOM THOU HAST REDEEMED WITH THY PRECIOUS BLOOD.

- 1 W 1 Thess. 1. 9. Ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God.
 2 T Col. 8. 24. Ye serve the Lord Christ.
 3 F Rom. 6. 16. His servants ye are to whom ye obey. [*Frere Town, 1875.*
 4 S Acts 27. 23. Whose I am, and whom I serve. *1st freed slaves received at*
 [or 21. Mark 7. 1—24.
 5 S Rev. 1. 1. 11th aft. Trin. 1 Kings 18. 1 Cor. 14. 1—20. E. 1 Kings 19.
 6 M Ps. 90. 16. Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants.
 7 T Dan. 9. 17. O our God, hear the prayer of Thy servant. *Archdeacon*
 [*Brown, New Zealand, died, 1884.*
 8 W John 14. 13. Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do. [1821.
 9 T John 14. 18. I will not leave you comfortless. *Remner, 1st C.M.S. Miss., d.,*
 10 F Matt. 28. 20. Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.
 11 S Isa. 63. 1. Mighty to save. *French and Stuart sailed for India, 1850.*
 [1—16, or 4. 8—38. Mark 11. 1—27.
 12 S Ps. 62. 11. 1st aft. Trin. 1 Kings 22. 1—41. 2 Cor. 4. E. 2 Kings 2.
 13 M Heb. 2. 18. He is able to succour them that are tempted.
 14 T John 18. 16. The servant is not greater than his lord. *1st Niger con-*
 [*verts baptized, 1862.*
 15 W John 15. 20. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you.
 16 T 2 Cor. 4. 9. Persecuted, but not forsaken. [Jesus, receive my spirit.
 17 F Acts 7. 59. They stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord
 18 S Acts 4. 29. Grant unto Thy servants...boldness.
 [1—24, or 7. Mark 14. 1—58.
 19 S 2 Cor. 11. 34. 13th aft. Trin. 2 Kings 5. 2 Cor. 11. 1—30. E. 2 Kings 6.
 20 M Heb. 9. 14. Purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living
 [God.
 21 T Rom. 5. 9. St. Matthew. Justified by His Blood we shall be saved from
 22 W Rom. 5. 10. Being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life. [wrath.
 23 T Eph. 1. 7. In whom we have redemption through His blood.
 24 F Tit. 2. 14. That He might redeem us from all iniquity. [for you.
 25 S Luke 22. 20. This cup is the New Testament in My Blood which is shed
 [10. 1—32, or 18. Luke 2. 21.
 26 S Gal. 5. 4. 14th aft. Trin. 2 Kings 9. Gal. 4. 21 to 5. 18. E. 2 Kings
 27 M 1 Pet. 1. 18. Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things.
 28 T 1 Pet. 1. 19. But with the precious blood of Christ. *1st Chinese converts*
 [*baptized, 1851.*
 29 W Acts 20. 28. The Church of God...purchased with His own Blood.
 30 T Isa. 35. 10. The Ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion
 [with songs and everlasting joy.]

TE DEUM.

IX.



HE thought that "the Judge standeth before the door," naturally inspires prayer. We desire to appear before Him "without spot and blameless." For "His eyes are as a flame of fire." And how helpless we are! How dependent!

"We therefore pray Thee." It is the cry of little children conscious of personal impotence. There is no more powerful motive for prayer than the sense of our need. If we had power to serve, we should not need to cry. But we have no strength; and yet this is our real strength. "When I am weak, then am I strong." I do not read of any strong ones obtaining help. But this I read, "I will turn Mine hand upon the little ones." It is in "time of need" that we are bid to come to the Throne of Grace, that we may "obtain (not that we may ask for, but that we may obtain) help." "How hast Thou helped him that is without power."

So our poverty is our wealth; our weakness our strength.

I will not therefore complain, but I will "therefore pray Thee help Thy servants." I admire this in our Liturgy. We appear before the Lord as His "servants." For only while we serve Him do we rightly pray to Him.

But we did not always serve Him. We were once "serving divers lusts and pleasures." But "now being made free from sin and become servants to God, we have our fruit unto holiness."

He freed us from sin. From its penalty which we deserved; from its power in which we were held. But He, in His grace, "redeemed" us out of this house of bondage into the light and liberty of His love. This is the high privilege of "Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood."

"Thy precious blood." How one's heart lingers over those loving words! I like to remember that they are Scripture words. The words of God. "Precious" to Him is that blood. It is the blood of His only-begotten Son, the Son of His love. "Precious" to His "servants." For by it have we been delivered from our bondage. All our hope is in that blood. By that "precious blood" hath He "purchased to Himself an universal Church." And we are members of that Church, living members of His own body. Each one redeemed, bought with a price. And therefore not our own, but His. His possession, "A holy nation, a people for God's own possession."

Two thoughts should hold us here. If He has "redeemed" me at so vast a price, how vast must be His love to me. If He so loved me, how shall I not love Him? "If ye love Me keep My commandments." This is His commandment: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

J. E. SAMPSON.

JAMES HANNINGTON,

First Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa.

V.—CONSECRATION, SECOND VISIT TO AFRICA, AND DEATH.



UR last chapter ended with Hannington's return to England after his first African experiences, and we left him busily engaged in Deputation work for the C.M.S.

In the early months of 1884, the C.M.S. Committee took occasion to revive a scheme which had first been mooted in the lifetime of the Rev. Henry Wright, Hon. Clerical Sec. of the Society from 1872 to 1880—viz., the founding of a Bishopric for Eastern Equatorial Africa. In view of the formation of such a See a division of territory was arranged in 1880 by Mr. Wright with Bishop Steere, of the Universities' Missions in Central Africa, who most cordially sympathised with and co-operated in the project. But various circumstances caused delay, and it was not until 1884 that the scheme was revived. The approval of Archbishop Benson having been obtained, as that of his predecessor, Dr. Tait, had been before him, Mr. Hannington was recommended to the Archbishop to be the first Bishop of the new see. He was consecrated in Lambeth Parish Church on St. John Baptist's Day, June 24th, 1884.

On his way to his diocese Bishop Hannington, accompanied by the Rev. E. A. Fitch, who was to occupy the new mission in the Chagga country, visited Palestine, where he was commissioned by the Archbishop of Canterbury to exercise his episcopal functions. He took the liveliest interest in visiting the schools and institutions of the C.M.S. and other Societies, and during the few weeks he spent there held two or three confirmations and one ordination, when five persons, viz., Mr. W. F. Connor and Messrs. Ibrahim Baz and Murad el Haddad of the C.M.S., and two members of the Jews' Society, were admitted to Deacon's Orders.

His reception at Mombasa on January 24th, 1885, was most hearty. He wrote: "A thousand people were on the shore; guns were fired, horns blown, women shrieked and laughed and cried. Altogether there was a grand welcome. The moment we could get a little quiet, we knelt down and thanked God, from whom all blessings flow."



PERSIAN LADIES IN INDOOR DRESS. (See page 104.)



A PERSIAN LADY IN OUTDOOR DRESS. (See page 104.)

Between the date of his arrival and the middle of April he made two or three journeys into the interior, visiting Sagalla in the Taita country, Tiveta, Moschi, the capital of Chagga, where the Rev. E. A. Fitch and Mr. J. A. Wray are now labouring, and the Giriama country, where he inspected the C.M.S. stations, Kamlikeni, on Mwaiba Hill, and Fulladoyo, the settlement of runaway slaves often referred to in the *GLEANER* three or four years ago. But one of Bishop Hannington's chief projects on arriving in his diocese was to make a journey to U-Ganda, by a route never before traversed by a missionary, and only once, and in part, by a geographical explorer, viz., Mr. James Thomson, of the Royal Geographical Society. The old route for caravans, which, though not devoid of perils, is now a familiar one, is from Zanzibar through U-Sagara and U-Nyamwezi to the South end of the Lake, and thence by water to U-Ganda. But this journey is long and tedious. The Bishop's scheme was, making Mombasa his starting point, to take, and finally to strike a north-west direction between Mount Kilima-Njaro and Mount Kenia, through the country of the savage Masai, and endeavour to reach the eastern shore of the Lake. This new route would have had an immense advantage over the old one, and a further gain would

have been effected in the possible opening up of the new territory to missionary enterprise.

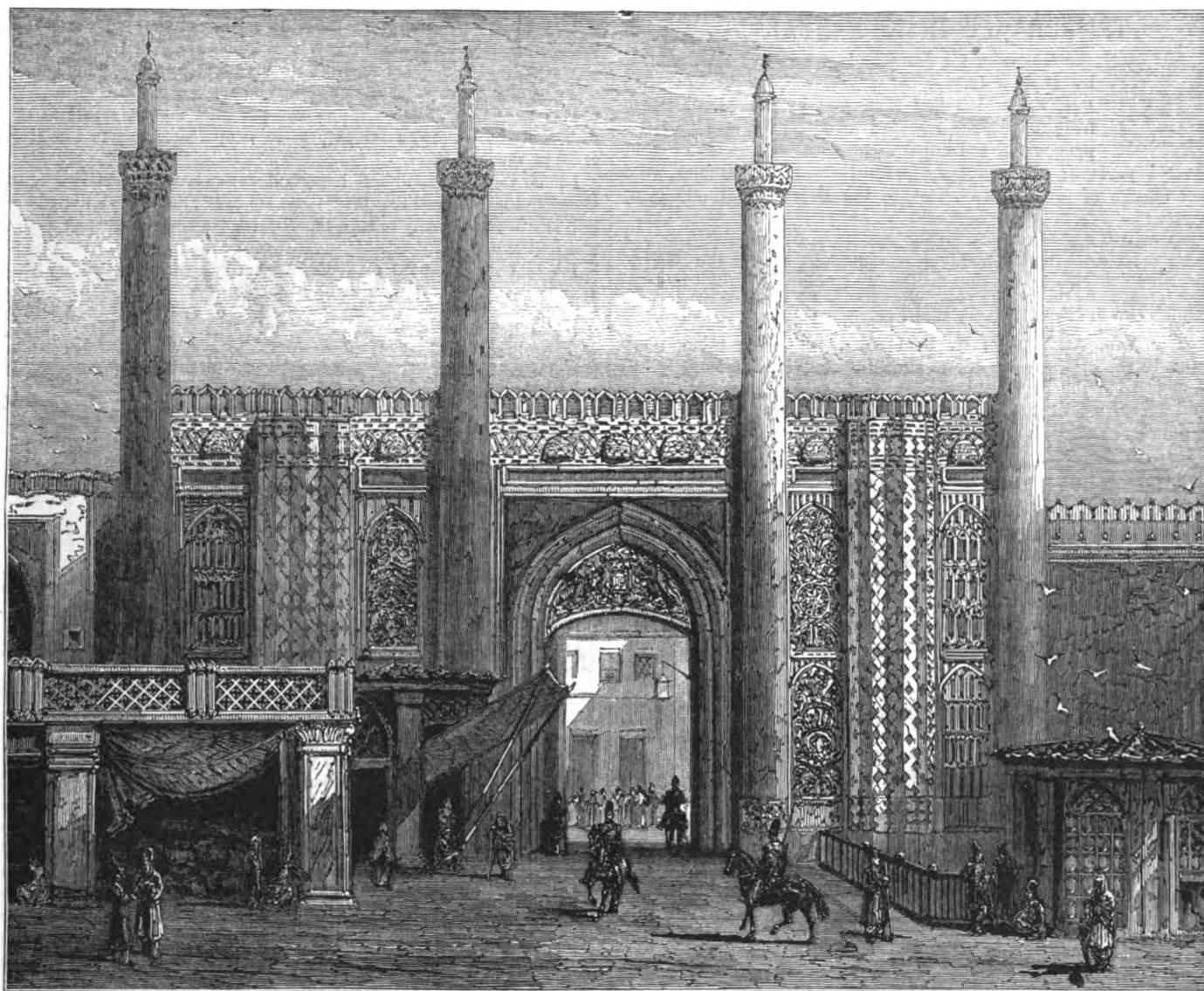
The start was made on July 22nd, 1885, the Bishop taking with him only the Rev. W. H. Jones, a Native African, whom he had ordained a few weeks before. When a few days out from Rabai he wrote to Salisbury Square as follows:—

The trials of caravan life are just now thick upon me, and I must confess that the outlook is gloomy; difficulties present themselves in a way they never thought of doing before. Starvation, desertion, treachery, and a few other nightmares and furies hover over one's head in ghostly forms, and yet, in spite of all, I feel in capital spirits, and feel sure of results, though perhaps they may not come exactly in the way we expect. In the midst of the storm I can say—

"Peace, perfect peace, the future all unknown;
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne."

And now let me beg every mite of spare prayer. You must uphold my hands, lest they fall. If this is the last chapter of earthly history, then the next will be the first page of the heavenly—no blots and smudges, no incoherence, but sweet converse in the presence of the Lamb!

Sixteen days later he sent another and, as it, alas! turned out, his last letter to the Committee at home; but this simply narrates the circumstances of the caravan.



ONE OF THE CITY GATES, TEHERAN. (See page 104.)

The rest of the sad story is only too well known. The receipt of the telegram on New Year's Day announcing that the Bishop had been seized by the command of the boy-king of U-Ganda, and that secret orders had been given for his execution. Then the prolonged suspense; the hope that there was nothing to fear, succeeded by the fear that there was but little hope. Then the arrival of the news from Mombasa stating that Jones had returned and that the Bishop was undoubtedly murdered, and finally the confirmatory letters from the brethren in U-Ganda and Mr. Jones himself, banishing the last ray of hope which had been cherished. As the telegrams and letters referred to above have already been fully noticed in the *GLEANER*, together with the circumstances attending the Bishop's death, it is not necessary to repeat them here.

It only remains to be said that all who knew the deceased Bishop praise God for him, for what he was, and for what he was enabled to do. The universal sorrow has not been so much for him as for the Mission, and for those who have lost a husband's and a father's love. He has been called away to an early crown, and has left behind him a bright example of faith and courage and devotion in the Master's service; and, as

the blood of martyrs has ever been the seed of the Church, his death may symbolise the darkest hour which shall precede the dawn of U-Ganda's regeneration, and the literal fulfilment of the prophecy, "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God."

Hannington is not the first who has died in Christ's service in Central Africa. Lieutenant Shergold Smith and O'Neill and others have given their life's blood for the "Dark Continent"; indeed, it was the story of Shergold Smith's death that first fired Hannington's zeal for the spiritual enlightenment of Africa's millions, as the story of Hannington's death led others to offer to go forth. Many more must needs fall before Africa is won for Christ; but over the prostrate forms of those who fall, others, valiant for the faith, who count not their lives dear unto them, must go forward to the victory, which shall yet crown their labours.

NOTE.—The above biographical sketch which ends this month is condensed for the most part from a little book recently published by the C.M.S., entitled, "The Victoria Nyanza Mission and Bishop Hannington." As its title indicates it contains a history of the Nyanza Mission and a sketch of the life of the Bishop. It contains also a portrait and a map. Copies may be obtained at the C.M. House, price 6d., post free 7d.

TEMPERANCE IN NEW ZEALAND.

IN the GLEANER for January last we gave an account, by Bishop Stuart, of a *hauraki*, or Temperance Festival, which had then just been held. Letters from other New Zealand missionaries speak of the progress the Temperance movement is making in several parts of the country. The Rev. J. McWilliam, who has charge of the Otaki district, in the Diocese of Wellington, writes:—

"A marked improvement is taking place here, and in fact all up and down the district, in the dwellings, clothing, and food of the Natives. Drinking habits, I am also most thankful to say, are decidedly being discountenanced by the leading men. I believe the Natives do not spend a shilling now in drink, for every pound they spent so a few years ago."

The Ven. Archdeacon E. B. Clarke, who superintends the work in the districts north and south of Auckland, also refers to the spread of the Temperance cause in those districts, and speaks in high terms of the efforts of the Maori king, Tawhiao. In connection with it, he writes in his Annual Letter for last year:—

"Intemperance, which has been the bane of the whole Maori population for years past, is almost unknown in the districts [the Northern] of which I am now writing; at any rate, it has ceased to be a habit. There are occasions, however, such as when they meet at the Native land courts or for horse-racing, that some do break out. Many have joined the Blue Ribbon Army and other temperance organisations."

"I am thankful to report also that we have been encouraged in our work at Waikato. At a meeting of the Native Church Board of the Northern Archdeaconry a year ago, it was resolved that two of the Maori clergy should join me in my evangelistic work in the King country. The Revs. R. W. Tangata and W. Te Paas volunteered, and were soon in the field, the Mission Board supplying the funds. On their first visit five weeks were spent in itinerating, and with little apparent success. The Native Lands Court was sitting at one place, an English town, and drinking and debauchery were the order of the day. To preach to them seemed to be literally casting pearls before swine. Indifference was not the only thing to be encountered, for there was also insult and contempt. Hundreds of men, women, and children come to these courts and spend weeks and months in idleness and dissipation. Our brethren could not have gone under more unfavourable conditions, but owing to their tact and gentleness we became known as the servants of God, opposition grew gradually less, and a good many attended the services."

"On the return of Tawhiao, the so-called Maori king, from England I met him with a view to strengthen him in any good resolutions which his visit may have induced him to make. We became great friends; and as he returned a strong advocate of temperance, I identified myself with the movement which led at last to his formally pledging himself to do his best to advance the Christian religion. The result of this was that when myself and companions made our second raid on Waikato we found that Tawhiao himself had acted in the capacity of our advance agent. Wherever we went we were received very cordially and listened to with respect. At a meeting held at the king's headquarters, our flag with the motto, *Rongo Pai* ('Glad tidings') was formally hoisted with the full consent of the 500 Natives then present. Having thus obtained public sanction at so large a representative meeting, our party separated, and dividing the land amongst us, succeeded in covering the greater portion of the King country. We received nothing but kindness. They told us that they were prepared to renounce their false religion and return to their profession of Christianity as soon as Tawhiao gives the word."

AN APPEAL FROM AIYANSH.

NEAR SIR,—It is not often, I presume, that subscriptions for missionary work are offered from among the heathen. Such, however, has been the case at Aiyansh to-day.

A heathen chief of the Gitlakdamuks, named Nishiok, called upon me this afternoon and inquired when I intended building a church at Aiyansh. "You have been here a long time," said he, "and you have not yet set up a house to the Chief of heaven."

I explained how difficult it was for the big chiefs at home (the Committee) to obtain funds for the carrying on of missionary work all over the world, that it had already cost them much money to establish the Mission here, and that consequently I did not like asking for more to build a church just yet. "Behold," said he, "I will give ten dollars as a beginning. I live in hope that God will yet touch my heart and give me grace to believe

and to bring up my children in His wisdom, and so I wish to take a prospective step on the way." This from a poor ignorant Indian. Sir, I was astonished! I could only lift up my heart and say, "Lord, help him; he does not seem far from Thy kingdom."

This incident emboldens me to make a most earnest appeal to the readers of the GLEANER for help to raise up a sanctuary to the Most High in these wilds.

I know there are many and important demands made just now upon Christian liberality and that the "times are bad"; but surely a lively hope in God will enable many to take, like Nishiok the heathen, a "prospective step on the way."

It would require £450 (including cost of freighting lumber up from the coast) to build a fairly good church.

JAMES B. MCCULLAGH.

Aiyansh, Nass River, British Columbia.

20th May, 1886.

[NOTE.—Any contributions our readers may feel able to give in response to Mr. McCullagh's appeal should be sent to H. G. Malaher, Esq., Secretary, Missionary Leaves Association, 20, Compton Terrace, Islington, N.]

SKETCHES OF HUMBLE LIFE IN EGYPT.

BY MISS M. L. WHEATLY.

II.—FATMEH; OR, THE HUT ON THE SAND.

CHAPTER IV.

SEVERAL years had passed, and more changes had taken place in the humble Nile village of Fatmeh than are common even in this changeable life of ours. In the first place, the village was no longer a river-side village, but an inland one more than a mile away from the shore; the course of the current, as occasionally happens with the Nile, acting on the soft soil in that neighbourhood, had entirely changed the bed of the river, so that two or more hamlets, formerly at some distance even in autumn (and of course much farther still in the dry season), were now on the shore, while some that had been on the river's brink were quite inland. The place where the wigwam once stood was occupied by a couple of mud huts, but Fatmeh no longer dwelt there; she had removed to the other end of the palm grove, where she resided with a pretty young woman (scarcely more than a child in our estimation), who was no other than her nephew Hassan's wife. She had been selected for him after the death of his mother by his aunt, who, like most Egyptians, thought twelve years old a good age for a bride! Her own surviving son (one was dead) was married and lived in a distant village, so did her daughter; and her nephew, of whom she had always been as fond as if he were her own son, asked her to let his youthful wife live with her when he returned, after a brief stay in Egypt, to his ship—for Hassan was now a sailor. He had been trained as a boatman from childhood; and to manage a boat in the Nile currents, often very dangerous, requires some degree of skill and hardihood, so that boatmen if strong and willing can easily get employment on merchant vessels of different sorts. First on the Mediterranean in small trading vessels, and latterly on an English Peninsular and Oriental steamer, Hassan had been serving for years, and always had been well thought of for steady character and good nature.

Ten years had passed since the inundation that had overthrown poor Fatmeh's hut; the village now was all rebuilt, and the very memory of the flood was faded away. Had the inhabitants forgotten the words spoken and read to them also? were the thoughts that God's Word had brought, to some of them at least, all passed away as the footstep on the sand? Perhaps not all; some such efforts do fail, many, many more seem to have failed, because shortsighted man cannot see far enough to see the good done, or even, it may be, God in His inscrutable wisdom sees fit not to let the seed that has sprouted—though we thought it had been carried off by the birds—be found by the sower till the time of harvest! I once found an ear of barley—a fruitful ear, though only one—growing in a crevice of a rock in a sandy desert, where the cliffs cropped out bare and yellow, and where I never expected to see aught but the few scanty bushes which grow in those dry places, and which can but afford a meal to the camel, and are mostly as thorny as they are fruitless. Yet here was

a fine plant of barley, with well-filled ear, growing in a nook where the winter showers, more abundant than usual that season, had caused it to bring forth a bud; it was a grain doubtless dropped by a horseman from his steed's bag of provender, and but for the chance that led me thither in a search for desert pebbles no eye would probably have seen it!

So, in the time of harvest, will be shown corn for the Master which the sower little recked of.

It was a lovely evening on the Mediterranean, and the sea shone like glass as the English steamer glided rapidly over its calm surface, making a deep furrow in the smooth waters as its busy machine urged it forward. The awning was drawn carefully over the upper deck lest the genial sunshine of October (for the summer heats were over) should penetrate to the deck chairs, where pale-faced Indians, hiding from the sun as from an enemy, were reclining with yellow-backed novels or cigars. But on the other deck a group were assembled who welcomed the warm rays and cheerful light after several chill and rainy days, and were basking in them with great enjoyment. These were some *Lascars* who were expecting to land in Bombay after a few weeks, and a smaller circle of Egyptians—Arabs the sailors called them, as they spoke Arabic, but they were natives of Egypt, and were now sitting on the floor of the deck in a corner a little apart, and conversing about their hopes of having a week or even possibly a fortnight in their native land, as the ship was going to be cleaned on arrival in Port Said.

"I almost envy thee, brother," observed a stalwart fellow about thirty or thirty-three years old, addressing a delicate-looking, slender youth, who was going to leave on account of recent illness, and return to his village on the Nile. "It is true thou art sick, but the fever is gone, and the air of the river is good—nothing like it either in Europe or in India," added Hassan, for he it was who spoke.

"Ah!" echoed the other Egyptian sailors (three in number) with a deep grunt or sigh of satisfaction.

"Truly, brothers," said the invalid smiling, "the bread of *home* is sweet; and when I see my mother, please God, it seems to me I shall get well soon."

"Ay, that does one good indeed," said Hassan; "I hope, by God's mercy, to see those I love also, though my stay must be short. My poor mother is dead, but I have an aunt who is as fond of me as of her own children; and my wife and little boy are with her; if only they stay long enough in the harbour to allow me to get a holiday of ten or fifteen days."

There was a silence, and then the invalid lad said, "Where is thy book, Hassan? Read about those men that were on the sea in a storm, and how the Lord Jesus came and made it calm; thou hast read it me before, and I like this story greatly." Perhaps some of the passengers resting in their bamboo chairs on the upper deck would have stared, and I fear that some would have laughed, had they seen the bronzed rough-looking sailor draw a book from his pocket and begin to read from the New Testament in his native tongue to the little group, and to hear their simple remarks and expressions of interest; but had any servants of God among them been aware of what was going on, they would certainly have looked with the deepest interest on the little party, though not able to understand the language, and they would have rejoiced with exceeding joy, and have said, "This is the work of God the Holy Ghost!"

After a time darkness fell on the waters, the soft darkness of the warm nights of that season, when the Egyptian shores are close, and the sounds of conversation and pacing of the deck by moonlight took the place of the stillness of the afternoon. The sailors were asleep, save such as were on duty—for the weather remained perfect, and there was no extra work. The invalid was restless, more from anxiety to get home, now it was so near, than from suffering; but he could not sleep, and Hassan brought him some little delicacies he had begged from the steward, and coaxed him to eat, and talked kindly and cheerfully to him, till the boy observed, "Surely, brother, thou hast the love of God in thy heart. My mother will bless thee for being so kind to me."

"We ought to help one another," replied Hassan; "the Lord tells us so. How many, many times I found the words 'Love one another, and be kind to each other' in my book. Now I will repeat a verse or two that I know by heart, and thou wilt listen till God sends sleep," and soon the young man was resting peacefully, well wrapped in a sea cloak by his kindly neighbour, for surely Hassan was a neighbour in the true

scriptural sense to his sick young comrade. Not, indeed, that Moslems are not frequently very kind to one another, among the poor especially; but there is with some a real, though ignorant, wish to please God, and to be kind, because it is right in the Almighty's sight to be so, and no doubt such have a blessing. Hassan had always been a kind-hearted man; but now, instead of being fitful and varying in his kindness, as formerly, he was steadily and often self-denyingly kind to all he could help, because he was trying to serve God and obey the Saviour's commands. All the sailors respected him, though only a few knew or guessed even the cause of his being better than others in so many respects.

Sweet was his sleep that night, dreaming of home, and trusting in the Lord, and the first rays of the morning sun found him gazing with wide-open eyes and cheerful face on the faint distant outline of the flat Egyptian shores as they approached Port Said, and in another half-hour all would be bustle and clamour, but the sailor's heart is still with the palm grove and the poor huts which he is longing soon to see.

WILLIAM OAKLEY.

For Fifty-one Years a C.M.S. Missionary in Ceylon.

IN MEMORIAM.



RAVE Standard-bearer for the Truth

On Ceylon's sunny shore,
Oh, is it true that we shall hear
Thy faithful voice no more?

Kind was thy face; thy gentle words
Fell softly on the ear;
E'en little ones thou lovedst to heal
Ne'er looked on thee with fear.

To heal—to save—this was the work
The Lord gave thee to do;
And those who sought ne'er failed to find
In thee a friend most true.

Full fifty years have passed since thou
Didst leave thy native land,
And ne'er returned, but nobly led
Our missionary band.

Our tears may fall, our hearts be sad,
But thou art with the Blest;
And from earth's toils hast entered on
Heaven's jubilee* of rest.

July 31st, 1886.

M. CAVALIERE.

* With reference to Mr. Oakley's jubilee last year.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

An Annual Sale of Work.

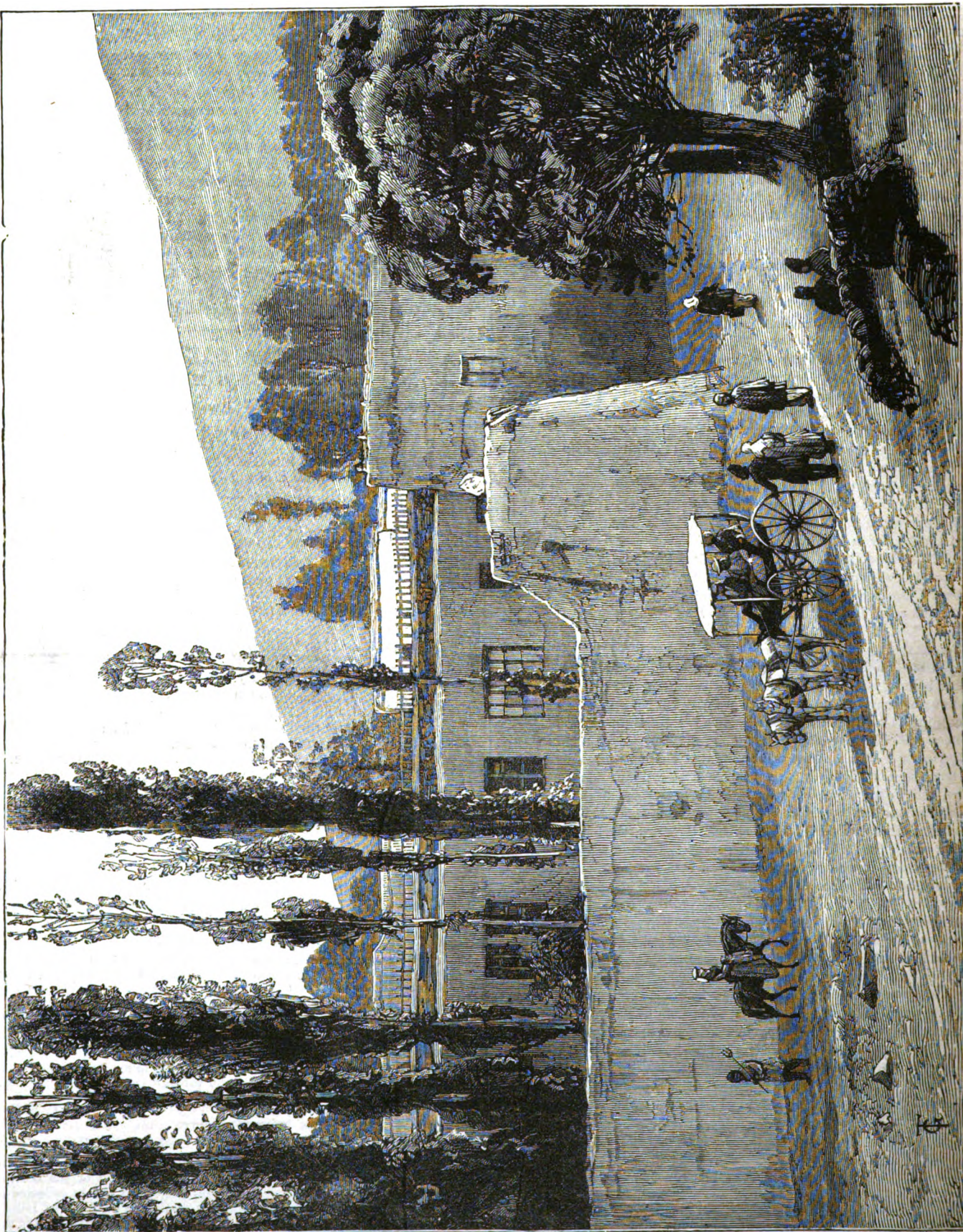
DEAR SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to hear of a Sale of Work which we have annually in the Abbey Parish, Bath, for the Church Missionary Society. Six years ago we had our first Sunday School Flower Show, at which we had a small table of work done by our Sunday-scholars; frocks, pinafores, &c., by the girls; framed texts, scrap albums, &c., by the boys. The sum taken was between £4 and £5, which was sent to Gaza for C.M.S. work there. Since that time we have had our Flower Show every year, and each year it has increased in importance; at each we have had our Sale of Work, and at the one held lately, on July 1st, at the stall supplied by the Sunday-scholars, we took £5, which was sent to Gaza; at the other stalls, which were filled with various useful and fancy articles kindly contributed by members of the Abbey congregation, we realised nearly £30; thus, during the last six years, through these means, we have been enabled to send over £100 to the C.M. Society. We cannot but be thankful that our small efforts have been so successful. From a very tiny seed sown has arisen a tree, which year by year has spread forth its branches, and through God's blessing has been productive of much fruit.

Bath, July 13th, 1886.

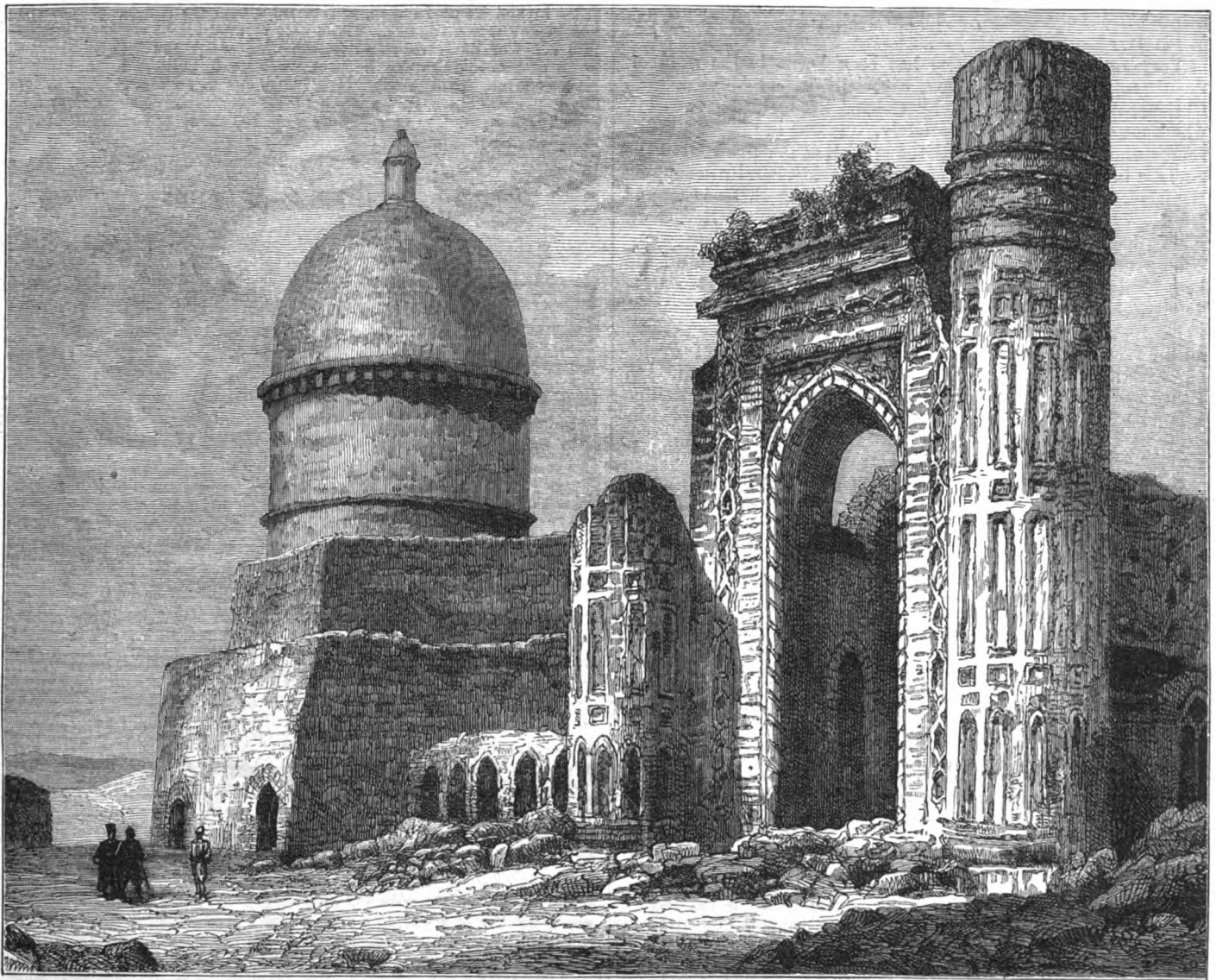
F. M. F.

THE LATE VICAR OF ISLINGTON.

THE late Rev. Daniel Wilson, whose death we were just able to mention last month, had been an ardent friend of the Society from his earliest days. At Oxford, sixty years ago, he collected in the University; and during the fifty-four years that he was Vicar of Islington, he did great service to the cause, both in that immense parish, and in the Committee in Salisbury Square. There are now 300,000 souls in Islington, and about thirty-five churches, almost every one of which supports the C.M.S., the total contributions being from £2,500 to £3,000 a year.



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARIES, MOUNT SHIR, OOROOMIAH.



RUINS OF AN ANCIENT MOSQUE, SULTANIEH.

THE PERSIA MISSION.



PERSIA is almost the youngest of the Church Missionary Society's mission-fields, but it was one of the first thought of by the original Committee. In the very first "Annual Report," 1801, and again in the second, 1802, the Persian language is mentioned as one to receive early attention with a view to the evangelisation of the East. But Africa soon absorbed all the young Society's energies, and the first attempt to carry the Gospel to Persia was that of Henry Martyn, in 1811.

This is not the place to dwell upon the heroic career of Henry Martyn. But it may be said that his one year's work in Persia in 1811 was the crown of his life's labours. In one short year, spent at Shiraz, he began and finished the translation of the New Testament into Persian; while daily "enduring the contradiction" of bigoted and blaspheming Moslems, and while suffering from the physical weakness which brought him to a lonely grave at Tokat, in Armenia, soon after leaving the Persian frontier, at the age of thirty-one.

In 1869, the Rev. R. Bruce, of the C.M.S., who had laboured

in the Punjab since 1858, and had there learned the Persian language, took Persia on his way back to India after a visit to England. Finding the Mohammedans quite ready for conversations on religion, he obtained the Society's leave to stay on for a while at Julfa, the Armenian suburb of Ispahan; and in 1871 came the terrible famine, when he and Mrs. Bruce flung themselves into the work of saving the starving people, and dispensed no less than £16,000 sent to them from England, Germany, and India; after which they opened an orphanage for children whose parents had perished.

In 1875, during a visit of Mr. Bruce to England, the Society formally adopted the Mission; and the Bible Society joined in its support, Mr. Bruce acting as superintendent of the Bible colporteurs, one or two of whom have done a wonderful work in the sale of Scriptures all over Persia. In 1880, a Medical Mission was begun by the Rev. E. F. Hoernle (M.B. Edin.), a son of the Mr. Hoernle formerly in Persia under the Basle Society, and afterwards a C.M.S. missionary in India. In 1883, the Bishop of Lahore (Dr. French) visited Persia under an episcopal commission from the Bishop of London, confirmed sixty-seven Armenian adherents, and admitted an Armenian

catechist to holy orders, the first Native-Anglican clergyman in Persia.

Very remarkable testimony has been borne to the good influence of the Persia Mission, especially in exhibiting a pure Christianity to the Moslems, by Colonel Stewart, the traveller, who knows the country thoroughly. It was in response to his representations, combined with the appeals of Dr. Bruce, that the Society in 1882 resolved to extend the Mission by occupying Baghdad. Baghdad is occupied by the Rev. T. R. Hodgson and Dr. Henry Martyn Sutton, and a fifth missionary, the Rev. G. R. Ekins, has lately been sent to Julfa.

One of the most important works done by Dr. Bruce (who has received the D.D. degree, *honoris causa*, from his University, Dublin) is the revised translation of the New Testament in Persian, based on Henry Martyn's, but much more perfect. In the final revision the late E. H. Palmer, Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, took part, shortly before his lamented death. Dr. Bruce has also translated parts of the Prayer Book, and written a Persian Bible History.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our pictures this month are illustrative of Persia. Those on page 98 show Persian women as they appear in indoor and outdoor dress. In no country do women live in such seclusion, and in none are they so strictly veiled as in Persia. Many Europeans who have passed months in the country, and have been through every one of the large towns, have never seen the face of a Persian woman. In Turkey, the *yashmak*, or veil, is often so thin as to be easily seen through, and in some parts the women will remove the covering that they may smoke cigarettes. But nothing of this kind happens in Persia. The veil is always made of thick opaque cambric, with a thinner piece let in that part which covers the eyes. This cambric mask is usually long enough to fall below the waist. It is tied round the head on quitting the house, and the "chudder," a loose wrap of dark blue cambric, or of silk, is afterwards thrown over the head and person. Every woman, too, in Persia wears, out of doors, large trousers of the same material, confined at the ankles as seen in the picture. The dress altogether is not ungraceful, but it is not possible to conceive a more disguising costume. In all her outdoor life the Persian woman is a mystery. She may be young or old, white or black, fair or ugly, no one knows who she is as she shuffles along upon her red or yellow shoes. One reason for the adoption of this peculiarity of costume may be traced to the fact that it is against the teaching of the Koran for a woman to wear in public any dress which displays her figure. The Persian costume is fully obedient to that rule.

Teheran may be regarded as the political, as Shiraz is the literary capital of Persia. It is the city of the royal residence, but its surroundings are far from being in keeping with the splendour and pageantry of the Persian court. It is mud-built, and is uniformly of the colour of mud. The gates of the city appear to advantage in illustrations, but reality is superior only in the colouring. They are built of bricks, of which the outer surface is glazed, of red, blue, green, or yellow colour, and are sometimes brought together in grotesque patterns, but always with more or less harmony in general effect. The ornaments of the central gate of Teheran are representations of Persian soldiers, with scarlet tunics and black infantry hats—a parody of the British soldier. "In drawing, each soldier resembles the 'men' we are accustomed to see from the uncertain pencils of nursery children." The picture on page 99 is one of the entrance gates to Teheran.

This description may be applied, in a general way, to the picture of the Gate of the Shah's Palace on page 106, with the exception, perhaps, that the pretensions to harmony of design are greater, and that the material and workmanship are superior.

The picture of Ooroomiah on p. 102 shows the summer resort of the American missionaries, of one of whose converts, a Persian Dervish, some account was given in the GLEANER for July. Ooroomiah is situated in Azerbaijan, the most northern and the wealthiest province of Persia. The population is mainly composed of Armenians who are for the most part, if not entirely, descended from refugees who have fled from the severity of Russian persecution. It is among these that the American missionaries chiefly labour. Their work among the Native population is educational.

European travellers and residents in Persia, however they may differ in regard to things in general, invariably agree in the one statement that all over the country the marks of ruin are universal. The palaces, mosques, towers, the gates of the cities, the paving of the city streets, all bear witness to the ruthless attacks of Father Time, which are unchecked by any attempt at repair or consolidation. "There are literally miles of

ruins in and about Ispahan, and of ruins that are neither picturesque nor in any way attractive. Thick walls of mud-bricks are seen broken into heaps of dusty ruin and remain uncared-for and untouched—the home of bats and lizards. Some of the bazaars, built of lofty, vaulted roofs of stone, are deserted. It is dangerous to go through them, for at any moment death, in the shape of a heavy brick or stone, may fall from the high roof." Our picture on p. 103 shows the ruins of an old mosque at Sultanieh.

"SOME HANDFULS OF PURPOSE."

LETTER FROM THE REV. ROWLAND BATEMAN,

Punjab Itinerant Mission.



DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The GLEANER with its suggestive frontispiece follows me wherever I go, and here it makes me wish "to let fall" (like the reapers of Boaz) "some of the handfuls of purpose" for you. But then reaping time has not come in the Kangra fields, and to judge by present appearances, the gleaning of the grapes down country are likely to be better than the vintage of this district. However, the least I can do is to write a diary on purpose for you of this my first introduction here this season.

April 15, 1886. After visiting the boys' school I got hold of a young teacher who is just leaving us, and made a last and I fear a fruitless appeal to his conscience and understanding. Five years ago he was a promising engineer and on the very threshold of the Door of Life. Now he has relapsed into vulgar idolatry, and comes to school with idol marks upon the forehead, which I once hoped to sign with the sign of the Cross. Saddened I went to the girls' school, where my wife was giving a singing lesson. "Far, far away" [*dur dur hai dur*] was what fell on my ear, and as I stood and listened I could not help reflecting how very "far, far away" from any happy land the surroundings of those young lives would keep them. The Christian mistress was just leaving, so I urged the heathen assistant to be very diligent till a new mistress arrived. "Why shouldn't I?" she said, "I am hungry." A coarse view of her duty, and very coarsely expressed in the vernacular.

There is an old Secundra orphan here acting as catechist. From his name I guess that Canon Bernard's congregation had something to do with his rearing. He and I were to go together to a town nineteen miles away. He was to get an *ekka* (a springless one-horse cart) ready at the bridge below the town. As I walked down through the long bazaar not a soul recognised me with any sign of pleasure; no invitation to say a word; no offer of a seat, in a town where I have preached to the people and taught their sons for two seasons. The people are so wedded to their idols that they can't be even friendly or neighbourly to a Christian. Happily elsewhere experiences are more hopeful. As I sat on the bridge, waiting for my *ekka*, and fishing for an audience, a boy came up with coins to sell, but would hear of nothing else. Then another who repeated half the old story in Urdu. Then came a man who knew nothing of religion except that, being a Brahmin, he was all safe for the future life, if there was one, only that as Brahminism did not pay as it used to do, he was obliged to provide for himself in this world by keeping a shop as well as an idol. I could not interest him, or by his means attract a congregation, and then came the *ekka*.

We had jolted along for about five miles, and as we were pulling up in the street of a little town where sometimes the people receive the Word gladly, I noticed a dervish, who with a violent scream held out his hand in front of a confectioner's shop. Some sweetmeat was offered him, but he answered, "No, give me cash." A few yards further on I had just alighted before a second confectioner's. It was very hot, and the shop-keeper was asleep, but he and I were alike startled by the same scream which I had heard before. He jumped up, and rubbing his eyes with one hand offered bruised peas with the other. "Not that," said the dervish with lofty disdain. In like manner he refused sweetmeats, demanding hard cash. I said, "Don't be bullied, my friend; let the beggar work if he wants cash. Lie down again," and so he did.

Close by there was a very pleasant banian tree. A painted dervish was sitting under it, surrounded by a group of repulsive-looking fellows with matted hair, and little more than ashes to cover them. The dervish, a

decent-looking man, was reading the Ramayan [ancient sacred poem of the Hindus] to a small group of townspeople. He motioned me to sit amongst these, and I obeyed, keeping quite still for some time, till, as it was evident that nobody could follow the Sanskrit story, I asked him to be good enough to translate. He said, "Wait a bit." So we all waited till he came to an easy passage, of which he thought he might venture to explain. I asked him several questions as to the practical value of what he was teaching us, and anticipated further reading by asking, "Did Ram kill Rawan?" "Yes," he said. "Then Rawan is out of the way, and cannot trouble any of us!" "No." "Well done Ram, but how does that help us practically now?" "Oh, but Rawan means the personification of oppression." "What, was there no real Rawan?" "No." "And was there no real Ram? Well, whether there was, or is, any real Rawan or Ram or not, there is no doubt of the present oppression of sin, and I will tell you of the Incarnation of One who came to put away sin, and still lives to do it." So I told them of Jesus, and urged them to follow Him, adding, perhaps unwisely, "and take one of these books, the days when Ram could help you are gone by." To this the dervish replied, "The English Government is an excellent one, and ages after it has passed away the people of India will celebrate its greatness; so we now will continue to celebrate Ram." This was not a bad reply, and seemed to satisfy the people, so I was obliged to go over the ground again and explain that we want present help from present evil, which the recollection of a dead king or a past dynasty could not afford to anybody. We left them discussing among themselves. One of them took a Hindee book, and looked as if he meant to read it.

As I rose I saw my friend the shameless beggar sitting close by. He had got his "cash," and got rid of it again in exchange for a lot of intoxicating hemp, which he was imbibing, not as if he enjoyed it, but like a dram-drinker striving to allay some cruel craving. When he gets thoroughly drunk he will shout and scream and throw his arms about, and the common people will think him in an ecstasy of religious excitement, and feed him and his companions accordingly.

Dismissing my ekka at the point where we were to leave the road, I asked a policeman to hire me a baggage pony while I ate my dinner under a tree. This he at once went off to do, but when he learnt that I was only a missionary, he went back to his line, and so I lost an hour and a half. We had still seven miles to walk, and as it was getting late, did not stop for preaching, except at one lovely tank surrounded by groves and idols. There were no worshippers, but some shopkeepers who sold provisions listened to us, and seemed content to admit that the whole system of worship there was merely a means of providing for themselves and the Brahmins in a more or less legitimate way. A man overtook us on his way to the same town as ourselves. He had been to offer to an idol fifteen miles away, and to pray "for happiness." He said he had often been there before, but was not happy yet, nor had the god given him any answer. The catechist taught him wisely as we walked along in the moonlight.

Next morning my man awoke me with cries of "Help, help, against countless monkeys!" It was no false alarm. From a tree which overhung the house they had advanced upon my roof, and thence scouts had been sent down to invade the verandah with special reference to that part of it which contained the elements of my breakfast. There was no time for a toilet, so I sprang out of bed into the thick of the fray. Unfortunately for the enemy stones were plentiful.

As it was a cloudy morning we decided at once to start for a town which we had intended to visit later in the day. There was a river to wade across, which was very refreshing. In the outer court of a temple the priest made us very welcome, and after a long talk with him, in the course of which we had no encouragement, we got a good congregation of worshippers who were avowedly dissatisfied with their religious condition and prospects, but were held very tight by the Brahmins. Several of them could read Hindee, and some joined the catechist in singing. We had a good time there, and after a two hours' audience took away with us a very hearty invitation to return. We of course invited the people to visit us whenever they went to Kangra, and left not a few books behind us with more than ordinary assurance that they will be read.

About ten years ago I met with a very hopeful inquirer in that place, but have never been able to trace him since. At that time it was my

custom to visit and report upon all the Government schools which came in my way, and here I remember I had occasion to report that I had visited the school, and found such and such a number of boys present, but had not examined them for fear of disturbing the excellent order which I found prevailing in the institution. The fact being that the teacher and all the boys were fast asleep on the floor, and none of them saw me enter or leave the school. This unfortunately led not only to the dismissal of the master, but to the closing of the school also.

Returning past another beautiful temple, where the maidenhair fern, which grew in the chinks of a broken but not despised idol, had been torn aside to make room for a votive offering of the first ripe sheaf, we made an ineffectual appeal to the people to turn to the living God; and then desiring to do more than wade on our way back, we struck the river at a deep part by a difficult descent over the rocks, and fancied ourselves quite alone. I was just going to swim across when two young men came bounding over the rocks to beg for Christian books. I examined and exhorted them with such dignity as I could command, and gave to one the Gospel of St. Mark in Hindee, and to the other the "Old, Old Story" in Urdu, and proceeded into and across the water to breakfast. And now having had a siesta, I am going into the bazaar with my companion.


P.S.—On our way we first fell in with a funeral procession. An aged Hindu was being carried to the burning-place. A man with a big drum on his back led the way, closely followed by the musician who was beating it. Then came a screaming rabble of boys running backwards, with aprons and cloths spread out, to catch as many as possible of the sweetmeats and coppers which the chief mourner was throwing over the corpse from behind the bier. Then followed a few relatives, and a lot of minstrels making a ribald noise. It was a sorry sight. One can imagine devils rejoicing when the life of the idolator has ended in darkness, but what can inspire the songs of the survivors, and produce such levity in the presence of death?

In the town we found no means of getting a congregation, so we each talked to little groups of twos or threes apart. We took nothing by trying to enter into conversation with five big lazy dervishes, sitting covered with little else than ashes, and smoking hemp. The people were afraid of them, and indeed their aspect was sufficiently repulsive to scare anybody. Going to the other end of the bazaar I got a good audience of boys, to whom I explained the pictures in the "Mirror of the Heart"; and then of their parents, who listened to a sermon from the catechist.

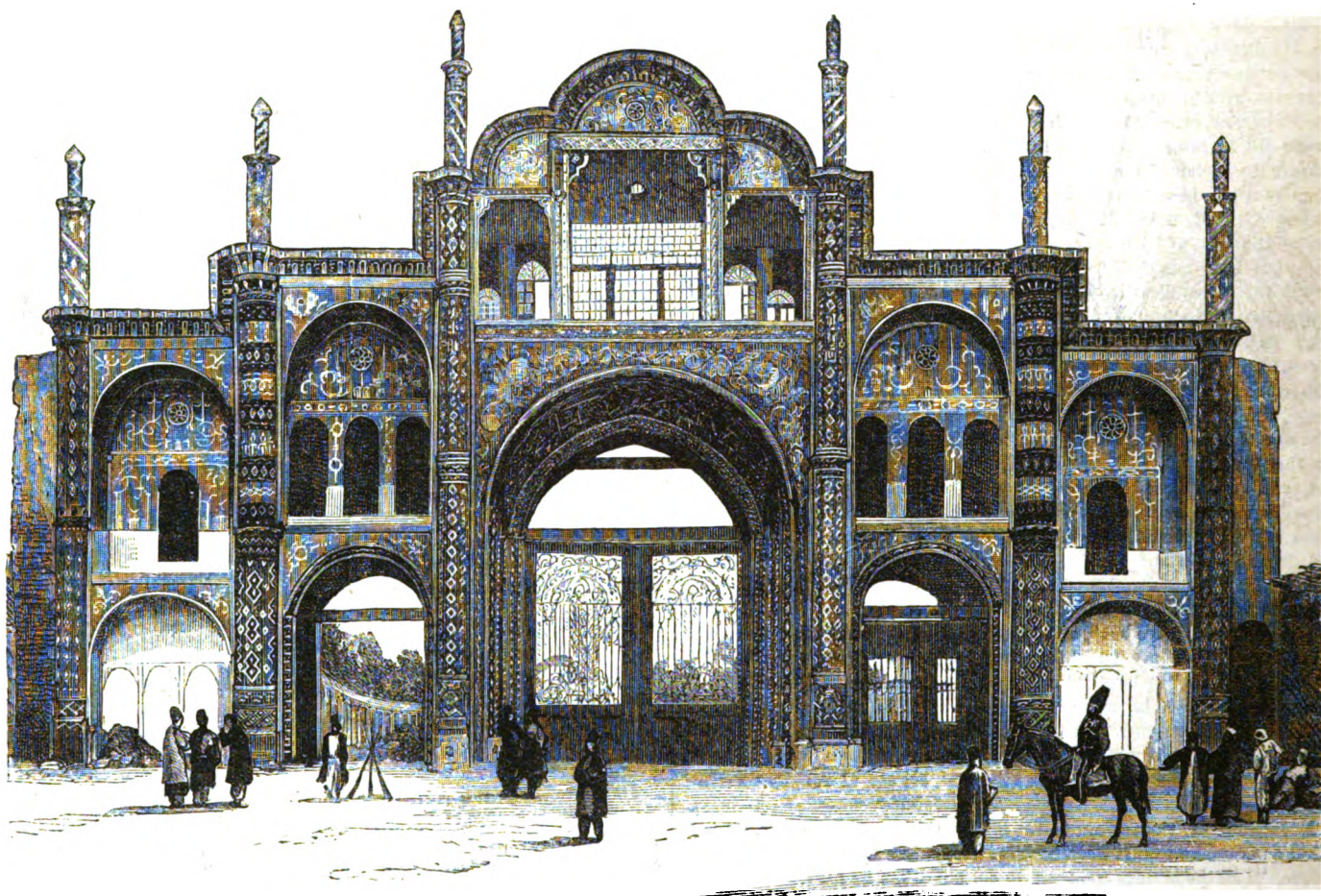
We were interrupted, however, by a little man who came forward and begged me very earnestly to come and exorcise his brother, who had learnt English, and was violently mad. I believe that in some cases it is right to attend to such proposals, so I went with him, longing for a faith which would bring a blessing. I soon found, however, that the maniac had got into the hands of the dervishes, and that his madness was induced by their vile drugs. The poor young man spoke English fluently. He had been brought up in the Kangra Mission School, and knew the Bible well. He clung to me as a friend at once, but his vice seems to have such a hold on him that there is little prospect of his recovery unless he be put under restraint, and though he promised to come to me for private talk he did not make his appearance. However, as I denounced the dervishes in the presence of their victim I had the full sympathy of a large crowd, and I trust that at least a little destructive work was done.

ROWLAND BATEMAN.

A PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARY ON C.M.S. MEN.


 LADY sends us an extract from a letter lately received by her from a cousin in Manitoba, a Presbyterian missionary. The two C.M.S. men he refers to were sent out last year, one for the Diocese of Athabasca and the other for the Diocese of Mackenzie River; but being prevented from going north by the Saskatchewan rebellion, they were temporarily employed among the Indians of Rainy River:—

I have had the pleasure of meeting here two young English Church missionaries. . . . One, Mr. Holmes, taught school upon an Indian reserve, and held a service each Sabbath among the settlers. He has been much blessed in his work, and has had the joy of seeing eleven or twelve conversions within six months, a large percentage of the settlement on that part of the river. If the Church of England sends out many such men as Mr. Holmes, it speaks volumes for her vitality. The other, Mr. Ellington, is also an earnest young missionary.



PRINCIPAL GATE OF THE SHAH'S PALACE, TEHERAN.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HYDAH INDIANS.

 N interesting letter from the Rev. C. Harrison, Missionary at Massett, Queen Charlotte's Islands, describing the habits and customs of the Hydah Indians, appeared in the GLEANER for February and March, 1885. In a later letter, Mr. Harrison gives some peculiar superstitions of these people, from which the following are taken :—

It is impossible for the people in England to form any correct idea of the strange and demoniacal notions that exist amongst the elder portion of our community. I will give you a case or two in point. Take the mouse, for example. This harmless little creature is magnified to a devil. The Hydahs formerly, and the old people of the present day, believe that in every one's stomach exist a number of mice, and that each mouse represents a devil; so that if a man is bad-tempered, immoral, and passionate, the devil of bad temper he must have swallowed, in the shape of a harmless mouse. The next point to consider is, how do the mice get into the stomach? One old chief calmly told me that one summer's morning, having got up very early, he went for a stroll, and came upon some women who were sound asleep, and, to his horror, he saw that their faces were covered with mice. So he sat down and watched them. Presently he saw one disappear down a woman's throat, then another, and quickly no less than seven in like manner disappeared. Out of the seven which had disappeared one returned, which then left six little devils inside the unfortunate woman. The old people firmly believe this story, and they confidentially tell you that every mouse is a devil; and that when a person is very wicked, he must have swallowed a great number of mice, or devils.

They have also another tradition, relating to the wisdom of mice. If a person is taken ill, his father turns all his goods and chattels out of doors; then he catches a mouse, to instruct him where he can find the person who has been, or is, the cause of his child's illness. Having caught the mouse, he puts it into a small box, and gives it plenty of grease. For three days the person who is thus engaged abstains from

food. Every morning, with his box and mouse, he goes down to the sea and drinks a quart of salt water, then returns and throws himself down on his bed, with the box and mouse underneath his pillow, and goes to sleep. He sleeps throughout the day and night, and sentinels are placed around his house to prevent any one from disturbing him. In the morning he gets up again, and takes his box and mouse down to the sea, and again he drinks his quart of salt water, and returns to his bed. This, as I have just mentioned, he does for three successive days. If during this time he imagines or dreams that an invisible-world individual has appeared to him, and revealed the name of any man, woman, or child, he at once believes it, and away he goes to the person whose name has been mentioned, and demands to know the reason why he or she has made his child unwell. He also demands heavy payment of blankets as a peace-offering, and the restoration of his child to health. Supposing that the salt-water drinker has been unfortunate in his dreams, after the third day is ended he takes the mouse in his hand and goes into every house, and holds the mouse in front of every person, until he finds the individual who is the cause of his child's sickness. If the mouse should bow his head twice before any man, woman, or child, the old people verily believe that the devil or mouse has revealed the culprit who has caused the man's illness. The man demands heavy payment and the restoration to health of the sick person. Many years ago, as some of the people have told me, shortly after the mouse's performance, the man, woman, or child before whom the mouse bowed its head twice would be found dead in the wood.

Only this winter an old man whose son was ill resorted to this old plan. I got the Church Council together, and pointed out to them the absurdity of such an idea as a simple mouse revealing the cause of one's sickness. They all agreed with me; therefore I sent them down to this man's house with my permission to enter, and persuaded him to stop with his demoniacal performance. The baptized people acted accordingly, and at two o'clock in the morning they returned to tell me that they had persuaded him to stop. Thus I hope that I have been the means of putting a stop for ever to this mysterious and dangerous entertainment.

THE GLEANERS' UNION,

For Prayer and Work.



WE continue to receive from all sides expressions of approval and promises of co-operation. The actual enrolment is small so far, just 240 in the first month, July. But we said we would begin modestly, and if the UNION is worked for the glory of God and is pleasing in His eyes, it

will grow and prosper. Even at the rate at which it has begun, we should get nearly 3,000 members in the first year. Moreover, with a very few exceptions, the members already enrolled are in a sense "outsiders," the inner circle of friends not having responded yet; and this is just what we want, to get especially at

those who are not reached by existing organisations. But, let it be clearly understood, we want *everybody*.

Yes, everybody. Some friends have written to say, "I suppose this chiefly is for children." Nothing of the kind. Certainly children are included in the invitation; and if any wish should be expressed to that effect, we will have a Juvenile Branch, with separate cards and numbers. But the UNION is for the oldest as well as for the youngest.

Yes, everybody. A lady wrote to ask if members of the C.M.S. Ladies' Union for London were eligible. Of course they are. And they may depend upon it that in course of time the distinct and separate and yet harmonious duties and privileges of both will be manifest.

Yes, everybody. We want the President and Vice-Presidents, and Honorary Life Governors, and Treasurers of Associations, and ordinary members of the Society, and Sunday-school teachers, and collectors, and poor subscribers, and poor people who don't subscribe. We want bishops and clergy and laity, men and women and children.

We are asked, What are the Gleaners to do? Our answer is a simple one: *Do what they can, only do something.* The Union, we see, is being called the "Gleaners' Prayer Union." That is a mistake, and we would ask that this name should not be used, as it limits the design. It is "THE GLEANERS' UNION, FOR PRAYER AND WORK." Certainly, members who can only pray are welcome, for true prayer is the most effectual of all work; but prayer must be accompanied, wherever possible, by definite work, as indeed it is now in thousands of cases. Well, says another, am I to collect money? Certainly, if you can; but not necessarily. Other organisations for other purposes should illustrate what is meant. Take the recent case of the Primrose League. We say nothing about its politics. They may be very admirable, or very abominable! But it has done this; it has created a bond of fellowship, and awakened an enthusiasm, of the greatest possible value to the cause it represents. Its object is not to collect money, nor to unite in prayer, but to *promote a cause*. That is the chief object of the GLEANERS' UNION. Notwithstanding all the missionary interest which, thank God, does exist, the Church as a whole is asleep about the first and grandest of all causes, the evangelisation of the world; and it has got to be awakened. Cannot a great GLEANERS' UNION do it? At all events, individual "Gleaners" can win individual men and women to believe in the cause.

Now let us begin at once. Let every "Gleaner" already enrolled try and get others to be enrolled. Why should not each

"Gleaner" get one new "Gleaner" every week from now to Christmas? Many can do much more than that: let them do it. Many cannot do so much: let them thank God if they can do even a very little. And let the invalids and the solitary members go on praying for the rest. There is really no limit to what the UNION may do, if it please God to use it and to bless it.

We give two of the kind letters sent to us:—

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—In forwarding the printed form of application for a card of "Gleanership," I cannot but take the opportunity of assuring you of how heartily I rejoice in the movement thus being set on foot in commemoration of the blessed F. S. M. Since my childish days, when we looked forward to the Annual Meetings in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, as our yearly Fête, I have never been at such hallowed gatherings as our February meetings here, and I thank God for any effort to keep the flame, then kindled afresh, bright and glowing; and to bind His people in a closer bond of union in that glorious work, which I believe to be the nearest to the heart of our one dear Lord and Master. We have, and dearly love, both *Gleaner* and *Intelligencer*, especially the latter, to which I look eagerly forward as my monthly treat. As a record of facts it is intensely interesting, so much so that I always find it very difficult to go to bed the night it arrives.

Lowestoft.

M. A. B.

LONDON, July 17th, 1886.

SIR,—Blessed be God for the happy thought of a GLEANERS' UNION. I feel sure many in lonely corners away from organisations may be helped by it to form new centres. I trust no "Gleaner" will rest in bringing gleanings only. May each present their *first fruits* "holy unto the Lord," that in Christ Jesus their gleanings also may be acceptable and accepted (2 Cor. viii. 5).

You invite suggestions: permit me, please—

1. *Definite prayer* is helped by *intelligent knowledge*. Many new or young friends would be helped by more information on the subjects of the monthly "Cycle." Would it be well to issue a small handbook for this purpose?

2. Your plan to utilise the existing organisations, I like much. "Scattered Gleaners" will need most encouragement. Do you propose a special collecting-box for these?

3. Is any badge or medal for wear contemplated? Personally, I dislike them much, but am bound to say I see many do make use of them, to spread their principles and forward their aims.

4. In reference to Miss Doswell's letter in July *Gleaner*, such efforts might be made missionary all round—awakening interest in singers and hearers, spreading knowledge and bringing funds, prayers, praise and lives of service. But there is an *absolute dearth* of good missionary story services of song. *Suitable stories and hymns abound*. Many workers could arrange for their own use with a hint—others would take up such gladly if compiled for them. This would work in town or village I know. Who will compile? Many will sing or hear. Many ladies are able to do this. (Writer is ill, shut away from materials, in a strait place, or would do it gladly, but thousands are better able and will be gladly willing if asked.)

5. Might not missionary hymns be more frequently sung in churches and Sunday-schools?

So far for hints and queries suggested in a very quiet, suffering corner, in a place I could never have chosen to come to, but whither the Lord caused me to be carried in helplessness. For myself I do not need a new link, nor do I yet see what more I could do than I have long delighted to try—but ways open when the heart is awake. I have found missionary interests a great blessing in affliction, and strongly advise invalids to cultivate an interest in Foreign Missions. I have those I have known in the flesh out on His service in many lands to pray for. Others I have read of only are made dear by having learned to pray for them as far as strength permit. I follow the "Cycle" and meet the Thursday gathering for prayer, and take up the *Gleaner* requests. Do you encourage invalids to join? If so, please say so; many of us are too sensible of our own limitations to offer, unless you bid us welcome; but a word from you would bring many of us, especially if you offer us help to a point of our own (say, e.g., sick missionaries to pray for). I leave it to you, and shall watch (if I tarry) for your word. God speed the "Gleaners."

I thank Mr. Sampson for his papers on the "Te Deum."—Yours faithfully,
ONE SHUT IN.

In reply to the questions of "One shut in,"—

1. A good suggestion. We will see what can be done.
2. Certainly not. We do not wish the GLEANERS' UNION to have any separate funds. Ordinary boxes can be obtained in the ordinary ways.
3. No. The GLEANERS' UNION should be *aggressive*, but *quietly so*.
4. The Church of England Sunday School Institute has some narrative Missionary Services of Song.
5. Yes. In church especially, the Evangelisation of the World should be preached about, and sung about, as often as any other great Christian duty, such as faith or prayer.
6. Most certainly we wish invalids to join. And if they will tell us they are invalids, we will make a special note of them, and let all the "Gleaners" know how many "Invalid Gleaners" there are.
7. We will try and arrange for special requests for prayer for sick missionaries and other labourers.

THE MONTH.



THE Archbishop of Canterbury has approved the nomination of the Rev. Henry Perrott Parker, M.A., as successor to the late Bishop Hannington. Mr. Parker graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1875, was ordained deacon in 1876, and priest in 1877 by the Bishop of Exeter, and was for four years Curate of Holy Trinity, Exeter. In 1878 he went to Calcutta as Joint C.M.S. Secretary with the late Rev. Joseph Welland, and on his death became sole Secretary, which post he held until his return home last year. Last autumn he went out to join the Gond Mission in Central India. The Archbishop has fixed October 18th, St. Luke's Day, for his consecration.

ANOTHER old friend and member of Committee has been called to his rest, the Rev. W. M. Mungeam, Vicar of St. Peter's, Southwark. Few members of the Candidates' Committee were more regular in their attendance than Mr. Mungeam, who, though suffering from greatly enfeebled health during the last year or two, was generally in his accustomed place. We must also mention the deaths of three other friends, Archdeacon Birch, Vicar of Blackburn, an Hon. Governor for Life for his "essential services to the Society"; the Rev. C. F. Chase, Rector of St. Ann's, Blackfriars; and the Rev. P. M. Fenn, Vicar of Tankersley, and brother of the Rev. C. C. Fenn.

WE regret to announce the death, on July 18th, of the Society's veteran missionary and Secretary in Ceylon, the Rev. W. Oakley. Mr. Oakley was educated at the Islington College, and proceeded to Ceylon in 1835. With the exception of a few months spent in visiting the Society's Missions in continental India, he never once took furlough, nor was he obliged to leave the island through failure of health, so that his life affords an almost unprecedented instance of more than half a century of continuous missionary labour. The testimony of such a life is a cause for sincere thankfulness to Almighty God. A portrait of Mr. Oakley appeared in the GLEANER of October last year, when we recorded the celebration in Ceylon of the jubilee of his missionary career.

By a sad and strange providence, the Rev. Philip O'Flaherty, who went out to East Africa in 1880, and for six years safely passed through the dangers of African travel and of life in U-Ganda, has been taken from us while on his voyage home. He died in the Red Sea on July 21st. He was in many ways a most remarkable man. He was a fruit of the Irish Church Missions' Schools, and subsequently had many strange adventures. In the Crimean war, his linguistic talents made him an interpreter in the British Army. For a year or two after that he was employed as a lay agent in the C.M.S. Constantinople Mission. He was afterwards ordained in England, and in 1880 he was brought again to the Society by the Rev. Canon Money, whose curate he then was. He took Mtesa's envoys back to U-Ganda, and there, for four years and a half, he had a leading part in the missionary work.

THE Rev. James Adolphus Harris, B.A., of Worcester College, Oxford, Curate of St. Peter-le-Bailey, Oxford, and Mr. Vernon Ardagh, L.R.C.P. & S. (Edinburgh), have been accepted for missionary work.

OUR medical missionary in Kashmir, Dr. Arthur Neve, is about to be joined by his brother, Dr. Ernest Neve. He will be the fourth of the family to go into the mission field. The Rev. C. A. Neve is Principal of the C.M.S. College at Cottayam, in Travancore; and the late Mrs. Painter, also of Travancore, was their sister.

THE Bishop of Sierra Leone (Dr. Ingham) is in England for a few months. His Primary Charge, delivered at Freetown on May 19th, will appear shortly in the C.M. *Intelligencer*.

WHEN we wrote the paragraph for our last number about New Zealand, we were unaware of the terrible calamity which had overtaken the very district we were writing about. Lakes Tarawera and Rotorua are old mission fields of the C.M.S.; but this part of the country was much affected by the Hauhau apostacy twenty years ago, and it has been one of the least prosperous districts of the Mission ever since. But if our readers will turn back now to the GLEANER of January and March last, they will find pleasant accounts from Bishop Stuart of recent revived

work. Archdeacon Williams writes from Gisborne, 90 miles off, that the eruption was seen and heard there plainly. Our nearest missionaries were at Maketu, 23 miles distant.

LETTERS are to hand from Eastern Equatorial Africa. There is one only from U-Ganda, from Mr. Ashe, dated April 7th. Both he and Mr. Mackay were well; but the relations between the Mission and the king are reported as unchanged, and the work had still to be done with the utmost caution. The king's palace had been totally destroyed by fire, caused by the explosion of some gunpowder in an adjoining store. As some of the Christians connected with the Mission were in some way responsible for the store, it was feared that the accident would furnish a pretext for another of the king's violent outbursts against the Mission, but fortunately nothing serious had followed. Letters from the other stations report all well.

OUR untiring friend General Haig is about to undertake a journey of missionary exploration on the shores of the Red Sea. He will inquire into the possibilities of utilising the Gordon Memorial Fund for a tentative Mission at Suakin or some other port on the African coast, and also as to the openings for work in Arabia in connection with the new Aden Mission.

THE Annual Prize Day at the C.M. Children's Home, was held on July 28th, the Ex-Lord Mayor, Sir R. Fowler, M.P., presiding. The retiring Director, the Rev. Alfred J. P. Shepherd, bid farewell to the children and his helpers and the Committee on his departure for his new parish in Wiltshire. He is succeeded by the Rev. F. V. Knox.

ON the night of August 4th the Society's warehouse and store-rooms at the back of the House in Salisbury Square, in which are kept many valuable linguistic works, narrowly escaped being burnt. A printing office behind caught fire at midnight, and was burnt out, and for a time the Society's property was endangered. The Society's resident porter and commissionaire rendered effective assistance to the Fire Brigade with the fire extinguishing apparatus attached to the C.M. House, and were both thanked and complimented by the Brigade superintendent.

AT the Valedictory Dismissal of Missionaries, Wednesday, September 29th, which will be held at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, at 2.30 P.M., the following missionaries will be among those taken leave of. Returning to the Mission-field: the Rev. F. Nevill and Miss Nevill, Sierra Leone; Revs. A. Lewis and H. Rountree, Punjab; Rev. E. Sell, South India; Revs. J. Erhardt, J. W. Stuart, and A. W. Baumann, North India; Revs. H. C. Squires and W. A. Roberts, Western India; Rev. A. Elwin, Mid China. Proceeding to the Mission-field for the first time: Rev. J. Vernall and Miss E. Krusé to Lagos; Rev. T. Carmichael and Miss Hall to North India; Rev. R. Heaton to Sindh; Dr. E. Neve to Kashmir; Rev. C. W. A. Clarke and E. T. Pegg to Telugu Mission; Rev. W. Light to South China. Also Rev. T. Dunn, late of Ceylon and North Pacific Missions, to Japan. On this occasion the Rev. F. E. Wigram will say good-bye to the Society and friends, prior to his leaving England on October 1st, for his visit to the C.M.S. Missions. It is expected that the Rev. H. P. Parker, Bishop Designate of Eastern Equatorial Africa, will also be present.

Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Prayer that God's blessing may follow Mr. Bateman's itinerant labours in the Punjab, that many who hear him may be turned from darkness to light (p. 104).

Prayer for Persia and Baghdad. Thanksgiving for results already achieved (p. 103).

Continued Prayer for the Gleaners' Union; that it may be worked for the glory of God; that it may grow and prosper. Thanksgiving for those who have already responded to its call (p. 107).

Thanksgiving for Mr. Parker's appointment. Prayer that he may be endowed with all needful grace and wisdom (above).

Thanksgiving for deliverance from fire (above).

Thanksgiving for past blessings in the Children's Home. Prayer for the new Director (above).

Forthcoming Sales of Work.

Mrs. Christy, Boyton Hall, Roxwell, near Chelmsford. Sale second week in November.

Miss M. A. Bignold, Claremont House, Lowestoft. Sale first week in October.

RECEIVED for the C.M.S.:—"Persis Trypheria," £1; "Missionary Box of a Friend," £2 6s.; N. B., 10s.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

OCTOBER, 1886.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

(The Texts are chosen to illustrate the "Te Deum.")

F. Qr. 4th ...10.33 p.m.
F. M. 13th ...3.23 a.m.October.L. Qr. 20th ...2.40 p.m.
N. M. 27th ...7.15 a.m.

		MAKE THEM TO BE NUMBERED WITH THY SAINTS IN GLORY EVERLASTING. O LORD, SAVE THY PEOPLE AND BLESS THINE HERITAGE. GOVERN THEM, AND LIFT THEM UP FOR EVER.	
1	F	1 Cor. 1. 2. Called to be saints. <i>B. Y. Ashwell d., New Zealand, 1884.</i>	
2	S	1 Thess. 5. 23. Your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless. [or 23. 1—31. Luke 6. 1—20. <i>Rebmann died, 1876.</i>	
3	S	Eph. 4. 24. 15th aft. Trin. 2 Kings 18. Eph. 4. 1—25. <i>E. 2 Kings 19.</i>	
4	M	Ps. 37. 28. The Lord loveth judgment, and forsaketh not His saints.	
5	T	Acts 2. 47. The Lord added to the church daily. <i>Bp. Russell died, 1879.</i>	
6	W	Mal. 3. 17. In that day when I make up My jewels. <i>Bp. Cotton d., 1866.</i>	
7	T	Rev. 7. 9. A great multitude, which no man could number.	
8	F	Gen. 22. 17. As the stars of the heaven.	
9	S	Rev. 21. 27. They which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. <i>Bp. [Hadfield, N.Z., cons., '70. King Mieso, of U-Ganda, d., '84.</i>	
10	S	Phil 4. 8. 16th aft. Trin. 2 Chron. 36. Phil. 4. E. Neh. 1. and 2. 1—9, [or 8. Luke 9. 28—51. <i>Price sailed for East Africa, 1874.</i>	
11	M	John 17. 22. The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them.	
12	T	2 Thess. 2. 14. To the obtaining of the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ.	
13	W	1 Pet. 5. 10. Hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus.	
14	T	1 Thess. 3. 13. The coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all His saints. [<i>West reached Red River, 1820.</i>	
15	F	Matt. 25. 46. The righteous (shall go) into life eternal. <i>D. Fenn d., 1878.</i>	
16	S	John 14. 8. That where I am, there ye may be also. [<i>13. 1—18. Noble died, 1865.</i>	
17	S	1 Thess. 2. 19. 17th aft. Trin. Jer. 5. 1 Thess. 2. <i>E. Jer. 22. or 35. Luke</i>	
18	M	Deut. 32. 9. St. Luke. The Lord's portion is His people. <i>Bp. Poole</i>	
19	T	Deut. 32. 9. Jacob is the lot of His inheritance. <i>[consec., 1883.</i>	
20	W	Eph. 1. 18. The riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints.	
21	T	Isa. 43. 21. This people have I formed for Myself.	
22	F	Ps. 28. 9. Save Thy people. <i>Bp. Barclay d., 1881. Ragland d., 1857.</i>	
23	S	Ps. 28. 9. And bless Thine inheritance. <i>Peck reached Whale River, '77.</i> [<i>1—17. Luke 17. 1—20. Shackell died, 1882.</i>	
24	S	1 Tim. 1. 16. 18th aft. Trin. Jer. 86. 1 Tim. 1. 1—18. <i>E. Ezek. 2. or 13.</i>	
25	M	Ps. 28. 9. Feed them also, and lift them up for ever.	
26	T	Ps. 82. 8. I will guide thee with Mine eye. <i>Townsend sailed for West</i>	
27	W	Ps. 73. 24. Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel. <i>[Africa, 1836.</i>	
28	T	Heb. 12. 9. SS. Simon and Jude. Shall we...not be in subjection to the [<i>Father of spirits. Bp. Moule consec., 1880.</i>	
29	F	Ps. 8. 3. Thou art...the lifter up of mine head. <i>1st Sikh ord., 1854.</i>	
30	S	Eph. 2. 6. Made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.	
31	S	2 Tim. 2. 12. 19th aft. Trin. Ezek. 14. 2 Tim. 2. <i>E. Ezek. 18. or 24. 1—15.</i>	

TE DEUM.

X.



CURIOUS misprint appears to have crept into this sentence of the *Te Deum*. It was originally in Latin, and all the old copies read *munerari*, to be presented with a gift, to be rewarded. Later it was printed, *numerari*, to be numbered; and so the error has been perpetuated in our English Prayer Book. The old English Version reads, "make them to be rewarded with the seyntis in bliss."

To be numbered with the saints in the everlasting glory is itself reward beyond all imagination!

I notice the titles given to the followers of Christ in *Te Deum*. First, they are simply "believers," "Thou hast opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers." Salvation is by faith in the one Sacrifice for sins. Then they are "Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed," crying for help in their holy service. Now they are "saints," holy ones, men separated unto God, "sanctified, and meet for the Master's use."

But they are more than this. To be "saints" might fill us with fear; for how shall we preserve our holiness? But they are "Thy saints," "Thy people," "Thine inheritance." Therefore it is that they are preserved. "My people shall never be ashamed." "My sheep shall never perish." Why? Because they are Mine. This is sufficient. Never let us think of our saintship, without thinking of the word which couples us with

Him who is "able to keep us from falling," and Who "will preserve us unto His heavenly kingdom."

In this happy pronoun, thrice repeated in these two versicles, lies all our strength for service, all our power in prayer. He will take care of His own. He will preserve His blood-bought "heritage." I am His, He will therefore save me. So prays the Psalmist, "I am Thine, save me." The prayers of our Liturgy are framed on this blessed truth. Not that we serve Thee, though that is true. But that we are "Thy servants." We must be this, before we can do that. He takes us to be His, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, before He sanctifies us, by His Spirit, for His service.

The prayer of these two versicles is from Ps. xxviii. The saved people need a continual salvation. Hence their continual cry, the cry of faith. Of the feeble sheep to their faithful shepherd. Of the little children to their loving Father. A prayer therefore expecting that He will save the people, because they are "Thy people"; and "bless" them; and "govern" them, as a shepherd doth his flock; "and lift them up for ever."

Are we the people of God? I am sure we feel the need of a governing hand. We need much to pray this prayer, and humbly to subject ourselves to Him who suffers us thus to pray to Him.

J. E. SAMPSON.

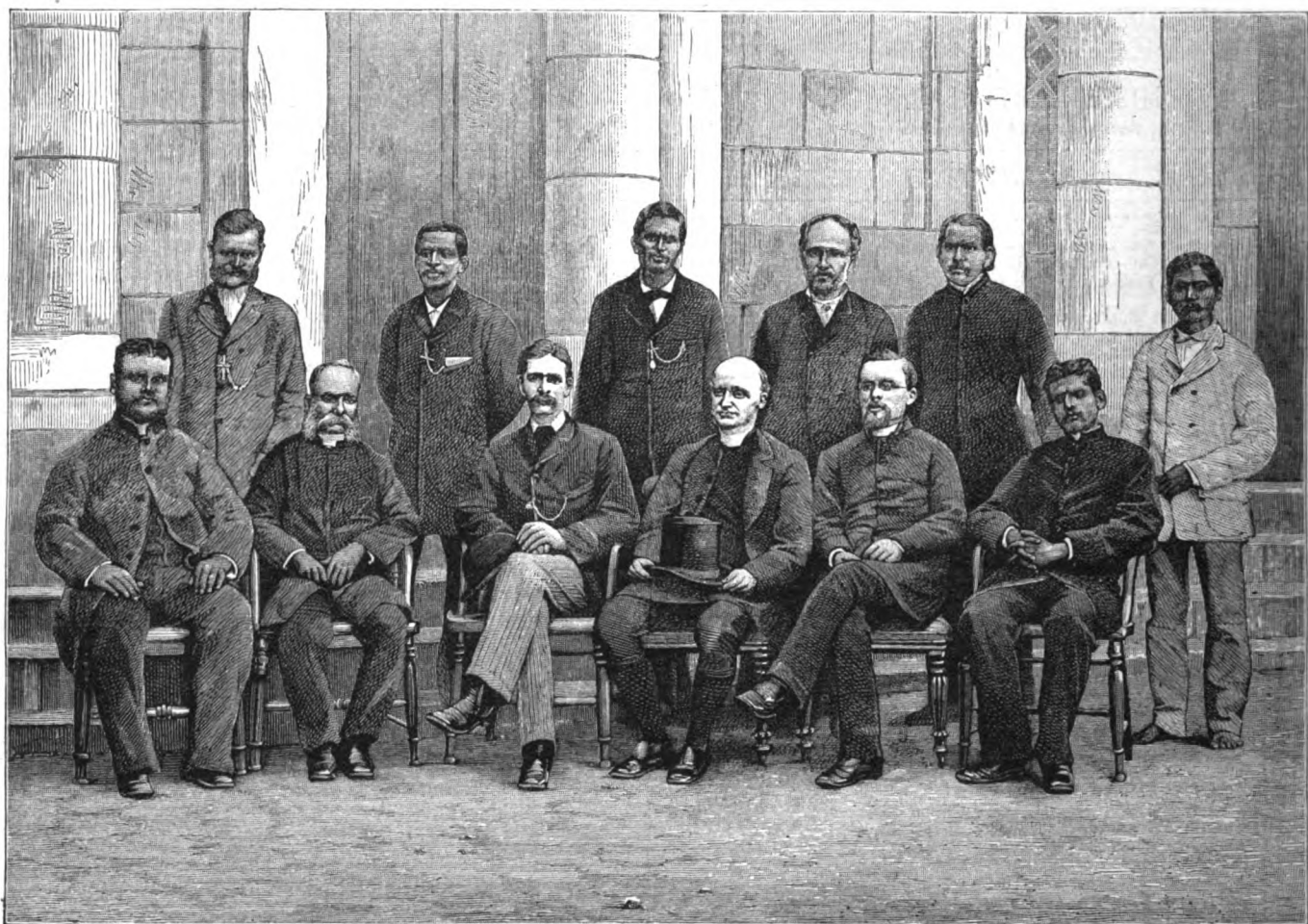
THE MAURITIUS MISSION.



THE Mauritius Local Report for 1885 gives some interesting details of the Society's work on that island. The number of baptized Christians connected with the C.M.S. is 1,926, exactly 100 more than in 1884. There have been 169 baptisms, 99 of these being adults. It is the custom of the Mauritius missionaries to record the number of services, pastoral and evangelistic, and of the attendants at them; and the figures for the year (1885) are, services, 3,993; attendants, 97,803.

The Mission is divided into four pastorates called respectively Port Louis, the Northern, the Central, and the Southern; and in each, pastoral and evangelistic work of varied character has been carried on with many tokens of spiritual blessing. The local report referred to above gives some interesting accounts of conversions, and also of some Christian deaths. The missionaries to both the North and the South Indian coolies mention a wide-spread belief among them that Jesus Christ is one of the incarnations of Vishnu, the Bengalis identifying Him with Rama, and the Tamils and Telugus with Krishna; but they listen, writes Mr. C. Young, "with rapt attention," as the "vast difference" is pointed out between the Gospel narratives and the legends of the Hindu sacred books. The Rev. C. A. Blackburn relates a striking instance of this:—

Lately a catechist and myself met, in visiting the camps of a sugar estate, some young men reading the Ramáyana. We asked them to read some of the passages where the acts or conduct of Ram give evident proof that he was nothing but a sinful man; but they declined, saying that it was the priest's business to read and explain the sacred writings, and they sent for one. We were glad of this, for we knew that they would never have accepted any explanation otherwise. The priest came, not knowing what discussion we had already had on the passages. He read and gave the true meaning of the texts, and this confirmed what we had said. Every one present listened with silent horror; when a man, with evident emotion, said that it was clear, by what had been read, that Ram was not God. "I have worshipped him as God from my childhood until now, but henceforth I can't do so. Ram is not God!" said he. His exclamations made a great sensation—some approving and others objecting. When we left, that man followed us and asked for more information about the true Saviour. We now and then see him, and he is very desirous to be taught.



C.M.S. MISSION IN MAURITIUS: THE BISHOP, THE TREASURER (GENERAL ROBINSON), AND THE MISSION STAFF.

There is also an interesting statement, from a Brahmin who had heard of Christ at Bombay, and was baptized by a Roman Catholic priest in Mauritius, but was staggered at finding he had still to "pray before images," and ultimately joined the Church of England. It is as follows:—

I was born in a high-caste family and strictly brought up in Hinduism. Every Saturday I used to worship the earth, which was represented by a horse-shoe, and six other idols made of silver. . . . Once in Bombay a clergyman presented me with a tract; I took it, but as soon as I espied the name of Christ in it, I immediately tore it to pieces, spat on it and trod it under my feet.

My first inclination towards Christianity was on hearing a catechism of the Romish Church at Pamplemousses School. I began to attend the catechism daily, and shortly after becoming a monitor in that school, began to attend mass. . . . I now felt desirous to be baptized, but on my asking my parents, they said that if ever I should become a Christian they would make me eat on a banana-leaf, and would expel me out of their house. I secretly told my desire to the Roman Catholic priest. He gave me a catechism and a picture, and told me to learn the catechism and to pray before the picture. My heart melted at his last words, and I said to myself, "Must I again pray before images?" Still knowing that salvation is through Christ, I took the book and picture, and gladly went home. . . . I went on the 21st October, 1883, and after the mass was over was admitted into the fold of Christ. After the baptism I felt very happy, and leaping for joy outside the church said to myself, "Let them (parents and relatives) now hang me if they like." The time of trial was not far distant. In the fourth month my brother-in-law knew my secret. He called me and in an angry tone asked, "Are you baptized?" At first I hesitated, and said no, but suddenly I felt myself strengthened, and I said, "Yes, I am." He immediately expelled me out of his house.

At Poudre d'Or I was admitted as a student in the dispensary. A young Protestant named F. R. Nursoo was dispenser. During the time of recreation we used to discuss religious topics; my intention was to turn the young man to the Romish faith, but as he had some knowledge of theology he pointed out to me some of the errors of Romanism from his Bible. Anxious to know the truth, one day when I was in town I bought a tract which clearly pointed out the errors of Romanism. Still I wished to know more: I attended the Protestant Chapel, but could not understand anything, the service being held in Tamil. On my coming to Rose Hill in January last, I went to hear the Hindi service at Holy Trinity Church. I was highly pleased with the service and sermon, for I understood every part of them, a thing very different from my experience in the Romish Church, in which I tried hard to understand, but could not. The several errors (chiefly the prohibition of the reading of the Word of God, and the omission of the Second Commandment) now added to my discontent. I therefore one morning came and told Rev. C. Kooshallee of my desire to join the Church of England.

Besides the North and South Indian coolies the missionaries work also among the Chinese coolies, of whom there are a large number on the island. Last year nine of these were baptized, bringing the total of converts from among them to sixty-four.

The educational work on the island consists of the Plaisance Orphanage, the Rev. N. Honiss being at the head; and twenty-three day-schools, over which he exercises general supervision. He writes with thankfulness of the good work in the schools; but as the orphanage is chiefly dependent upon the gifts of friends in England, he writes of it, "Our doors have consequently been closed to many distressing cases that would, under more favourable circumstances, have been admitted."



THE PIETER BOTTE, CRÈVE CŒUR, MAURITIUS.

Of the African Industrial Institution on the island of Mahé, one of the Seychelles group, we must speak another time. The good work begun there ten years ago by the Rev. W. B. Chancellor, and carried on by his successors, has not been without the Lord's blessing. The work is at present in the charge of Mr. E. Luckock, a former member of the C.M.S. Lay Workers' Union for London.

NOTES ON THE PICTURES.—The picture on the opposite page is a group of the C.M.S. staff in the Mauritius, including the Bishop and the Mission Treasurer. Taking those who are seated first, and beginning from the left hand, we have—1, the Rev. S. Sunkur Singh, of the Port Louis Pastorate; 2, the Rev. Charles Kushalli, of the Southern Pastorate; 3, Colonel (now General) C. G. Robinson, Treasurer of the Mission and a member of the C.M.S. Committee; 4, Dr. P. S. Royston, Bishop of Mauritius (now at home); 5, the Rev. H. D. Buswell, Chairman of the Native Church Council and Secretary of the Mission; 6, the Rev. John Ernest, of the Central Pastorate (Tamil Mission). Taking those standing behind in the same order, we have David Ramcharan, Rev. Frank Chorley (Tamil Mission), Makou Singh, Mirza Hobbs, J. Peer Sahib, and S. Seetos, the first and the last four being engaged as Native teachers. The picture on this page is a view of the fantastic peak (called the Pieter Botte) of one of the highest mountains which rise above Crève Cœur, in the Port Louis district, in which the Rev. S. Sunkur Singh is labouring.

LEPERS IN INDIA.

“LEPERS in India?” says one. “Why, I thought the dark plague of leprosy was confined to Palestine, and that it was not now nearly so prevalent as in the days when our Lord lived among men, and when, in answer to the leper’s ‘Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst,’ He so beautifully said, ‘I will, be thou clean.’” Oh, yes; leprosy still exists, and in some parts of India to a sad degree. To so sad a degree, indeed, that a society has been working these eleven years in collecting funds, not only to labour itself

among these diseased outcasts, but also to help the larger missionary societies who seek in any way to relieve their sufferings. Some missionary societies in India include leper asylums in the field of their labours. For instance, the C.M.S. visits four; the L.M.S. one; the American Presbyterian Mission, two; and Gossner’s Evangelical Mission, one.

Of the four asylums at stations of the C.M.S., one is at a village called Tarn Taran, in the Punjab, where the lepers are regularly visited by the Rev. E. Guilford. They were visited by Dr. Neve, C.M.S. Medical Missionary at Kashmir, a year or so ago, who found some 230 sufferers living together upon a small monthly allowance from Government. The “Mission to Lepers,” the society above mentioned, having been informed by Dr. Neve that the most pressing need of these people was a separate place of worship (the Native congregation naturally objecting to mix with them), sent £36 to Mr. Guilford, of which £20 was for the building of a prayer-room, and £16 to provide a teacher.

Dr. S. W. Sutton, who was appointed last October to the new Mission at Quetta, visited Tarn Taran, on the way to his destination. He wrote:—“I shall never forget my visit to the lepers in this place. The asylum is really a little village, with two streets, and about 250 living in it. To see the wretched lepers sitting on the ground as you walk through the village is a shocking sight. Many of them have lost their hands, some both hands and both feet. Others have their faces partly eaten away. But Mr. Guilford goes into their miserable homes day after day, reads to them, talks to them, and teaches them of the Saviour.”

Mr. Guilford’s ministrations to these lepers has been fruitful of results, and last year he was able to admit five of them into the fold of Christ by baptism, besides one who passed away “with the eyes of her faith fixed firmly upon her Saviour.” The baptism of these five is remarkable, from the fact that the baptized were won to Christ through the influence of six other lepers, who were converted under Mr. Guilford’s teaching.

The other three asylums are at Calcutta, Kashmir, and Alleppey in Travancore. At Alleppey there are 50 patients, nearly all suffering terribly, some being noseless, others handless or footless. Sad sights, such as those that moved Christ's heart to compassion. These patients are visited by the Rev. W. J. Richards, to whom the Lepers' Mission made a grant last year of £10 for the services of a teacher.

The asylum at Kashmir is attended to by Dr. Neve and his coadjutor, the Rev. J. H. Knowles, who have been the means, under God, of curing some of the less affected cases, and of alleviating the distress in some measure of fifty-one inmates last year, fourteen of whom are incurable and doomed to a slow but certain death—literally dying by inches. The Lepers' Mission makes an annual grant of £50 towards this work.

The asylum at Calcutta is under the charge of a catechist, who is superintended by the Rev. Dr. Baumann. The asylum was founded by the late Rev. James Vaughan. Readers of his book, "The Trident, the Crescent, and the Cross," will remember the pathetic tale he tells of the lepers' sufferings. Dr. Baumann has been able to present five of them to the Bishop for confirmation, after careful preparation and proof of their real conversion to Christ. "The hours I spent in preparing them," Dr. Baumann writes, "I shall never forget, as we all realised in large measure the purifying, quickening, and cheering presence of the Holy Spirit." Six of the lepers here are of European descent, and, as they can only speak English, special services are conducted on their behalf.

Dr. Baumann, in his report for last year, gives a touching case of conversion of one of the inmates of this asylum. He writes:—

Last year, 1885, a young woman was sent to us from the C.M.S. Female Normal School in Benares, who, besides being afflicted with leprosy, had been made blind by the terrible disease. "Poor Emily," as we were wont to call her, had but an imperfect knowledge of the Bible when she first came to us, but as time went on she daily grew in grace. During the one year that she was with us, she bore such striking testimony to the sustaining power of the grace of God that the Native doctor, a Hindu, was once obliged to confess, "If any one is a true Christian, it is poor Emily."

When her last hour drew near, her faith became still more bright and cheerful. When the passage was read to her, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another," poor blind Emily audibly repeated, "Mine eyes shall behold, and not another," which she also did when the passage was read, "Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body," saying, "fashioned like unto His glorious body." And though racked with pain, and almost powerless to support herself, she would by no means consent to lie down during prayer, but falling on her face on her bed, she desired with her last bodily strength to show her love and reverence for Him who did not think her too loathsome "to have compassion on her and to touch her."

Miss Sampson, who assists Miss Neele in the Girls' Boarding School at Calcutta, visits the women in the Asylum as often as possible on Saturdays. She has been much cheered in her work, and her visits are eagerly looked for. A small chapel, called the Lepers' Church, has been lately built on the premises of the asylum, through Dr. Baumann's exertions, in which he was aided by the Lepers' Mission mentioned above, which gave as much as £100. Besides this it annually supports a Christian teacher to labour in the Asylum. The Secretary of the Mission to Lepers is Mr. Wellesley C. Bailey, 17, Glengyle Terrace, Edinburgh.

Altogether fifty lepers have been baptized in the Calcutta Asylum during the last twenty years.

It is a matter for rejoicing to remember that although little can be done in this world for these disease-stricken ones, yet the Christian missionary, imitating the example of his Master, is doing his utmost to render their lives more endurable, and that he can and does, in all faithfulness, point them to Him Who will one day "change their vile bodies, that they may be fashioned like unto His glorious body."

In the *Home and Foreign Mission Record* of the Established Church of Scotland, for August, there is an extremely interesting article by Miss Gordon Cumming, entitled "The Working of the Leaven." After dwelling on the many tokens of increasing interest in Foreign Missions, and on the fact "that in each parish that takes up Foreign Missions in earnest, there is invariably an increased interest in every effort on behalf of Home Work," she goes on to notice the influence of this principle in Native Churches, instancing the South Sea Islands, and then giving a sketch of the history of the C.M.S. Fuh-Kien Mission and of the recent Cororan enterprise of the Native Christians there.

AUXILIARY FUNDS IN THE MISSION FIELD.



N attempt has been made by the Finance Office in the C.M. House to add to the interest of the Annual Report last year and this year, by giving a statement of the contributions locally raised in the Missions for Mission or Native Church purposes. The result shown this year is very interesting, although the returns are imperfect. In West Africa, i.e., Sierra Leone, Yoruba, and the Niger Delta (the upper Niger stations have not sent figures), the total for the year 1885 was no less than £7,000, of which £5,000 (in round figures) was voluntarily contributed by Native Christians, the remainder being school fees, Government school grants, &c. In India, the total receipts known amounted to £29,000, several returns being incomplete. Of this sum, £3,840 was from Native Christians, the bulk being given in South India; £3,700 from Europeans in India (this must surely be much understated); £12,700 from school fees and Government school grants; and the remainder from various other sources, including private contributions sent from England to particular missions. Ceylon acknowledges £4,582; Mauritius, £814; Persia, £382; Palestine, £264; and from other Missions the returns are too incomplete to count for much. The grand total of the figures given is £44,155, of which probably over £10,000 was from Native Christians. Of course not a penny of this is included in the Society's income as ordinarily reported.

ANOTHER SPECIAL MISSION AT TRICHUR.

To the Editor.

TRICHUR, August 6th, 1886.

WILL you kindly remember Trichur at your next Thursday C.M.S. Prayer Meeting? We intend (D.V.) to have another Ten Days' Mission, from September 9th. We are very anxious that the catechumens and recent converts may be brought into the full light and liberty of the Gospel. Special efforts will also be made to reach some older members of the Church, who were unaffected last year by the revival. Then, too, we hope to draw in some of the Hindus, especially the higher caste, who have been lately listening very quietly and attentively to our preaching in the town of Trichur.

Mr. Lahshman Rau, whom you met in England, is coming to help us; also the Rev. Isaac F. Row, of the A.T.E.S., whose ministry was so much blessed to us last year. I have also asked for Satisadarén, now at Mavelicara, who was formerly stationed at Trichur, and the Rev. P. P. Joseph, of the Alway Mission—both very earnest men. I regret to say Mr. Joseph is now very seriously ill. Pray for him too.—Yours affectionately in Christ,

J. H. BISHOP.


[This letter, which was received too late for insertion in our last number, was read at the Thursday Prayer Meeting in the Society's House on September 9th, the first day of the "Mission," when special prayer was offered for God's blessing upon the movement.—ED.]

SKETCHES OF HUMBLE LIFE IN EGYPT.

BY MISS M. L. WHATELY.

II.—FATMEH; OR, THE HUT ON THE SAND.

CHAPTER V.

"S it true, or a dream, that I am under the palms again?" exclaimed Hassan a week after this, as he sat with his family beside him under the graceful shadows of the palm-boughs in his own village.

"Mashallah, thou art welcome! Praised be God!" repeated in various tones of pleasure and approbation his Aunt Fatmeh, his young wife, and his aunt's daughter, with her husband, and two or three children, who had come from their home some miles distant on purpose to salute the returned sailor, and join in the feast which according to Eastern custom is prepared on the arrival of a long absent member of the family. If they cannot afford to slay a sheep they will have as much meat as they can buy, or a few fowls with vegetables and rice; and Fatmeh, though a widow, and poor, was not so destitute but that she had a savoury stew on the fire in a vessel of large size, and the cousin had brought contributions to the festive meal. After the preparations were

all complete, and the wife had placed a couple of huge earthen pans on the ground, flanked by a heap of native flat loaves of her own baking, and vessels of water, all drew round this miniature supper table, and probably Hassan relished the rough fare far more than the best European food he had ever partaken of; his young wife showed her pretty white teeth in smiles of delight, as he told them he had never eaten such good bread all the while he had been travelling, as these little home-made loaves prepared by her and his aunt that morning. (He had arrived the evening before, and was to have a couple of weeks' holiday before rejoining his ship.) When the family had finished, the broken pieces of bread and the remains of the cookery were handed by Fatmeh to three or four aged and very poor men and women, who had been crouching near them under the palm-trees while they were at supper, in hopes of this bounty, which is very common among Egyptians at a feast, almost universal indeed. These ragged guests, who were one blind, and the other lame, and all hungry, having had their share, and the bones that remained thrown to the watchful dogs—who were sitting up with shining eyes a little further off, waiting their turn—the women brought water, and the men washed, and then lighted a long pipe, which was handed round. Several neighbours having by this time sauntered up and joined them, each saluting as he came up, and then sitting down on the mat spread for them by Fatmeh, who had borrowed the coffee cups belonging to the shiekh of the village, and now handed the dearly loved and harmless beverage round the circle of turbaned peasants. Each as he returned the empty cup made a salutation with his hand, and said something answering to our old "To your good health," looking at Hassan as he spoke. Enquiries after friends and bits of country news were now mixed with questions about Hassan's travels till an hour had passed, and the men gradually dropped off one by one as they became sleepy, and at last the sailor was left alone with his aunt and her son-in-law. The younger women had retreated into the hut with their little ones, but it was not late, and Hassan felt too excited to sleep yet. Fatmeh sat looking affectionately at him for some minutes in silence, and then said—

"It is a long time since that day the people of the book came to our village, Hassan. We are farther from the water now, and I suppose they can't find us—but I have heard of them."

"Tell me," said Hassan eagerly, "were they all well? God grant it!"

"Alas! my son, all things fade away in this world," replied his aunt. "Our sheikh heard from those he knows in the village yonder that two of them are dead."

"Is that so? Ah, those good men are surely gone to be with the Lord, for they were His servants," said Hassan. "And does the boat with books no more come to the river?"

"Oh yes. There was a year it did not come, I think—or two years; but there are some of them who visit now among the villages on our coast. I suppose the book is not with thee now, Hassan?"

"Ah, that book! I never part with it, and I have something to tell you all about it," said the sailor. "A year ago I was in a harbour I had never before seen in England. Many ships were there from different countries—the water was crowded with them. Well, a day or two after we arrived, I was busy down below in our ship, when I heard voices, and some stranger speaking in Arabic. Then I looked out a small window we have in the great ships in the side, and I saw a boat and two or three boatmen alongside of us. Then I hastened to finish my work, and ran up the steps to the deck, and I saw a gentleman sitting, and a book was in his hand. He was speaking to two of my mates, and I heard him reading some words I knew so well out of the Gospel. Oh, how glad I felt at this, for every day I read in my book, and the more I read the more I loved the blessed words, and the more I loved to think of Jesus Christ. But I never heard any one else speak about the Gospel, for I only know a little English, and no one but my few companions ever spoke a word of Arabic to me before. I came near and listened, and presently the gentleman looked at me, and smiled with a kind, friendly look. He was Syrian, I knew by the accent, and he asked me if I had ever heard anything of the Gospel. When I said 'Certainly,' he seemed astonished. 'Why, where did you hear it read?' he asked. 'Sir, I read every day,' I replied, and pulled my old book from my pocket and showed it to him. 'Wilt thou tell me where thou hast

received this blessed book?' he said. I replied, 'I got it from those we call the people of the book on the river Nile in my country.' And he said, 'Dost thou love the Word of God?' 'Aye, I look on it as my bread, the food of my soul!' I replied. 'What should I do without this?' Then he asked me some more questions, and he said he knew those that had given me the Gospel, and he was very glad for he also loved God, and rejoiced when any one read His words out of the book. Then we all listened, and he read for us, and prayed; the tears came into my eyes as he prayed, and it seemed to me as if God had sent him to cheer my spirit (for I had been sorrowful from the cold, and from being so long that I had heard nothing from Egypt, or about my family). When the good man heard that I read to my companions he was glad, and said, 'This is right, my brother, he who can read and has the Word of God ought to read it to his friends,' and I said they liked to listen and hear of the love of Jesus and how He died for us sinners."

"Ah, my son, that is what I wanted to know about," interrupted Fatmeh. "The lady said something about Jesus, and how He saved sinners, and about our hut on the sand long ago, and I recollect a little—but I forget much of it; now what thou art saying somehow brings it back; didst not thou read to me before going away to the sailor business out of that book?"

"Yes, truly, and to my poor mother also, but thou wert the one to listen best. Let me, however, finish my story, and then we must sleep, for I am tired. I cannot recollect all the gentleman said to us, but he explained some things in my book that I did not before understand, and said kind words to us all, and I do not know when I had felt so truly happy, for he was one of God's servants. There are of course bad people who are only wishing to do the work of the evil one—especially in the sea towns—plenty of them are to be found, but God sent to us one of His servants by His favour and love!"

"Praised be God," said Fatmeh, and her son-in-law echoed the words, for he was favourably disposed to Hassan and liked what he had said.

"Mashallah! truly the ways of the Almighty are wonderful!" said the old woman after a short silence. "Who would think that in a far country one should come to see thee and speak in our own tongue to thee, and that he should know those who gave thee the book—strange, truly!"

"Doubtless!" replied Hassan, "God's ways are all wondrous, and all come from Mighty Wisdom. While I am here I must read to thee, Aunt, and to poor Bedea, my wife, for she is very ignorant. In my last visit three years ago now, she insisted on hanging all those charms round the baby's neck when he was ill, and she did not care to listen to my book."

"She will listen better now, she loved thee, and since she has lived with me she is much better, for her mother and sister were foolish," said Fatmeh, "and were always telling her that nothing good could come from a Christian book. But she knows better now."

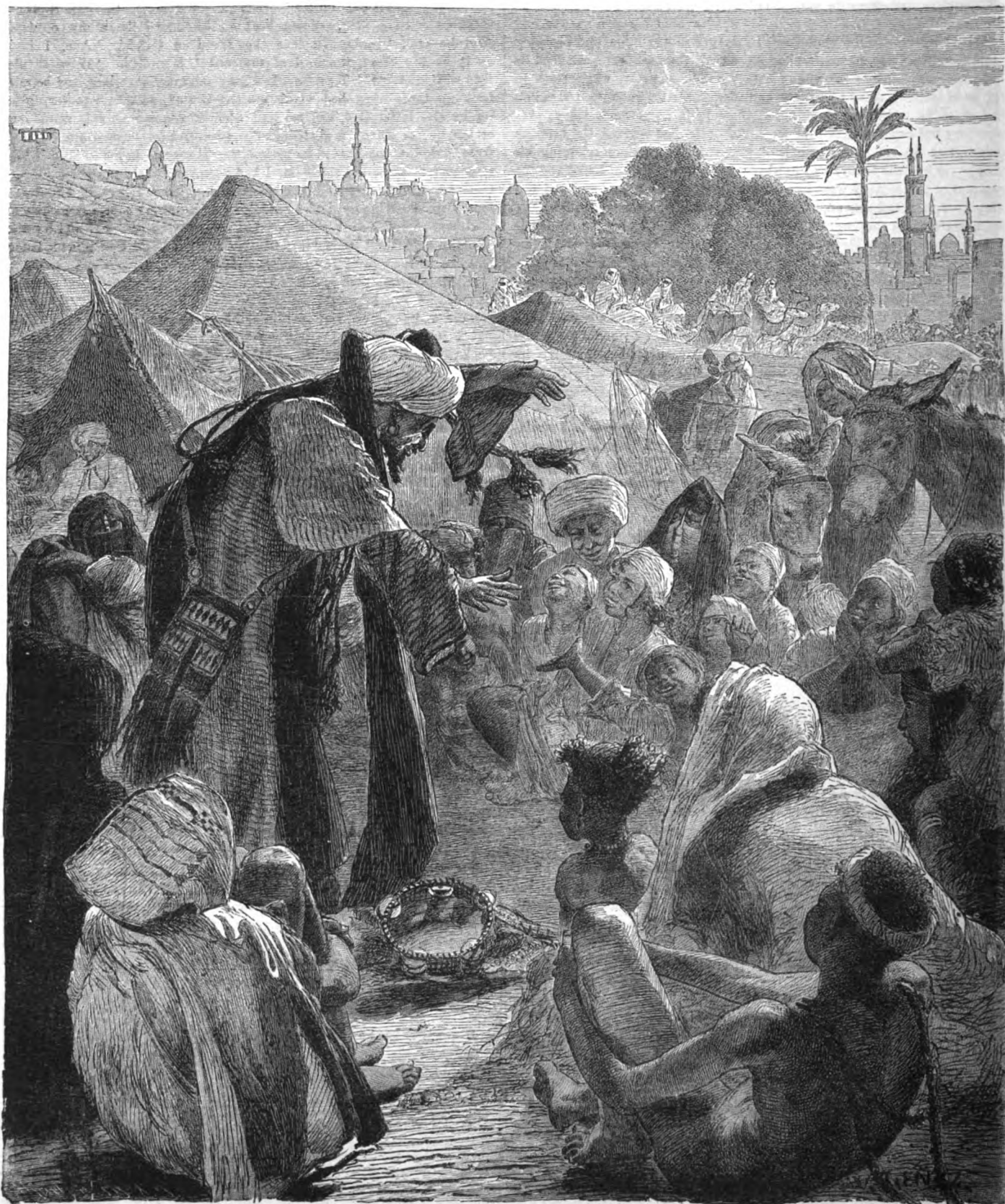
"I will surely read to you both to-morrow," said Hassan.

"And do not forget," said his aunt, "to read the story about the house on the rock and the house on the sand! Bedea has heard me tell her that, and likes it, and she will be pleased to hear it out of thy book."

"Please God," said the young man, rising and throwing his mantle over his shoulder, "and may His Holy Spirit teach us to build on the rock by believing in Jesus as our Saviour!"

NOTE ON THE PICTURE ON PAGE 114.

It will have been noticed that Miss Whately, in her sketches, the second of which ends in this number, has brought into prominence the out-of-door character of Egyptian life. The Egyptian nation are essentially an out-of-door people, more so than any other Eastern race. This is no doubt owing (1) to the splendid climate, perhaps the finest in the world, and (2) to their love of social intercourse. There are few things so agreeable to the Egyptian's heart as an *al fresco* gossip. With a pipe or a cigarette of scented tobacco, the aroma of which he can occasionally inhale, and with a companion of fluent speech, an ordinary Egyptian needs little else, and will sit for hours as though there were no higher object in life. So characteristic is this, that professional story-tellers gain a fair livelihood by travelling about the country retailing their stock-in-trade to appreciative audiences. We give a picture of one on p. 114. To judge from his self-possessed appearance, and the evident amusement of his listeners, he is an old hand at the business, and knows which of his "wares" "takes" best. May the time soon come when the everlasting story of the "Book," as told by the missionaries, shall be listened to with as much earnestness and interest!



AN EASTERN STORY-TELLER.

THE REV. H. P. PARKER,

Bishop-Designate of Eastern Equatorial Africa.



WE are pleased to be able to give on this page a portrait of the Rev. H. P. Parker, whose appointment by the Archbishop of Canterbury to succeed the late Dr. Hannington, as Bishop of the Church of England in Eastern Equatorial Africa, we announced last month.

To most of our readers Mr. Parker's face may not be that of a "familiar friend"; but his name is well known, and we trust that for many years to come it may be a "household word" in those circles where the extension of Christ's kingdom is daily prayed for.

Mr. Parker is no novice in missionary matters, but will go forth equipped with all the essentials of a *working* bishop, having gained by long experience a mastery of the details of a C.M.S. Secretary's office, and a thorough acquaintance with the duties of an evangelistic missionary to an untutored tribe, both being branches of knowledge peculiarly useful to a bishop in Africa. Mr. Parker's connection with the C.M.S. was referred to last month; but the following further particulars may be interesting:—

He is a Trinity, Cambridge, man, and graduated in 1875 (2nd Class Theol. Tripos). He was an intimate friend at Cambridge of the Rev. Jani Alli, and to the latter's influence we believe is largely due Mr. Parker's dedication to missionary work. He served, however, for three years as Curate at Holy Trinity, Exeter (Rev. J. G. Davis), receiving both deacon's and priest's orders at the hands of Bishop Temple. In 1878, he offered himself to the Society, and at first it was proposed that he should go to Bombay, where Mr. Jani Alli was then located; but just then the state of health of the Rev. J. Welland, the much-respected Secretary of C.M.S. in Calcutta, rendered it necessary that a joint Secretary should be associated with him, and to this post Mr. Parker was appointed. Just a year afterwards Mr. Welland died, and Mr. Parker became sole Secretary. He was six years at Calcutta, doing the Society most valuable service; and the Bishop appointed him one of his chaplains. In the early part of 1885 he came to England, and spoke at the C.M.S. Anniversary in that year.

In November he returned to India, but, at his own earnest desire, not to the important office he had filled so well, but to direct evangelistic work among the aboriginal Gônd people of the Central Province. To receive such a comrade (in addition to two younger brethren) was a great encouragement to the Rev. H. D. Williamson, who had been labouring among the Gônds for six years. Mr. Parker only consented to be nominated to

the Bishopric on condition that another missionary be sent to carry on his new work among the Gônds; which the Society will gladly do as soon as possible.

The Archbishop has fixed October 18th (St. Luke's day) for Mr. Parker's consecration, and has expressed his approval that the ceremony should take place in St. James's, Paddington, which has been kindly offered for the occasion by the Vicar, the Rev. W. Abbott, himself a member of the C.M.S. Committee, and a warm friend of the Society. We hope all who can will be present.

We earnestly commend the Bishop-Designate to the prayers of every reader of the GLEANER, and every friend of the Church Missionary Society and of Africa.



THE REV. H. P. PARKER, M.A.,
Bishop-Designate of Eastern Equatorial Africa.

MR. WIGRAM'S TOUR.



OUR readers are already aware that the Honorary Secretary of the Society, the Rev. F. E. Wigram, starts on October 1st for a journey round the world, to visit many of the C.M.S. Missions, accompanied by his son Mr. Edmund F. E. Wigram, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. The object of this journey is not merely the pleasure of seeing the mission stations and the missionaries, although that pleasure will be great. Nor will the visits be formal visits of inspection, "to set in order the things that be wanting." Mr. Wigram's own desire is to go as a learner, and not as a director. His original thought, which dates from his first coming to Salisbury Square, was to increase his own efficiency as Secretary. But the tour will, if it please God to give His blessing, do much more than that. Mr. Wigram and his son will go forth fresh from the atmosphere of prayer and sympathetic interest and Christian fellowship that surrounds the Society at home,—fresh from

a circle of friends and helpers among whom the conviction is deepening that the Evangelisation of the world is the Church's most pressing duty, and that the Lord's time has come for vigorous steps forward; and their and our hope is that the Great Master may use them in a special way as His own instruments for the encouragement and stirring up of our missionary brethren.

A Christian lady from India said to the present writer a few weeks ago that we at home had no idea of the sore temptations that beset missionaries. We look upon them rather as heroes, who must necessarily be upon a far higher spiritual platform than ourselves; whereas really they are men of like passions as we are, with great additional temptations over and above what we share with them. A young missionary at an Indian city where there is English society, may find it not easy to stand

apart as one specially called and dedicated to a special work, and he may forget that English society will respect him, in the long run, all the more if he does stand apart. Another young missionary in the heart of Africa or China will find his very isolation a risk to him in many ways into which we need not enter here. What our praying friends at home should ask above everything else for our missionaries is that they should be *holy*—that they should think nothing of themselves—that they should learn more and more what it is to be “*in*” Christ and to have Christ “*in*” them. To aim at an average standard of Christian life is in the mission field no use at all. Every missionary needs to be a picked man. Australia did not send average cricketers over here to meet our crack players. Each was a picked man. So should every missionary be, spiritually.

Now Mr. Wigram and his son desire earnestly that their visit to each station should be a real help in a spiritual sense. Not, it need scarcely be said, that they put themselves forward as specially gifted for such a work. Not for a single moment! But if God has given to them, and not to others, the means and the time and the opportunity to make this journey, will He not use them for a work which is not theirs but His? We are sure He will, if we unitedly ask Him for it.

Mr. Wigram wrote to us as follows in August. The letter was too late for the September *Gleaner* :—

I want all the sympathy and prayer that can be enlisted in behalf of my son Edmund and myself. The real success of our proposed tour depends on the use the Lord will make of us to cheer and help our dear brethren and such of the Native Christians as we may be able to reach. We may be useful in counsel, but Rom. i. 11, 12, expresses the desire of our hearts as we would lay it before every one to whom we go. And our language to all friends of the Society at home finds expression in 2 Cor. i. 11, “Ye also helping together by prayer for us, that for the gift bestowed upon us by the means of many persons thanks may be given by many on our behalf.” Will you kindly insert an additional appeal for prayer; and it may give additional interest if you can state where we hope to be, if permitted to carry out present plans.

We hope to spend our Sundays as under:—Oct. 24, at Colombo; 31, Tuticorin; Nov. 7, Palamcottah; 14, Cottayam; 21, Trichur; 28, Madras; Dec. 5, Masulipatam; 12, Raghavapuram; 19, Bombay; 26, Nasik; Jan. 2, Jabalpur; 9, Calcutta; giving for Bengal, &c., till Jan. 30, Lucknow; and Feb. 13, Amritsar, and giving a month to the Punjab. April and May should suffice for our China stations; June for Japan; and July and August for the North Pacific and Saskatchewan and Manitoba. “If the Lord will, we shall live and do this or that.” [Some of these dates are already doubtful.]

We shall each month give our readers a note of the places where Mr. Wigram and his son are expected to be in that month, so that specific and definite prayer may be offered for a blessing upon each and every separate visit.

October will be occupied by the journey from London to Ceylon, and the visitation of the stations in that island. The start is on Friday evening, Oct. 1st. Suez should be reached on Oct. 7th, Aden on Oct. 12th, and Colombo on Oct. 20th. Mr. Wigram will spend ten days in Ceylon, including Jaffna if possible, and thence cross over to Tuticorin, the port of Tinnevely, where he should arrive on the 30th. This is the head-quarters of Bishop Caldwell and the S.P.G. Tinnevely Mission. The next ten days will be spent in the C.M.S. Tinnevely districts.

We need hardly say that we ask for prayer also continually for the preservation of our dear brethren from all perils by sea and land, and for their health and strength, as well as for guidance in every step and turn of the way. But we know they are anxious more especially for intercession, as above mentioned, that their journey may be a blessing to the Missions!

Mrs. HODGSON, widow of the late Rev. G. C. Hodgson, writes to us, “Could you request all members of the ‘Missionary Report Reading Union’ to be so good as to send me a post card with their name and address, that I may make a new list of members? By my dear husband’s account of it, some seem to have withdrawn. There are eighty-one cards sent out by him, and I should like to know if all are holding on.” Mrs. Hodgson’s address is, 6, George Street, Carlisle.

SOME CONVERTS OF THE YEAR.

Extracts from the *Missionaries’ Annual Letters*.

From the Rev. G. E. A. Pargiter, Principal of St. John’s College, Agra, North India.



THE great event of the past year has been the conversion of one of our school lads, Deli Pershad, and his baptism. In March, 1885, one of the Native teachers came to me and said that a young connection of his studying in the sixth class wished to embrace Christianity. He said that he had been teaching him privately in addition to the Scripture teaching the lad had had day by day in his class, and that the boy was quite fit for baptism. I thereupon examined the lad, and found that he really was in earnest, and that as far as we could judge the grace of God was really at work in his heart. I pointed out to him the importance of baptism and the serious consequences of such a step from a social point of view, and asked him if he was willing to suffer the loss of friends and relations for the sake of Christ? He answered that he was willing to brave all for Christ. I then asked him if he knew Christ, and loved Him as he knew and loved his mother and his dear ones, and he replied with real emotion, “Very, very much more.” However, I told him that he must wait a while until he was sixteen years old, and that if then his desire remained unchanged I would baptize him. On my return, after the holidays, I saw the boy, and he said that as he was suffering persecution for the sake of Christ, he thought he should have the rights and privileges of a Christian. I felt that it would be wrong to delay any longer, and so we baptized him privately in the house of Mr. Thomas, our Haileybury Master, by the Christian name of Isa Charan.

After the baptism we sent the boy home, but he returned, saying, that he would be allowed no Christian privileges at home, and that he would like to go to another Mission station for a time. I sent him to Goruckpore, to the care of Mr. Stern, where he stayed three months, and after that to the Christian Boarding-school at Batala, where he is at present, and where he is exhibiting a good Christian character. He is now nearly seventeen years old. After the lad had left Agra, his relations made a great stir, and tried to get us tried on the charge of kidnapping. They forged a horoscope, which gave the boy’s age as thirteen years and four months, and presenting this to the magistrate, adding at the same time many lies and false statements, they induced him to have an inquiry. We appeared before him, showed our school register, which gave his age as fifteen years, showed his horoscope, which made him sixteen years and four months, and stated fully what we had done. The magistrate then ordered the boy to be examined in Goruckpore in open court as to the circumstances under which he had left Agra, and also ordered him to be medically examined to ascertain his age. The boy bravely stated that he was now a Christian, and had left Agra of his own free-will; while the doctor certified that the lad was fully sixteen years old. When the magistrate here received this report from Goruckpore he stayed all proceedings, as under the Penal Code kidnapping cannot take place if the person is over fourteen years of age.

Thus the struggle in the court ended. There was, however, a very strong feeling excited in the city, and some of our boys left, their parents thinking that they too would become Christians. Now, however, everything has settled down into the ordinary routine, and we can praise God that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He has ordained praise, and pray that others may follow Isa Charan’s brave and fearless conduct.

From the Rev. G. B. Durrant, Lucknow.

I shall begin my report for 1885 with a brief notice of the accessions to the Church which we have had during the year. The first was the baptism of a young man, a Hindu, who had been prepared by our Native pastor, the Rev. D. Solomon. This was early in January. The next to come forward was again a young man, but this time a Mohammedan, an Arab by birth, who has been resident in Lucknow for some four or five years. For a considerable time past, he had shown an intelligent interest in the subject of Christianity, and a drawing of heart towards it. His convictions of its truth gradually deepened, till he was at length led to come forward as an inquirer, and to present himself as a candidate for holy baptism. He was carefully instructed, and on Sunday, June 7th, during morning service, he was publicly admitted into the Christian Church. Since then, he has gone on very satisfactorily. It is hoped that his wife will soon be placed under regular instruction, with a view to baptism. I am glad to say she never left her husband, though much pressed to do so by relations and friends. They have now separated themselves from their Mohammedan relations, and this makes it much easier to arrange for her being regularly taught. The man’s trade is that of watchmaker. But his is the experience which too many of our converts have to pass through—that is to say, before his baptism he was making a comfortable living by his trade; now his customers have dropped off, one by one, till it is with extreme difficulty that he earns his daily bread. It is, however, we consider, of the utmost

importance that he should, if possible, continue at his trade, and I am in hopes that, if he only holds on patiently for a while, he will gradually gather customers round him again.

Later on in the year three women, brought forward by the ladies of the Zenana Mission, were baptized.

The last to receive baptism was the wife of Hirah Singh, the pundit who was baptized nearly three years ago, that is in May, 1883, and of whose case I wrote an account at the time. She had never refused to live with her husband, who is an agent of the C.M.S. in Lucknow, but had steadily declined to become herself a Christian. Towards the close of the year, however, her feelings underwent a change, and on Christmas Day she, too, was baptized. She and her husband are now in one of our out-stations, and will, we trust, both of them prove earnest and successful workers there.

From the Rev. H. Williams, Krishnagar.

A family of four souls have been won for Christ, at a village eight miles north of Ballabhpur. First the son, a young man of about twenty, was baptized; then his father came to us; after an interval of two months his mother was received; and, last of all, the young wife. The conversion of this family is an illustration of what I have so often contended for—the need and the value of women evangelists. Humanly speaking, all these baptisms are due to the labours of the ladies who were out in camp with us last year. While we were at Mehepur, Miss Sugden and Miss Gore, of the Zenana Society, visited the house of these converts. They won the heart of the mother, the mistress of the house, for Christ, and she made it easy for the rest of the household to confess Him. But for this I do not believe that one of them would have confessed Christ. They might have believed; but the breaking up of the home and the loss of their wives would have been too much for the men to bear; and as for the girl, she would have been sent to her father's house, and lost entirely.

The father is a remarkable man. He is not learned, as far as this world's learning is concerned, but he is deeply versed in the mystical religions which prevail in these parts. He is poor, a fakir by name and profession, combining with it a little practice in surgery and medicine. The caste to which he belongs is very skilful in operations on the eye, and he has a fair reputation for the treatment of eye diseases. He is a poet, and his religious songs are current in the villages for miles around his home. Since his baptism, this talent has been laid out in the Saviour's service, and already he has composed several hymns full of evangelical teaching. A religious mind such as his very quickly grasps the Gospel truths. His baptism has had a very good effect upon many. I have heard some of the simple village people remark, "There must be something in Christianity, or why did Dina Fakir embrace it?" It is by such baptisms as these that outsiders will come to recognise that Christianity is a religion, and not merely the Englishman's caste. The son is now apprenticed to a carpenter, and will, I trust, before long be able to maintain the whole family.

From the Rev. Jani Alli, Calcutta.

There have been several inquiries during the year, but only two baptisms; one, of a Persian, on July 9th, and the other, of an Arab, on December 17th, both in the Old Church. The Persian was brought first under the influence of the Gospel at Julfa, where he wished to place himself under Dr. Bruce for Christian instruction. He was not allowed by the authorities. Then being in partnership with an Armenian, he came to Calcutta. Having heard of me in Persia, he began to make inquiries. One day he asked a member of the Old Church, and this Christian lady not only took him to the Tuesday evening evangelistic service, but also brought him to the Old Church on Good Friday. From that day he was under instruction. He has gone now to Bushire, to settle his affairs and bring his wife and children. The Arab was brought to me by this Persian. It is very difficult to find work for this man, as he does not know any of the Indian languages.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

What a Servant can do.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We have in our family an old and valued servant who has been with us now for more than forty-five years, and during thirty-six years of that time she has been an earnest worker for the C.M.S. In the year 1850 my eldest brother made her a missionary box, and from that year to this (with the exception of three or four years) she has been a collector for the Society; every time the box has been opened the record of its contents has been placed upon it, and it is interesting to read the gradual increase in the amounts collected, beginning with the sum of nine shillings and pence in the year 1850, till the autumn of last year (1885), when, on opening our dear old servant's box, we found in it the truly marvellous sum of seventeen pounds, six shillings and altogether, in the thirty-six years in which she has been a collector for the Society, her box has gathered more than £180 for the great cause which she has at heart, and this she speaks of as "her little work for God." I must say that she is not only a collector

for the cause, but a giver to it as well, and I think I shall be considerably under the mark if I say that for some years she has given herself at least £2 or £3 annually to her box. She is also a regular reader of the *Juvenile Instructor*, and has also got six others to take it in as well as herself, and one or two she has also persuaded to take in the *GLEANER*.

Actions speak louder than words, and I therefore send you this simple narrative of facts, trusting that a rich blessing from God may rest upon it.

High Littleton Vicarage, near Bristol.

HENRY H. STREETEN.

The Society's Publications.

SIR,—A Memorandum on the Society's Publications issued in last July says very truly of the *GLEANER* that "a constituency like that of the C.M.S. could easily absorb 100,000 copies a month."

I do not pretend to offer any marvellous suggestion for trebling the circulation of this most admirable missionary paper, but venture to suggest the adoption of a plan which has been for several years worked in this parish with some success. A copy of the *GLEANER* and the *Juvenile Instructor* is given every month to each holder of a C.M.S. box. I need not say anything about the more or less indirect advantages of this plan; they are sufficiently evident. A very direct result has been to raise the number of boxes to twenty. In the last year the number was sixteen, and the amount collected in them £3 9s. 11d.

There is nothing very great in these figures, though if every parish did the same, in proportion to its numbers, a larger sale of the *GLEANER*, which means a wider circulation of missionary news and an increased interest in the work, would result.

The cost of giving the *GLEANERS* and *Instructors* is not great, and is far more than repaid by seeing the eagerness with which our little collectors receive them and look through their interesting pages. Our population is almost entirely agricultural, and only amounts to 244.

X. Y. Z.

[Very good; but who pays for the copies? Does X. Y. Z. do so himself? —Ed.]

IN MEMORIAM: H. D.

FAIR flower! art thou fading—
Fading away?

Sweet life! art thou fleeting—
Fleeting from day?

Bright dew! art thou vanishing
From the fresh bud?

Sweet soul! art thou languishing
Home to thy God?

Bright day! art thou leaving—
Leaving us all?

Fair spirit! departing
From earth's thrall?

The light of day ceaseth,
Darkness comes,

The bright eye closeth
To hearts and homes.

Hearts would have cherished thee
Tenderly,

Homes would have welcomed thee
Heartily.

Why art thou fading
From our sight,

Why art thou vanishing
Like eve's light?

Why art thou turning
Away from all,

While hearts imploring
To thee call?

"Jesus is calling,"
Sayest thou?

"Angels are beckoning
To me now.

"Light never ceases—
Always shines;

My light decreases,
Now declines.

Only decreases
In your sight;

With Him increases
Who is Light.

"You, too, are coming,
Ever to shine

In the e'er-beaming
Light divine.

Now I am fading—
Fading to bloom;

Now I am languishing
To high noon.

"Life everlasting
Is my goal;

A heart ever-loving
Is Sun of my soul.

Now His light shineth,
Almost in view,

His word never faileth—
Ever true."

Soon you will hear Him—
Hear Him call;

Bide a wee for Him
In earth's thrall.

Then we shall ever
Sing the refrain,

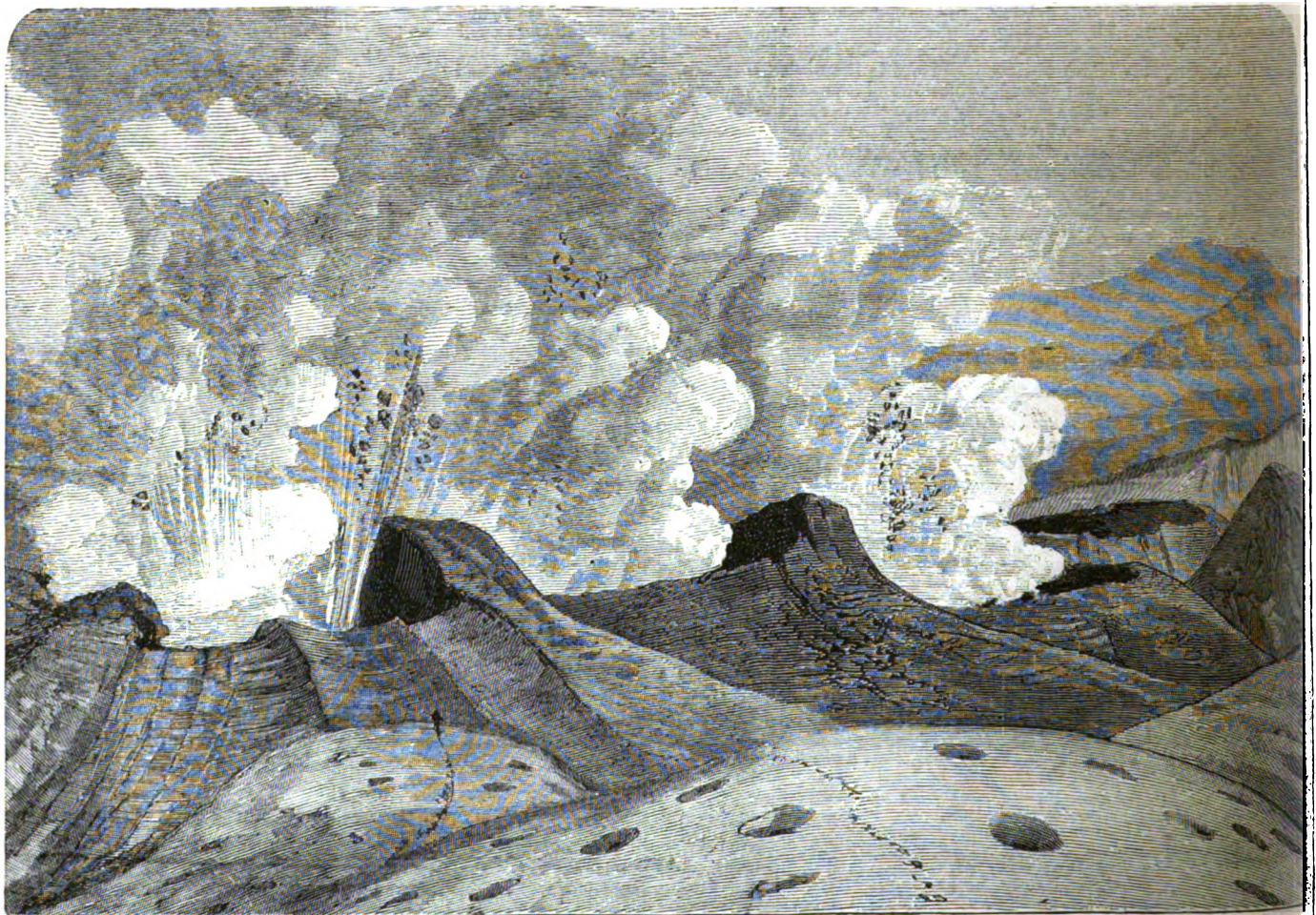
Where there shall never
Be parting again.

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN NEW ZEALAND.

IT was mentioned last month that Lakes Tarawera and Rotorua, the scene of the terrible volcanic eruptions in New Zealand last June, were old Mission-fields of the C.M.S. We give two pictures on the next page, one showing Lake Tarawera with the volcanic mountains, then supposed to be extinct, across the Lake, and the Mission church and premises on the left, as they appeared in 1854; the other showing the same place as it was seen on the night of the eruption (June 10th) and for some days after. The former picture was engraved for the *C.M. Intelligencer* in 1854, and Archdeacon Williams, in a recent letter, referred to it as showing the mountains well. We therefore reproduce it.



LAKE TARAWERA AS IT WAS IN 1854. (*The C.M.S. Mission Church and premises are on the left. Mount Tarawera to the left behind.*)



MOUNT TARAWERA IN ERUPTION AS IT APPEARED ON JUNE 10TH, 1896, AND FOR SEVERAL SUBSEQUENT DAYS.

THE GLEANERS' UNION, For Prayer and Work.



Do not yet know how far our explanation last month that *everybody* can join the GLEANERS' UNION, and that *everybody* is welcome, has been understood, or how far it will be responded to. What we are now writing will appear under the date of October, but it is being written in the first

week of September, so that we cannot expect to know at once the result of what has only been in our readers' hands a few days. Indeed, it has not been in many of them at all yet; for holiday-time scatters many friends, and we fear that a good many August and September numbers never get looked at at all! You come

back from Scotland or Switzerland, from Scarborough or South-end, and you find piles of postal packets on your table. Some never get opened at all!—and many that get opened are never read. Will those friends who did read our September exhortation call the attention of others to it?

But the UNION goes on growing at a faster rate than we reported last month. About six hundred "Gleaners" have now joined, that is, in ten weeks. We give again a few extracts from our letters:—

In spite of already (in some measure, at least) carrying out what is asked of the "Gleaners," still the sense of union is always such a gain, that I enclose the printed form to ask for admission to the GLEANERS' UNION.

I send on accompanying list the names of those who wish to join. They are all poor people in this parish, and are not styled Mr., Mrs., or Miss, so I just give Christian and surname along with townland in which they live. They also contribute to Sunday-school missionary box; one or two of them are collectors as well. I believe all these know the love of Christ themselves, and therefore long for others to know the same.

I shall have much pleasure in joining the GLEANERS' UNION. When a little girl I attended, for the first time, a C.M.S. meeting; a venerable clergyman present suggested the practice of praying for a particular country on each day of the week. I remember that I went home, wrote down from memory the names of the countries in the order in which he gave them, and ever since that day I have prayed for Missions. For the last eight months I have written a monthly missionary letter for the Sunday-schools of a parish at B—. The *Gleaner* of course helps me greatly.

Being an invalid, I cannot undertake active work in an association, but being a "Gleaner" will, I trust, with God's grace, prevent my falling into the desultory habits which tend all too easily towards apathy.

I take up my pen after reading the "One Shut in"—it seems clearly to me I am myself like her (or him), and been for years unable to do out-door work for God. But it has pleased God to lay His Hand still deeper, making me almost helpless. From a little child I began to work for your cause. For twenty-eight years it has been my deepest work for God.

According to your suggestion that invalids should mention their being such, I have been one for some years, but a very happy one, living in the sunlight of a loving Saviour's presence, and therefore I am very pleased to do all I can to spread abroad the knowledge of the "Good News."

I have been a subscriber, collector, and worker for some thirty years, or since I was eight years old, and esteem it a great privilege to join with others in prayer for the great work carried on by the C.M.S. God grant that our dear Society, and those engaged in it, may be kept quite true to the teaching of our dear Lord and Master Jesus Christ in these days, when so many things are put first and Christ last.

I was delighted when I saw the announcement. I am sure the UNION will be a great help to all who join, especially in regular and definite prayer, and will prove a great blessing to missionary work. I was very glad to see that a missionary had joined, and was much pleased with that sentence, "Why should not our Native converts be 'Gleaners' too?" Oh, I think it will be such a grand UNION. Missionaries, Native converts, and workers at home, all joined in one UNION, with one grand but glorious object for its end and aim. But I must tell you I am only a very young worker. I have only had a C.M.S. box since June, 1885, so I am quite an infant in missionary work, though I am nineteen years old. I think I will tell you now that I love and appreciate the *Gleaner* very much indeed.

I feel great pleasure in joining the GLEANERS' UNION, though I constantly read the *C.M. Gleaner* and *Intelligencer*, and am trying to help in connection with our local agent. I shall now feel myself an enrolled and recognized member belonging to head-quarters. I consider it the highest honour and privilege that our Father in heaven permits and encourages His children to help in the noble work of Missions. I wish the children of God would realise, more generally than is now the case, what a blessing it is to offer a definite proportion of all they possess to the Lord—the tenth if possible, and this *set apart first*, like the little cake for the Prophet (1 Kings xvii. 18). If those of the Lord's people who are not doing so would now make trial, would "prove the Lord *herewith*" (see Malachi iii. 8—12), they would be astonished at the blessing that would follow. I thank God most earnestly that I am speaking from an experience of more than twenty-five years.

The first of these extracts says, "In spite of already (in some measure, at least) carrying out what is asked of the 'Gleaners,' still the sense of union is such a gain that I ask for admission." Excellent! only we should say, not "*in spite of*," but "*because*." Thousands, we know well, are now doing all we want the "Gleaners" to do; but they are the very people we want, first of all. We are quite sure that if *they* will join, others will follow them. Another of our letters mentions that "a chief worker" says, "I don't see that we can do more than we are doing." Very well: then join the UNION because of what you are doing. There are many who already are doing "beyond their power," but can any one of them give a good reason why he should not join a UNION which is to band all workers together in one fellowship?

We have now two or three things to say to the "Gleaners":—

1. A simple but very tasteful card of membership has been most kindly designed by Miss E. St. B. Holland, the chief designer of the well-known Mildmay cards. It is now being lithographed, and in the course of this month of October we hope every "Gleaner" will receive his or her card, together with the other things he or she has ordered.

2. This GLEANERS' UNION page will in due time contain, we hope, several items of interest to members. Hints for short Bible-readings, questions for study, notices of books for reading, special topics for prayer, are under consideration; and we should like "Gleaners" to send us brief accounts for insertion of any particularly interesting work in which they are engaged for the good cause.

3. Many of the letters we have received contain questions needing answers. We shall reply as far as we can by means of "Answers to Correspondents"; but we should much like to be able to write direct to many of our kind friends. This, however, it is quite impossible for the Editor to do himself. His correspondence is already more than he can manage. Perhaps some ladies in London with swift pens and loving hearts may be found to take up this as a work for the Lord.

4. We shall not begin any special new features in the *C.M. Gleaner* until January. We should like to have begun at once, but a short holiday absence, and illness both before and since, have made it impossible. Meanwhile, let all the Six Hundred Gleaners already enrolled continue in prayer that the UNION may be for the glory of God, and that every plan may be "suggested, directed, controlled" (as Bishop Ken's hymn has it) by Him and according to His will.

Answers to Correspondents.

E. SYMONS.—Yes; your hymn is well remembered, and valued.

M. C. O.—Would not the *Quarterly Paper* in its present form just suit your people?

J. P. N. asks if the C.M.S. is going to strengthen *Nuddea*. We fear the readers of the *GLEANER* have had little opportunity of knowing anything about *Nuddea*. We doubt if this place has ever been named in our pages! It is an important Hindu town in what we call the Krishnagar district in Bengal. We have no resident missionary there; only a Native catechist, whom J. P. N. says is old and feeble. The Committee earnestly desire to strengthen the Krishnagar Mission; and if really good men came forward in sufficient numbers, they would most gladly do so.

G. A. E.—The C.M.S. has at present no regular course of training for lady missionaries. The few ladies it employs have almost all been engaged on special grounds for special work. The C.E.Z.M.S. sends its ladies to the Training Home at Mildmay.

THE MONTH.



HIS number will be in the hands of most of our readers before the Valedictory Dismissal of September 29th, and we hope many of them who are far away, or otherwise unable to attend, will be with us in spirit, and join in earnest prayer for the departing missionaries, most of whom will sail in the next few weeks. Also let prayer be offered that the meeting itself may be a time of blessing, not only to them, but to all who are present. We should rather say *meetings*; for, as last year, there is also to be an evening meeting for young men and others at Exeter Hall.

AMONG the veterans going back, special mention should be made of the Rev. J. Erhardt, who was the companion of Krapf and Rebmann in East Africa more than thirty years ago, and has latterly been at the head of the well-known Secundra Orphanage in North India. The Revs. J. W. Stuart and A. W. Baumann, also of North India, the Rev. W. A. Roberts, B.A., of Western India, and the Rev. A. Elwin, of Mid China, will be followed by the sympathies of many friends who have seen and heard them at the numerous missionary meetings they have attended in England. The Rev. E. Sell, B.D., one of the leading living missionaries to Mohammedans, has already returned to his important post as C.M.S. Secretary at Madras. The Rev. A. Lewis, M.A., goes to his not less important work on the Punjab frontier. The Rev. H. Rountree and Mrs. Grime also go back to the Punjab; and the Rev. F. Nevill, M.A., the youngest of all in standing, to work in some respects the highest of all, the Principalship of Fourah Bay College, Sierra Leone. The Rev. T. Dunn, who has been out off from both the Ceylon and North Pacific Missions by Mrs. Dunn's illness, now goes to Japan; and the Rev. J. D. Thoms, late of South India, to Ceylon. The Rev. H. C. Squires, M.A., returns to Bombay later, and is not included in this Dismissal; and two or three of the above-named are not expected to be present.

THE new men include the Rev. Chas. W. A. Clarke, B.A., appointed to the Principalship of the Noble High School, Masulipatam; the Rev. J. A. Harris, B.A., to Bombay; Dr. Ernest Neve (M.D. and F.R.C.S., Edin.), going to the Kashmir Medical Mission; the Rev. T. Carmichael, formerly a Wesleyan missionary in North India, who, having joined the Church of England and been ordained by the Bishop of London, now goes out to his old field for the C.M.S.; and four Islington men. There are also two ladies, Miss Eliza Kruse, daughter of an old C.M.S. missionary, appointed to the Lagos Female Institution, and Miss Hall, going to live and work with her brother, the Rev. J. W. Hall, of Calcutta.

THE Islington men of the year were nine in number. Of these, four have already gone, the Rev. G. R. Ekins to Persia, the Rev. R. W. Gurd to the North Pacific, the Rev. C. G. Wallis to Mackenzie River, and the Rev. A. N. Wood to East Africa. The four included in the present Dismissal are the Rev. J. Vernal for Lagos, the Rev. R. Heaton for Siadh, the Rev. E. T. Pegg for the Telugu Mission, and the Rev. W. Light for South China. The ninth is Mr. Hugh Stowell Macaulay, grandson of Bishop Crowther, who will join the Niger Mission.

THE death of General Sir William Hill, K.C.S.I., on Aug. 20th, has taken from the C.M.S. one of its most active and devoted friends and workers. After forty years' distinguished military service in India, he came home, not to rest, but to labour, and his work for many years as Hon. Sec. of the I.F.N.S. Society, and then of the C.E.Z.M. Society, did much for the great cause of the Zenana Missions. He joined the C.M.S. Committee in 1869, was made a Vice-President in 1878, and for five or six years after that he was generally in the chair at the Committee Meetings. Both for his high Christian character, and his dignity as a speaker and chairman, he was very highly valued.

THE venerable Rev. Robert Hunt, who died in his eighty-first year on Aug. 27th, was one of the band of missionaries who accompanied the heroic Captain Allen Gardiner to Terra del Fuego; but he escaped the terrible fate that befell his companions, and, in middle life, he joined the C.M.S., went through the Islington College course, and was ordained in 1848. He went out to North-West America with the first Bishop of Rupert's Land,

Dr. Anderson, and in 1852 he founded the new station of Stanley, on English River, where he laboured ten years, till his return to England. In his later years he elaborated an "Universal Syllabic System" for reducing unwritten languages to writing, an object on which his heart was much set. He was greatly revered at Mildmay, where he acted as curate for some years.

WE regret much to say that Mrs. Hooper, wife of the Rev. W. Hooper, Principal of the C.M.S. Divinity School at Allahabad, died on August 16th at Naini Tal. She had but lately gone out to rejoin her husband. She was the daughter of the Rev. G. Candy, formerly C.M.S. missionary at Bombay, who had been an officer in the army.

A SPECIAL farewell Communion Service was held in the Cathedral at Calcutta on August 2nd, on the occasion of the Rev. H. P. Parker leaving India for England, on his appointment to the Bishopric of Eastern Equatorial Africa. The Bishop of Calcutta officiated, and in an address spoke warmly and affectionately of Mr. Parker's services in India.

ON July 27th, the Bishop of Calcutta admitted to Deacon's Orders Babu Daniel Biswas, a Bengali Christian in Krishnagar. He is to be Pastor of Ratnapur in that district.

THE Rev. C. A. Neve, Principal of the C.M.S. College at Cottayam, reports that there are 308 students in the College, 46 of whom are boarders. In the Peter Cator Scripture Examination one of his lads gained the second prize of Rs. 80. This is an honour, as the lad had to compete with candidates from all the schools and colleges in South India, many of them in the F.A. class of the Christian College at Madras.

THE Church Missionary Sheet Almanack for 1887 will be ready early this month. Each year's issue of this almanack shows an increase in the numbers sold. Of this year's nearly 65,000 copies have been sold, an increase of 15,000 on the numbers for 1885. The pictures for the new one consist of groups of portraits of Native pastors, catechists, teachers, &c., engaged in the C.M.S. Missions. The daily texts, again selected by the Rev. J. B. Whiting, are based upon the Collects. A specimen will be sent free on application.

TWO new publications will shortly be ready, one, an addition to the Society's twopenny series of Pamphlets on the Missions, entitled, *The Travancore and Cochin Mission of the C.M.S.*; the other, a pamphlet entitled, *Sayings and Doings of Native Christians and Others in the C.M.S. Missions*. This latter is prepared specially for the use of speakers, lecturers, Sunday-school teachers, and others. Price One Penny.

CROMER C.M.S. SALE.—We are glad to hear from Miss Fitch that the Annual C.M.S. Sale at Cromer was very successful, realising £131. She writes, "We think perhaps the result will encourage others, as it was simply a sale of work (with the exception of the fruit, flowers, &c., which we either grew or had given us), and not of things bought to sell again."

The Magic Lantern Season, 1886-87.

AMONG the new lantern slides for this season are photographs of drawings by Miss Gordon Cumming, who (at the request of the Rev. J. Owen Parr) has most kindly lent them to the Society for this purpose. We may remind our readers that sets of slides with notes are lent freely for use at C.M.S. Meetings; application to be made to Mr. E. Mantle, C.M. House.

Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Thanksgiving for the reinforcements about to sail for the various Missions (see above). Prayer for safe journeys, and for much blessing on both old missionaries returning, and new missionaries going out.

Prayer for the Bishop-Designate of Eastern Equatorial Africa. Especially on the day of his consecration, St Luke's Day, October 18th.

Prayer for the Rev. F. E. Wigram and Mr E. F. E. Wigram, on their journey out, and during their visit to Ceylon. See Special Topics suggested on page 115.

Prayer for General Haig, starting this month on his expedition to the Red Sea. (See last GLEANER.)

Prayer for Mauritius (p. 109); for the Lepers in India (p. 111); for Trichur (p. 112); for the new converts (p. 116).

Continued prayer for the Gleaners' Union (p. 119).

Forthcoming Sale of Work.

Mrs. Tucker, Ashmanhaugh Rectory, Norwich. Sale first week in December.

RECEIVED FOR THE C.M.S.—E. B. T., £5; Thankoffering for answer to Prayer, £1 1s.; Kate Bell (per Miss A. E. Blanch), 13s.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

(The Texts are chosen to illustrate the "Te Deum.")

F. Qr. 3rd 5.5 p.m.
F. M. 11th..... 7.6 p.m.

November.

L. Qr. 18th... 10.40 p.m.
N. M. 25th... 7.18 p.m.DAY BY DAY WE MAGNIFY THEE:
AND WE WORSHIP THY NAME EVER WORLD WITHOUT END.

- 1 M Ps. 72. 15. All Saints. Daily shall He be praised. *C.M.S. Jubilee, 1848.*
 2 T Ps. 96. 2. Shew forth His salvation from day to day. *1,149 worshippers*
 3 W Ps. 145. 2. Every day will I bless Thee. *[at Brass, 1878.]*
 4 T Dan. 6. 10. He kneeled...three times a day, and prayed.
 5 F Ps. 119. 164. Seven times a day do I praise Thee, O Lord.
 6 S Ps. 34. 1. I will bless the Lord at all times. *Josh. Hart mart. at Bonny. [1876.]*
 7 S Eph. 5. 20. 20th aft. Trin. Ezek. 34. Philemon. *E. Ezek. 37. or Dan. 1. [Luke 23. 50 to 24. 13.]*
 8 M Ex. 15. 2. (Moses)...My Father's God, and I will exalt Him. *[op., '83.]*
 9 T Ex. 15. 21. (Miriam)...He hath triumphed gloriously. *Fuh-Chow College*
 10 W Judges 5. 2. (Deborah)...Praise ye the Lord for the avenging of Israel.
 11 T 1 Sam. 2. 2. (Hannah)...Neither is there any Rock like our God.
 12 F 1 Kings 8. 23. (Solomon)...There is no God like Thee. *Trinity Church, Calcutta, opened, 1826.*
 13 S Isa. 38. 19. (Hezekiah)...The living, the living, he shall praise Thee as I [do this day. *H. Baker, Travancore, died, 1878.*
 14 S Dan. 4. 37. 21st aft. Trin. Dan. 3. Heb. 8. *E. Dan. 4. or 5. John 4. [1-31.]*
 15 M Luke 1. 46. Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord. *[1-31.]*
 16 T Micah 7. 18. Who is a God like unto Thee, pardoning iniquity? *[1842.]*
 17 W Ps. 34. 3. O magnify the Lord with me. *Cowley beg. Miss. at Fairford, Pa. 84. 3.*
 18 T Ps. 84. 3. And let us exalt His Name together. *Elmslie died, 1872.*
 19 F Ps. 68. 4. Sing unto God, sing praises to His Name. *[Miss. beg., 1880.]*
 20 S Ps. 92. 1. It is a good thing...to sing praises unto Thy Name. *Mamboia [or Mal. 3. and 4. John 7. 1-25. Lahore Coll. op., 1870.]*
 21 S Heb. 13. 15. 22nd aft. Trin. Eccles. 11. and 12. Heb. 13. *E. Hag. 2. 1-10.*
 22 M Phil. 2. 9. A Name which is above every name.
 23 T Jer. 23. 6. This is His Name...the Lord our Righteousness. *Nyanza Miss. [resolved on, 1875.]*
 24 W Isa. 9. 6. His Name shall be called Wonderful. *[resolved on, 1875.]*
 25 T Isa. 52. 18. He shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high. *1st [C.M.S. Missionary landed in China, 1844.]*
 26 F Jer. 33. 9. It shall be to Me a Name of joy. *Krapf. died, 1876. [Him.]*
 27 S Matt. 2. 2. We have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship [4. 2. John 11. 1-17.]
 28 S 1 Pet. 1. 21. Advent Sunday. Isa. 1. 1 Pet. 1. 22 to 2. 11. *E. Isa. 2. or*
 29 M Ps. 145. 21. Let all flesh bless His Holy Name for ever and ever.
 30 T 2 Pet. 3. 18. St. Andrew. To whom be glory, both now and for ever. *(Day [of Intercession for Foreign Missions.]*

TE DEUM.

XI.



OW naturally prayer mingles itself with privilege! And how necessary is the apprehension of privilege to the power and prevalence of prayer!

The Lord's prayer begins with privilege—"Our Father." Our Liturgy follows the Divine pattern. We hear of absolution, pronounced richly and freely to "His people, being penitent," before we utter one word of petition.

This is very instructive. It helps us much in prayer to understand our real position before God. If we are still "in the flesh," we cannot trust Him, because we "cannot please Him." If we are one with the world, we are one with His enemies. How then can we, with any confidence, ask anything of God? But when we apprehend His truth, and know that "He hath made peace by the blood of His cross," then have we confidence toward God.

And not only so; then also there are awakened within us earnest desires to serve God, to glorify Him, to live for Him alone. We are His; to whom should we live but to Him whose we are? So the possession of spiritual blessings in Christ not only begets duties, but also gives us, through the Spirit, both the desire and the power to fulfil them.

Hence the confession, "Day by day we magnify Thee." We make Thee great. So great as to be seen. Seen in our life and our talk. In our evident desires and our good works. So great

as to hide ourselves. Oh, how little we become when we make Him great! Who cares for us, when we so live and speak as to draw men to care for Him? Self is nothing, where "Christ is all." So John Baptist said, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

Let us magnify Him, indeed, day by day. Let us make His Name "great among the heathen." Missionary work should be "day by day" work with us. At least in thought, and prayer, and desire, if not in direct effort among our neighbours. Our daily prayer teaches us this in its oft-repeated cry, "Thy kingdom come."

"And we worship" Thee. This must be, will be, if we "magnify" Him. What is all desire, all effort, without faith? And prayer is the utterance of faith. The breath of the spirit within us. "The true faith is, that we worship."

"We worship Thy Name." A name is a word spoken. It indicates the man whose name it is. So the Name of God is God articulated, God revealed, the One God distinguished from the "gods many." It implies an apprehension of God. The right knowledge of God, and of Jesus Christ whom He hath sent.

God we cannot see. But His Name we hear. It teaches us of Him, and draws out our heart in true worship. A worship which shall never end. For it is "ever, world without end."

J. E. SAMPSON.

GENERAL HAIG'S EXPEDITION TO THE RED SEA.

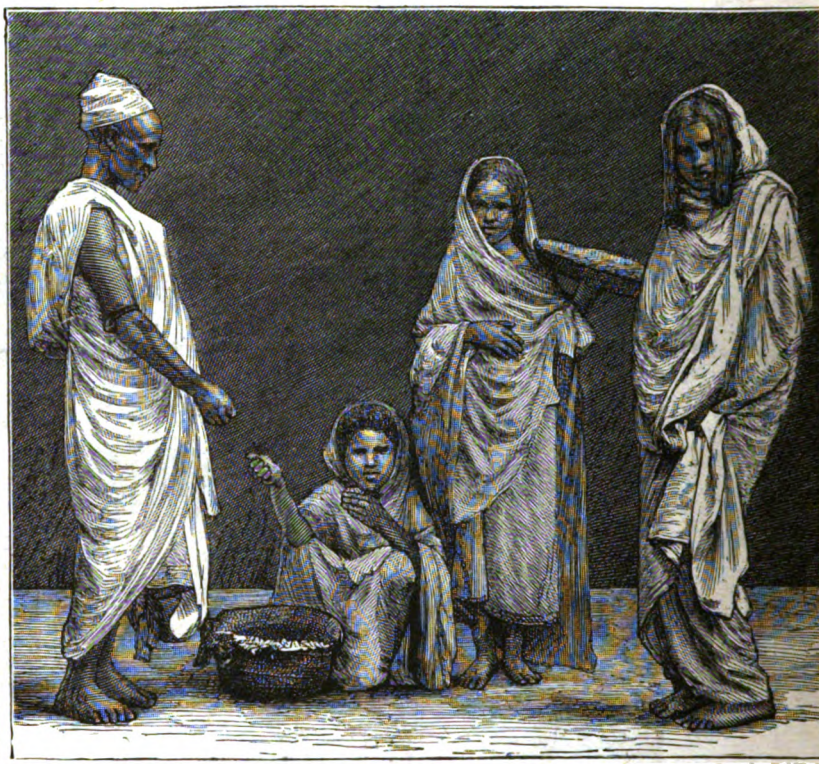
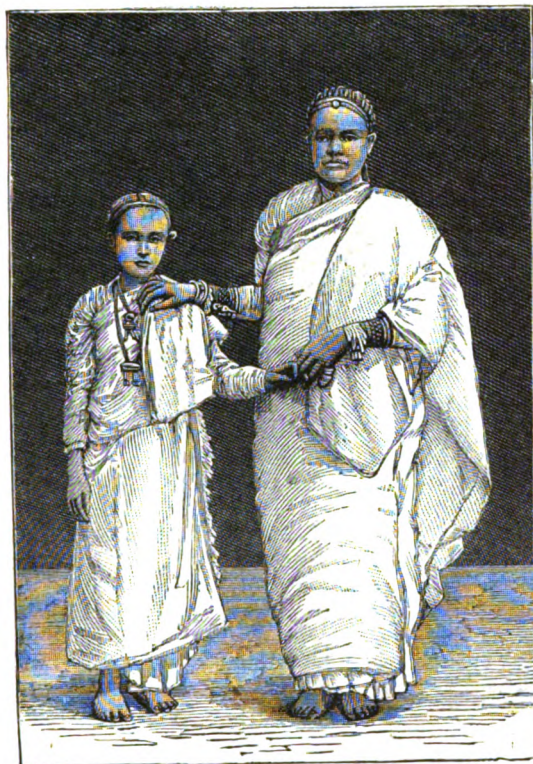


WHAT is that? Well, to explain clearly it is necessary to go back to the early part of 1885, when the news came that General Gordon had fallen at Khartoum. The suspense of the nation as to his fate will be well remembered, as also the ardent wish, shared in by high and low, rich and poor, to preserve the memory of his devotion to his country and his God in various fitting ways. From his death sprang into being many organisations for the carrying on of philanthropic works such as he in his lifetime delighted to engage in. But all these were for the well-being of men's bodies. The Church Missionary Society took a higher stand, and determined, if its friends supported them by their sympathy and offerings, to start a Gordon Memorial Mission which should have for its object the carrying of the Gospel to those tribes among whom Gordon had lived, and for whom it may be said he gave his life. A Fund was opened, and £2,714 was contributed. But the unsettled state of the Soudan prevented the Committee from taking steps to begin their work. They feel now that the time has come to make a start, and it is with a view to finding out how this can best be done that General Haig's Expedition is to be undertaken.

It must not be understood that he goes to found a Mission. This will follow. He is simply going on a voyage of discovery. When he returns and gives his report and his advice to the Committee, they will have to consider what shall be done.

It would be of little use to give the General's programme here, as circumstances may tend to nullify some part of it almost at the outset. Doors which now appear to be open, may be found fast shut, and places apparently inhospitable may, on a closer acquaintance, present promising fields for the missionary labourer. It may be said, however, that his journey will include Southern Arabia, Abyssinia, Egypt, and the Soudan, and, possibly, the region of the Persian Gulf. Part of the way he will be accompanied by Dr. Harpur, the young medical missionary who in March of this year began work at Aden, the new Mission founded in 1885 in response to General Haig's earnest appeal.

The journey upon which he is going is one which will require



THE RED SEA: (1) LADY AND DAUGHTER, ABYSSINIA; (2) CAKE-SELLERS AT MASSOWAH, THE PORT OF ABYSSINIA (see p. 122).

considerable wisdom, caution, and discretion. Much of it will be through the most powerful strongholds of Moslem fanaticism, and much of it through those parts (as in the Soudan) where alas! the sight of an Englishman's face is sufficient to arouse the bitterest feelings of hostility. The General earnestly asks the prayers of all that God may use this journey for His own glory and for the extension of His Kingdom in this part of the world.

NOTES ON THE PICTURES.—General Haig's expedition to the Red Sea will bring him into contact with many peoples. Our pictures are illustrative of some of those to be met with on both sides of that Sea. Taking the groups on pp. 122 and 123 for instance, we have there some characteristic features of Abyssinian life with which he doubtless will become familiar when at Massowah. On p. 122 we have the highest and the lowest classes represented—an Abyssinian lady and her daughter, and a group of cake-sellers, who are always of the poorest class. In Abyssinia men are divided into four classes—warriors, priests, merchants, and husbandmen. The pictures on p. 123 show two of these classes. The Abyssinians were converted to Christianity about three centuries after Christ, and are an offshoot of the ancient Coptic Church; but their worship is of a most corrupt and degraded form. The present head of all Abyssinian Christians is a Coptic priest, called the Aboona. On p. 126 we have an encampment of Arabs, those fierce and fearless sons of the Desert. This latter picture shows us some Moslems returning from the annual pilgrimage to Mecca, the sacred city of the Mohammedans, as Benares in North India is the sacred city of the Hindus. Several steamship companies do a brisk business during certain months in the year in conveying pilgrims to and fro. The poorer of these pilgrims have to endure severe hardships, and many of them either die on the way or return to their homes to die there. To the wealthy the pilgrimage is, of course, an occasion of pleasure. The picture on p. 131 explains itself.

MR. H. G. MALAHER, Secretary of the Missionary Leaves Association, has received £104 in response to Mr. McCullagh's appeal in the September GLEANER for a church at Aiyansh. Some anonymous contributors have requested acknowledgment in the GLEANER; but this cannot be done. The money goes to the Missionary Leaves Association because it is for a private fund, and the GLEANER does not acknowledge subscriptions to private funds, but only contributions to the C.M.S. sent to the Editor.

PAULUS.

A True Story of Answered Prayer.



EVER can I write or speak the name at the head of this paper without a moistening tear rising in my eye. The name is the Hindustani form for Paul, and it belonged to one of the early converts in the Panjāb. He was baptized in 1854, about a year before I reached Amritsar. He had been a Mohammedan. He owned some small property at a village called Narowāl, situated a few miles north of Amritsar. This property gave him the title of Miyān, which is similar to our "Esquire." He was a thorough Panjābi, and spoke the rough language of that country. He could, however, also read and speak both the Urdu and Persian languages, and was what we might call a rough specimen of a Native country gentleman. As a Christian, however, he shone out in quite a new light, and I think I may say that in all my intercourse with Native Christians I have never met one to surpass him in earnestness, devotion, and love.

In the days of my early preaching in the neighbourhood of Amritsar I had the great privilege of having Paulus appointed as my catechist and companion. He was an eloquent preacher, and, being full of zeal, was an excellent example for a young missionary. He was possessed, too, of a great deal of good common sense and tact, and was in every way a handy and expert person. In the dangerous times while the Mutiny was going on this affectionate friend was more than once the means of saving me from an infuriated mob.

But there is one special event in our happy intercourse which has left a very strong impression on my mind, and which appears to me to be followed by results up to the present time. I shall now try to revive my recollections and give a description of this incident, and then speak of what seem to me to be its results. These were not apparent for many years, and some of them took place at a time when Paulus himself had passed from



THE RED SEA: (3) ABYSSINIAN SPEARMEN ; (4) PRIEST AND DEACON OF THE ABYSSINIAN CHURCH (see p. 122).

the scene of his earthly labours. For my dear friend is no more of this world—a few years ago I heard with intense grief of his quiet death, and now I rejoice to know that his works do follow him.

Batāla is a prosperous little town about 22 miles from the great city of Amritsar. It is a thoroughly Mohammedan place, and numbers among its 22,000 inhabitants a fair percentage of learned Molvis, that is Mohammedan doctors of law and divinity. In the eyes of good Paulus, Batāla was a sort of diminutive Athens, and he was most anxious that the place should be attended to by the missionaries. His own village (his "Tarsus") was but a small place in comparison with this ancient town. So he begged me to accompany him on a preaching visit to Batāla. I sent out my tidy little tents and my servants, and Paulus preferred going on with them during the heat of the day on his fidgety little pony. I waited till the cool of the evening, and then cantered gaily along, doing the 22 miles in about 2½ hours on my two horses.

Arrived outside Batāla I found the small encampment looking very picturesque in the moonlight. After I had refreshed myself, I called Paulus into my tent, and we had a brotherly conversation together. My friend first spoke of our prospects in the town which we were about "to attack" next morning—of the bigotry of the inhabitants, and of their complete ignorance of the truths we were about to preach to them. Then he spoke of his own village Narowāl—of his home—of his family. The tears rolled down his cheeks when he began to tell me of his sons. They were grown up and able to judge for themselves; but he grieved to say that all his efforts to win them over to the Christian religion had failed. I could see that this point weighed most heavily on his mind, and was the oppressive care of his life.

When we had sat thus for a considerable time I asked him to bring his bed into my tent, as he had not a tent of his own. He would not, however, do so, but said he would be glad to sleep under the awning which was attached to the sides of the tent.

In this position he would have only a few folds of canvas between himself and me. After some further efforts at persuasion I agreed to this plan, and I soon heard the dear fellow bringing his light bedstead and preparing for his night's rest. My mind, too, was full of the subject of his sons, and it was some time before I could get myself off to sleep. I was restless, and felt a kind of pain at the idea of my Native brother being outside while I was so comfortable in my snug tent.

At about three in the morning I was awakened by a rustling noise. I listened. Paulus was evidently rising, and I could hear him creeping quietly away through the dry leaves and sticks which lay round the tent. What could he be walking about for at that hour of the night? Was he unwell?—or could I, after all, be deceived in him, and could he possibly have some evil purpose? In the gloomy hour of night even this sad thought passed through my mind, and how sorry I felt for it afterwards, though it was only momentary. And now my curiosity drove all desire of sleep from my eyes. I felt I must rise and go after him, and see what could he be doing. I hastily dressed myself, putting on my softest slippers, and crept out into the moonlight. How strange was the smell of the dry night air. Near at hand were my servants, lying asleep under the trees. Nothing could be heard except their snoring and the distant cry of the jackal.

I followed stealthily in the direction from which the sounds of Paulus' footsteps had come. Soon I came to a field of some kind of large Indian corn, the stalks of which were very far apart. Something told me that my friend must have passed into this field, and was perhaps going to the town. But what could be his purpose? I stood and listened. Then I heard a voice among the high stalks of corn. The tones were suppressed and indistinct. What earnest imploring tones they were! Could he be speaking with somebody? Had another Nicodemus come to him by night? No. I stretched my ears to catch the words—and they came to me like a wail on the night air. Oh, such words!

I cannot write them down. It would spoil them to put them into English, even if I could remember them all. Suffice it to say, Paulus was praying for his sons, each by name—imploping that God would save them—that they might become lights in a dark world, that his Native Narowāl might yet know and believe the truths which God had graciously taught him. I stood thus transfixed to the spot. I had never heard such earnest, such heart-breaking petitions before. At last, after an interval of about half an hour, a feeling came over me that I had no right to intrude in such a spot; surely it was hallowed ground. I turned back and crept into my warm bed. Soon I heard my friend returning to his bed. I slept no more that night. In the morning I spoke not one word of what I had heard, and Paulus made no allusion to it whatever. Afterwards when he did refer to his sons I could observe a more cheerful, hopeful expression on his loving face. But he evidently was utterly unaware of my having been so near during his devotions.

As long as I remained in Amritsar I always took a deep interest in the efforts made by the father for the conversion of his sons. It seemed for some time as if those midnight prayers were not to be answered. The young men were thorough Mohammedans; they thought it very foolish of their father to have given up his religion and joined that of the English Christians; indeed, they were very bitter towards him, and their obstinacy weighed heavily upon his mind.

Some months after the above event I was obliged to part from my dear friend, as I was going, with others, to open a new Mission at Lucknow. His parting words to me were that I should remember his sons in my prayers.

I had not been long at my new Mission station when I heard of the conversion of one of the sons, and the same letter told me of the great joy of the anxious father. Some years after I heard of the conversion of another son. Then, after my return to England, I heard with deep sorrow of the death of dear old Paulus himself. He had been truly faithful unto death, and had only one son more that still remained a Mohammedan. In June of the year 1876, about nineteen years after the prayer had been uttered, I saw the announcement in the CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER of the conversion of the remaining son of Miyāu Paulus. This son had been baptized on the occasion of the opening of a new church, which was built on the very ground where formerly stood the house of my dear friend. The GLEANER gave a picture of that church, which some of my readers can see for themselves. It is called "an Eastern Church for an Eastern People," and is, in every respect, exactly in accordance with the longings of the departed Paulus, which I heard him pour out so earnestly all those years ago. The building is thoroughly Oriental in its style of architecture, and looks more like a mosque than a church. The idea of Paulus, with which I heartily agree, was that Christianity was originally an Oriental religion, that it has lost very much by its adoption of many Western notions, and that its English garb was unsuitable for the natives of India.

I hope that those who read this story will feel the same encouragement which it gives me to believe in the efficacy of real prayer, and to be patient even though it may take years before their earnest prayers are fulfilled.

I here close this short account by giving a hint which may prove useful. Some of us are troubled from time to time by having restless nights; we lie awake, and all our efforts to sleep are in vain. At such a time we can do nothing better than jump out of bed and pray for those who are dear to us—not only may such prayers be more earnest than our ordinary devotions, and thus receive an answer, but we may also find that our minds have been calmed by their utterance, and that refreshing sleep will follow them.

WM. J. BALL.

LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.

From the Rev. R. W. Stewart, Fuh-Chow, to the Editor.

FUH-CHOW, April 13th, 1886.



HAVE just written to the S.P.C.K. to thank them for a most welcome grant of prints. It is an unusually good selection, and will be highly appreciated by the Chinese, and I trust will be of great use in teaching them the leading facts of the Christian religion. I have also to thank you for the diagrams, globes, &c., you kindly had sent out to us some two years ago, but which did not arrive until after we had left this for our furlough home. I found them here on my return, and have had a number of them put up in the College, and given lectures upon them to the students. They are just the things we wanted. The Tract Society, too, sent a large number of Scripture pictures in return for my £3 10s., and we are hard at work pasting them on linen with a red border, which will render them durable and pleasing to the Chinese eyes.

We have our hands full, I am thankful to say, with good work—20 women in the Bible-women's Training Home, 23 students in the College, and 35 in the Boys' Boarding School, and, besides this, there are the Country Day Schools to "inspect." Last year these schools numbered about 25, and this year, thanks to funds from various quarters, there are some 75. I should so like to visit these little schools with their 800 or more little scholars several times in the year, spending a short time with each one, teaching as well as examining the children. I believe if we could do this it would be of the greatest use, and a most important work, but with only Mr. Shaw and myself for the educational work it is almost impossible for us to leave Fuh-Chow.

We do indeed need another man if the work is to be done at all as it ought. The man must be a first-rate man, not necessarily a Hebrew scholar or particularly well up in "the Fathers" and ancient heresies, but a truly spiritually-minded man, one who "believes in the Holy Ghost," with a good measure of practical common sense, fond of hard work, and with one—and only one—idea in life, viz., to persuade others to love and serve the Lord Jesus; and also I would hope he would entirely believe in the old-fashioned C.M.S. theology. At some stations men of great learning, I am told, are needed; but here it is not so: lots of good common sense are sufficient.

From Mr. Arthur T. Polhill-Turner, B.A., of the China Inland Mission, to the Editor.

HANG-CHUNG, SHENSI, N.W. CHINA, June 7th, 1886.

I feel led to write you a few lines here from the front of the fight, if I may so call it. Oh, what a glorious warfare it is fighting for such a King! Yes, we need the whole armour of God, to have our loins girded indeed; but my testimony is that we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us. Yes, conquerors to-day, living to-day with nothing between. What a secret! letting our heavenly Father guide us and lead us each step; taking no anxious thought for the morrow; it is safe in His hand. I had a charming letter from dear Douglas Hooper, who had been ill, but was restored, dated Lake Nyanza, Dec. 28th, and written in good spirits.

I am just learning the lesson of casting every burden and care upon the Lord, and leaving it there. The verse most blessed to us was Psal. iv. 6, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication let your request be made known unto God. And the peace of God shall keep your hearts." Also St. Matthew xxviii. 18, "All power is given." A blessed fact! Then comes the command, "Go ye therefore." These fresh revelations in the knowledge of Him lead one to say with John concerning the past, "And I never knew Him"; so little is the past, yet so great in blessing. Yet we are but beginning the greater things. The Lord has some things still far better for us ahead. Let us follow on to know Him.

The Lord helps me greatly in the study of the difficult language. I find the people are beginning to understand my feeble attempts to proclaim the glorious Gospel of Christ. My brother and I have the privilege of being the Joshua and Caleb of the land, having returned but three weeks from a three months' journey to spy out the land. We walked nearly all the way, varied occasionally by a ride on horseback or in a sedan chair, which is most comfortable. A great part was mountainous, and we slept one night amid the snow, 6,000 feet above the sea level. Travelling is rather rough work till you get used to it; but we had a very real sense of the Lord's presence all the way. At times we would break out into singing for joy of heart on the way. It is truly a land flowing with milk and honey. The people seem friendly, though one sees very little of the higher class, who seem never to appear in public.

From a Lady Missionary of the C.E.Z.M.S. to the Editor.

(BENGAL, July, 1886.)

So far I have not done any work but study the language. As I was not very strong the C.E.Z. kindly sent me for three months, while I was learning the language, to my brother, who is a magistrate. While with

EVANGELISTIC WORK OF THE NATIVE CHURCH OF MADRAS.

(This programme, received from the Rev. W. T. Saththianadhan, B.D., of Zion Church, Madras, shows that the Native Christians of that city are not forgetting to preach the Gospel to their heathen neighbours.)

Programme of the Evangelistic Open-Air Services in connection with the C.M.S. Southern Pastorate. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

CHINTADREPETTA. 6.30—8 A.M.	PEOPLE'S PARK. 5—6.30 P.M.	PURSEWAKAM. 6.30—8 A.M.	MEMORIAL HALL. 5—6.30 P.M.	THOUSAND LIGHTS. 6.30—8 A.M.	POODUPETT 5—6.30 P.M.
Mr. J. Vythianadhan (Leader)	Mr. J. Vythianadhan (Leader)	Mr. D. J. Māsillamony (Leader)	Mr. D. J. Māsillamony (Leader)	Mr. D. Packianadhan (Leader)	Mr. P. N. Dévanayagam (Leader)
" John Saththianadhan	" J. Saththianadhan	" G. Sargunam	" A. Nallatambi	" G. Sargunam	" A. Nallatambi
" Philip Malayappen	" Philip Malayappen	" D. Isaac	" N. Packiam	" G. H. Aseervadham	" P. Jéudasen
" P. N. Dévanayagam	" P. N. Dévanayagam	" D. Simon	" D. Simon	" S. Daniel	" J. C. Martin
" V. Packianadhan	" V. Packianadhan	" J. Michael	" J. Michael	" David Abraham	" T. Dévavaram
" J. Dorasawmy	" J. Dorasawmy	" M. Aruminayagam	" M. Aruminayagam	" J. Israel	" E. K. Dévadassen
" J. Michael	" J. Michael	" John Aruldoss	" John Aruldoss	" P. Solomon	" J. D. Ramalingam
" N. Vyavanadhan	" N. Vyavanadhan	" N. Packiam	" G. Sargunam	" E. K. Dévadassen	" N. Packiam
" J. D. Ramalingam	" N. Jéudassen	" J. D. Ramalingam	" N. Jéudassen	" P. Jéudassen	" N. Vyavanadhan

Associates—Rev. W. T. SATHTHIANADHAN, Mr. E. S. HENSMAN, and Mr. P. T. THARYAN.

N.B.—1. Punctuality to be strictly observed; 2. Short addresses occupying ten minutes would suffice; 3. Controversy to be avoided; 4. Centres may be changed periodically; 5. Associates may be present at any centre and join any group; 6. Preachers to meet in Chintadrepetta Lecture Hall every last Friday of the month at 6 P.M., for consultation and prayer.

my brother I gained an entrance into a few zenanas. They had never had a missionary visit them before. They received me so warmly. One woman touched me very much. She asked me if I had no husband to support me; did my brother do so? On hearing no, he did not, I was asked, What did I do, then, for my support? I felt it was a difficult matter to explain, as what do they know about societies, so I simply told her there were *mems* and *sahibs* [ladies and gentlemen] in England who cared for their souls, and had sent me to India, telling me to go and tell their Indian sisters about the true God, and teach them to read and write, so as to be useful women, and they would give me money for house, clothes, food, &c. She grasped the idea, but then added, But do they not give you jewels? No, I said; I only want enough to live on. She replied, Oh, how good of you; I never knew any one would go without jewels and come away from their country. Then taking hold of my hand she added, You do not know what pleasure you have given me since you came to see me. I do love you for it. They tried to press me to take money, and begged so hard I would remain always with them. Here is an opening for missionaries. Many doors are open if only we had the labourers. Ours is indeed a noble work. I would not change places with any one in England, for I feel our Indian sisters are longing for us to help them.

Miss H. J. Neele, of the C.M.S. Orphanage at Agarpara, in a letter dated September 4, thanks those friends who have either sent or promised contributions to the Orphanage Jubilee Fund [see GLEANER for last May]. It had been arranged to have the Jubilee gatherings in the first week of October, but they are postponed till the first week in December. Miss Neele asks for prayer that the Jubilee may be a time of refreshing.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PARENTS.

A friend writes:—
THERE are doubtless many parents who see the C.M.S. GLEANER, the best pennyworth of missionary matter anywhere to be found, and I thought what I am about to state (which took place a few months ago) might help to encourage parents to enlist their children in the work of the Church Missionary Society. In our Sunday-school, after a short missionary address, I put the question, "Which of you girls and boys would like to take a missionary box?" The silence was broken by a little fellow holding up his hand, expressing his wish to have a missionary box. He said, "I'll take a box, because mother took one when she was young." What an encouraging fact for parents! How their lives are lived over again, and how well for them to interest, first themselves, and then their children, in the work of this great Society.

What are they among so many?

If you consider the mere size of China—that it is 104 times as large as England, 176 times as large as Scotland, 44 times the size of the United Kingdom—and then consider that Scotland alone claims the whole services of 3,845 ministers, while Great Britain absorbs 35,000, each of whom finds work enough in his own sphere, it is evident that 1,600 Chinese and foreign Christian teachers can only reach a very small proportion even of the people of China Proper, to say nothing of the vast outlying regions beyond. [From Miss Gordon Cumming's *Wanderings in China*, Vol. I., p. 214.]

HOW THE WORD IS SPREAD.

A CIVILIAN of considerable standing informs us that some years ago he had occasion to camp out in a remote and little known village some fourteen miles away from Faizabad, in Oudh. When his official work for the day was done, he sauntered out in the cool of the evening, according to his usual wont, to hunt up the village priest. Drawing near to the temple he found the Brahman sitting at the door, surrounded by a crowd of villagers, and reading to them, with frequent expatiations, some book. Mingling with the listeners our friend inquired what "Shāster" * that was they were reading? On which the Brahman replied, "*Matt kī Injil*." Thinking he had not caught the correct Sanscrit name, our friend again inquired, "What Shāster?" "*Matt kī Injil*" (St. Matthew's Gospel) slowly repeated the priest. "Indeed! and is '*Matt kī Injil*' a good Shāster?" said the Sāhib. "A bahut achchha Shāster,"† was the instant reply. "And how did you meet with this Shāster?" was the next inquiry. "Well," said the Brahman, "it is a curious story, but I will tell it to you. During the Mutiny time, I happened one day to be in the Secundra Orphanage grounds, near Agra, when I saw the 'badmāshes'‡ plundering the Padri Sāhib's house. On going near I found a number of books and papers lying around, which had been torn, thrown out, and trampled upon. Among the rubbish I espied this little book, and stooping down I secured it, and hid it in my clothes. When I got home, I began to read the book, and was so interested that I was not satisfied until I had reached the end. Some time after, I began to wander about, and in my travels I found my way to this very village of —. Telling the people I had in my possession a new 'Shāster,' I read some portions of it to them, and on hearing it, they were so satisfied that they said they had lately lost their priest, and therefore why should not I stay with them and teach them this new 'Shāster'? Agreeing to this, I became their priest, and since that time I have lived here."

"But tell me," said the now interested Sāhib, "how you teach this Shāster?"

"I do like this," said the Brahman: "first, I make the people repeat the little prayer in the 6th chapter, and then I read some portion of another chapter, which I explain to them. After seeing if the people remember what I have said, we finish by again repeating the little prayer."

"But do you believe that this '*Matt kī Injil*' is inspired?" asked the official.

"Well," rejoined the priest, "I don't know much about that, I only know it is the best 'Shāster' I have ever seen, and that is enough for me."

"Now," said the civilian on telling the writer the story, "these poor simple people would not be classed by you missionaries as Christians, and yet I consider they were Christians indeed. For what is a Christian but he who drinks in eagerly of the word and spirit of the Gospel?"

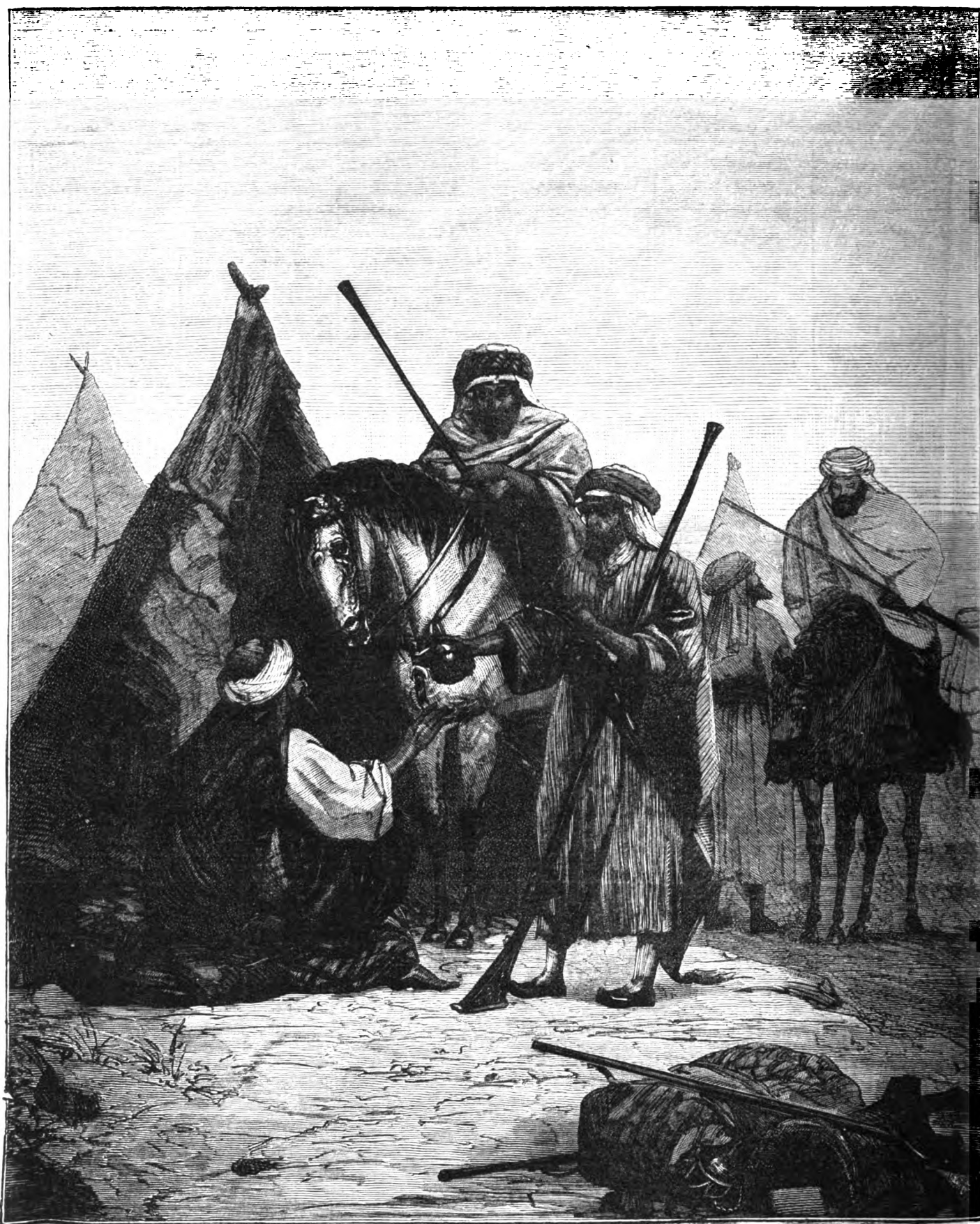
Secundra, Agra.

H. LEWIS.

* A name applied to the Hindu Scriptures.

† A very good master.

‡ Bad characters.



THE RED SEA: (5) AN ENCAMPMENT OF ARABS (*see p. 122*).



THE RED SEA: (6) MOSLEM PILGRIMS RETURNING FROM MECCA (see p. 122).

THE VALEDICTORY DISMISSAL.

THAS there ever been a C.M.S. meeting quite like the great gathering at St. George's Hall on Wednesday, September 29th? We can remember nothing to equal it in deep interest and in high and holy tone. The Autumn Valedictory Dismissal of the missionaries going out in the October steamers is always interesting. It is the largest of the year, and the only public one; and its only disadvantage is that it does not include men for East Africa and North-West America, who usually go in May. But this year there were exceptional features. Mr. Wigram and Mr. Edmund Wigram were to say farewell before leaving on their tour round the world; General Haig also, in view of his journey of missionary exploration on both sides of the Red Sea (see page 121); and Mr. Parker, too, was to be welcomed as the Bishop-Designate for Eastern Equatorial Africa. The hall, holding a thousand people, was crowded in every part, scores standing the whole time. It was a remarkable assemblage. Rarely are so many men seen at an afternoon gathering. Clergymen were there from such distant counties as

Northumberland and Devonshire, and Cambridge sent its ardent sons to bid God-speed to Edmund Wigram. No less than five Bishops were on the platform, besides two Bishops-Designate (Mr. Parker, and the Rev. F. F. Goe, whose appointment to Melbourne had been announced that morning).

In the absence of Capt. the Hon. F. Maude, President, Sir John H. Kennaway, Bart., M.P., took the Chair. The written Instructions of the Committee to departing Missionaries were first read by Mr. Fenn. Then Bishop Moule, of Mid-China, delivered the special address, which he based on the words of our Lord, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." These words he applied to *the death of self* in the worker for Christ, without which there could be no fruit-bearing. We must "fall into the ground, and die," lose self in all its manifold forms, and then grow up in the likeness of Christ to bear fruit to His glory. This address is reported at full length in the *C.M. Intelligencer*, but no report can give an idea of its exceeding beauty and solemnity as delivered. The assembly was deeply moved by it.

Sir John Kennaway then addressed "Frederic Wigram,"

referring to their boyish friendship at Harrow, and to their common love ever since for the C.M.S. and its work, and expressing in warm terms the interest of the whole Society in Mr. Wigram's approaching tour. Turning to Mr. Parker, Sir John eloquently dilated on the "thorny and difficult path" he was about to enter on, and alluded to the painful telegraphic news of more massacres in U-Ganda. "Do we regret," he asked, "that we ever went to U-Ganda? No! not if one and all had been taken away." Here the meeting responded with hearty expressions of assent. "Can we," he went on, "think of the seed which has been sown by the loving work and self-sacrifice of Wilson and Shergold Smith and Mackay and O'Flaherty, and others, and last, not least, of Bishop Hannington, and do we think that their work has been wasted and their lives spent for nought? Not for one moment! The seed has been sown, and the fruit is already borne." Finally, Sir John turned to General Haig, and expressed the hope that his coming journey might lead to the planting of the Gospel in the lands so closely associated with the memory of Gordon.

Mr. Wigram then spoke. He began by saying that on that very day six years the letter reached him that the Committee were thinking of him for the post of Hon. Secretary, vacated by the death of Henry Wright. "I shall never forget," he said, "the thrill with which I read that letter, and the feelings with which I answered it." He went on to tell us that on that same day the thought at once occurred to him that if he came to Salisbury Square he must one day go and visit the Missions. Now, after six years, the time had come.

The Bishop-Designate spoke next, very touchingly appealing for unceasing prayer; and then General Haig gave a rapid and most interesting sketch of his projected journey. The departing missionaries then spoke successively, viz., the Revs. J. W. Stuart, A. W. Baumann, and T. Carmichael, going to North India; Rev. J. D. Thomas, to Ceylon; Revs. A. Elwin and W. Light, to China; Rev. T. Dunn, to Japan; Dr. Ernest Neve, to Kashmir; Rev. R. Heaton, to Sindh; Revs. W. A. Roberts and J. A. Harriss, to Western India; Revs. C. W. A. Clarke and E. T. Pegg, to the Telugu Mission; Rev. F. Nevill, to Sierra Leone; Rev. J. Vernal, to Lagos; and Mr. H. S. Macaulay, to the Niger. (Fuller particulars of these were given in last number.)

In the evening a second meeting was held in the Lower Exeter Hall. Many of the country friends who had come up on purpose were again present, and many young men and others who could not come in the day time. Mr. Wigram presided, and most of the missionaries above-named again spoke, and two others, viz., the Rev. James Johnson, the well-known African pastor of Breadfruit, Lagos, who had just arrived in England, and Mr. Edmund Wigram. The latter's few modest but high-toned words touched all hearts. But perhaps the most striking feature of the meeting was Mr. Clarke's narrative of his own call and dedication to missionary work, mainly through the February Simultaneous Meetings. Special prayer was offered for the departing brethren by the Bishop of Sierra Leone and the Rev. E. Lombe, and several hymns were sung in the course of the evening.

We must not enlarge, for space is very precious. We wish all our readers could have been present. But all can follow the new Bishop, and General Haig, and the Wigrams, and the returning missionaries, and the missionaries going out for the first time, with fervent and sympathetic prayer. Yes, and those left behind, too: wives and children in many cases, friends and relatives in all; in Mr. Wigram's case, colleagues who will miss him much. Let the eyes of all be upon the Lord, in whose holy service we are all engaged.

"In my judgment, Christian missionaries have done more real and lasting good to the people of India than all other agencies combined."—SIR RIVERS THOMPSON, *Lieut.-Governor of Bengal.*

MISSIONARY HYMN.

"I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thine offspring."—*Is. xlv. 3.*



ORD, pour the floods upon the desert ground,
That joy, and peace, and blessing may abound;
Pour out Thy Spirit, a life-giving tide,
Till parched souls are healed and satisfied.

On weary workers send Thy Spirit down,
Their faith to strengthen, and their work to crown;
Their zeal to quicken, and their love inflame,
Thy word with power and boldness to proclaim.

Pour forth rich streams upon the arid soil,
That songs of joy may mingle with their toil;
Fair buds of promise open 'neath Thy rays,
And fruitful harvests ripen to Thy praise.

On all the Native Churches grace bestow,
That faith, and love, and patient hope may grow;
That opened lips may spread abroad Thy Name,
And holy lives Thy saving power proclaim.

On those at home Thy loving Spirit pour,
That they may yield themselves, their time, their store;
That each, by gift and prayer, may have his part
In work which lies so near Thy kingly heart.

So shall Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
Thy name be hallowed—and our heaven begun:
By those of every kindred, race, and tongue,
Redeeming love shall be for ever sung.

A. BRAITHWAITE.

May be sung to "Dalkeith," "Breding," or "Eoentide."

VILLAGE WORK IN TINNEVELLY.

BY MRS. T. KEMBER.



ON returning to Palamcottah in 1878, after our visit to England, we soon resumed the work we had left, and by degrees opened out fresh work in other directions. We had left our own dear children at home, and the terrible blank in our hearts was in a measure filled up by our taking special interest in the little ones around us. Beside the Native Christian children all about us, in their homes and at our schools, we often drove out in the cool of the evening to seek out the heathen children in a village plainly visible from our house, and looking very pretty, nestling among the palmyra trees. The nearer view was decidedly less pleasing. Being off the high road, we had to leave our little carriage and walk the latter part of the way. Anything more unsightly and heathenish could not well be found: one or two devil altars and two small heathen temples told their own sad tale. The men and women were a rough, ignorant, hard-working set; the thatched mud huts were huddled together in four clusters, as four different castes are there represented. There being no proper roads, cattle, dogs, fowls, naked boys and girls, old women with babies on their hips, roamed about in a hopeless, aimless manner. Sand, palmyras, and dust-heaps abound, but the glorious sun going down behind the Western Ghats, and a good broad stream of water from the hills, were ever refreshing sights amidst so much dirt, sin, and indifference.

As the men were returning to their homes, my husband would chat pleasantly to them on some simple Gospel truth. A good number gather round to listen, and in turn relate some absurd heathen superstition or custom. We usually carried a supply of portions of Holy Scripture or Bible story-books, but we scarcely ever found any who could read them. For several months, going down, from time to time, with varied success and attention, was as far as we seemed likely to proceed.

The next step was going down without my husband, who was otherwise occupied, taking with me a Native Christian woman. We went earlier in the afternoon, before the men had returned, and gave our whole time to the women and children. Till the cooking for the evening meal began,

the mothers had a little leisure, and gladly listened. The first house which we were invited to enter was the doctor's. The courtyard was swept neat and clean: on one side a pair of fine white bullocks calmly munched their straw; in a small house, the door of which was closed and locked, the family swamy (idol) was safely kept. Sitting down in the open courtyard on my folding chair (which when visiting it is necessary to take with you), the teacher by my side, from fifteen to twenty women and children would listen to a Bible story, or learn a simple text or hymn. Very soon several houses in different parts of the village were opened to us; some of the elder girls and young women began to learn the Tamil alphabet and the use of needle and thimble.

Finding, at last, after visiting in this way for several months, that the mothers liked our visits, and the girls had the desire to be taught, I engaged the teacher to go down and teach the children in the morning, and visit from house to house and instruct the mothers every afternoon; I promising to go down once or twice monthly to test the work and encourage the pupils, a First Reader, a slate, cloth, work-bag, or tiny doll being given as a reward to the most industrious. The bad language, indecent habits, gross ignorance, and superstition were terrible. We hired a room, and opened a school for all who liked to attend. Several girls became regular scholars. The old women would often spend a quiet hour there, listening attentively.

The novelty of the thing soon wore off—the mothers were indifferent, the children rude, irregular, and very troublesome. One or two of the better disposed among them appreciated the effort, always receiving us gladly at their houses, and sending their children to school. Several times we had to close for want of a proper room—the rent asked was usually double what it ought to have been—but we struggled on.

In the autumn of 1885 the regular scholars, with their Christian teacher, came to the Mission-house to be photographed. The heathen parents had no fear now, and once a month the little creatures enjoyed coming to see me. They were examined in Holy Scripture, texts, abridged Ten Commandments, reading, sewing, &c. Each child had a little fruit, some sweetmeats, a very small copper coin (a pice), and sometimes a frolic on the lawn. The children are much improved in appearance, language, and habits. They are all heathens, from dark heathen homes; but it is very sweet and touching to hear them repeating the pretty Tamil hymns, texts, and answering easy questions on the life of our Lord. We long to see some of them brought into the Good Shepherd's fold, and earnestly pray that the good seed thus sown in their young hearts may be abundantly watered by the Holy Spirit.

The Boys.—The boys had always been very rude, hooting and shouting directly they saw my carriage. Sometimes I have been obliged to close the afternoon's work and go home; at other times I have taken a gardener down with me to keep them away from the houses while we were there. If they were allowed into the courtyard, they would interrupt every body; if shut out they would rattle and bang the doors, throw stones over the walls, and even climb upon the roof of the house. To put a stop to all this annoyance, we thought we would win them over by opening a boys' school. My husband gave me one of his trained students for this purpose, and small bands of theological students when out street-preaching would pay a visit to this village. It was less uphill work than with the girls, for, ignorant as the parents are, they fully believe in educating their sons. The fathers came up in a body, begging for a proper boys' school. A piece of land was promised and given, kind friends at Red Hill supplied the means, and a neat brick schoolroom has been built. Now those dear children are daily under the teaching and influence of Christian teachers, their young hearts and minds being stored with "the old, old story of Jesus and His love," before they are hardened by sin and closed by prejudice and superstition. The results are with our Master, Who said to Peter, and still says to all His followers—"Feed My lambs."

A CHURCH MISSIONARY READING SOCIETY has been started in connection with St. George's, Cullercoats, near Tynemouth (Rev. J. Seaver). The members undertake to read in their own homes some C.M.S. publication at least half an hour each week. There is no subscription, nor need the members be subscribers to the Society. They only pay for the books, papers, or magazines they may ask for. The Secretary is Miss Boucher, 22, Percy Gardens, Tynemouth.

THE OSAKA GIRLS' SCHOOL.



THIS is the largest girls' school in connection with the Society's Japan Mission. But our readers must not for a moment suppose that it is like the large girls' schools, pictures of which have sometimes appeared in the GLEANER.

There are some very fine Missionary school buildings in Japan. As the bay of Nagasaki is entered, one of the largest and most prominent objects on the hill-side, not far from Mr. Maundrell's residence, is a large girls' school belonging to one of the American Missions. There are similar schools in connection with the same and other Missions at Kobe, Osaka, Yokohama, Kiyoto, Tokio, and Hakodate, but the C.M.S. has nothing like them at any one of its four stations. The Osaka Girls' School, although the largest in our Japan Mission, is a very humble affair when compared with the large and efficiently-conducted educational institutions of other Societies in Japan, and of our own Society in other parts of the world. It was commenced in June, 1879, by Miss Oxlad—who laboured in Hong-Kong from 1864 to 1877, and was then transferred to Japan owing to failure of health,—and is now carried on by Miss Boulton, with whom Miss Hamilton, a lady recently sent out, is associated. These ladies are all connected with the Female Education Society, but the school is worked as a branch of our C.M.S. Osaka Mission. At the beginning of this year there were thirteen boarders and fourteen day scholars. It is impossible to accommodate more children in the school buildings. The erection of a suitable building was urged by the C.M.S. Japan Conference in the spring of 1884; and it is hoped that the work will soon be taken in hand, for which a special fund has been opened at the Church Missionary House.

Those in charge of the school have kept steadily in view the training of girls to be missionary workers. One who was formerly a pupil is now assistant-teacher in the school, and does her work very efficiently. Another who, in spite of weak health for some time, has made good progress, is most useful in helping in work amongst the women. Miss Boulton says of her:—"She will be invaluable to me as a helper in visiting and taking classes." During a recent vacation she accompanied Miss Boulton to Fukuyama—our recently-opened out-station on the Inland Sea, and was "a great help" in getting the women together, and instructing them in Christian truth. Another girl who gave bright promise of future usefulness passed away last year.

The school has also been instrumental in bringing about the establishment of a boys' boarding and day school at Osaka. For some considerable time several Christian boys were allowed to attend the girls' school as day scholars, and when this was no longer possible, from want of room, some ten or twelve formed the nucleus of the boys' school, in which there were eight boarders and fourteen day scholars at the close of 1885. This work will now be taken up by Mr. Dunn and developed. The Osaka Mission thus owes much to the ladies in charge of the girls' school.

Will our readers pray for this branch of the Osaka work? And will those who use the Cycle of Prayer especially remember it before God on the twenty-first of each month? When the new building is erected it will be called "The Bishop Poole Girls' School," in memory of the first English Bishop in Japan.

2, Grove Road, New Southgate, N.,
October 1st, 1886.

CHAS. F. WARREN.

A Suggestion.

DEAR SIR,—As a regular and interested reader of the C.M. GLEANER, may I make a suggestion through this paper in regard to the working of boxes, which we have found helpful in our parish of St. John's, and of which department in our missionary work I have the management? I have suggested to many to make little articles of needlework in the course of the year, the proceeds of which go to their own individual boxes when disposed of, either at our annual sale in connection with our Missionary Working Party, or privately to their own friends. This, I think, gives more interest to the work, especially in the case of invalids, and also prevents the too frequent begging system.—I remain, yours truly,
2, Grosvenor Villas, Weymouth,
Sept. 6th, 1886.

CORDELIA C. MARRIOTT.

ON September 21st a party of twenty-seven C.M.S. friends met by invitation in a hop-garden at Ripton, Ashford, Kent, for an afternoon's hop-picking. The money earned will be given to the C.M.S.

THE GLEANERS' UNION,

For Prayer and Work.



THE GLEANERS' UNION is now growing apace. One thousand members joined in the first three months; and up to Oct. 14 the number is 1,144. We are most thankful for the interest the Union has excited, and grateful for the numerous expressions of pleasure and sympathy from all sides. The great majority of our correspondents are still of what may be called our outer circle; but leading friends are beginning to move. We promised to state the numbers from the different counties and towns, and we now give those that make up the first thousand. In future tables we shall give further details, with the names of towns and villages: this is only preliminary:—

Members of the Gleaners' Union from No. 1 to No. 1,000.

COUNTIES.	No. OF MEMBERS.	COUNTIES.	No. OF MEMBERS.
Middlesex (85 in London).....	102	Oxfordshire	3
Bedfordshire	22	Shropshire	8
Berkshire	9	Staffordshire	6
Buckinghamshire	1	Suffolk	15
Cambridgeshire	6	Surrey (39 in London).....	103
Cheshire	8	Sussex (Brighton 17, Eastbourne 18)	64
Cornwall	5	Somersetshire (Bath 23).....	35
Cumberland	5	Warwickshire	14
Derbyshire	8	Westmoreland	8
Devonshire	48	Wiltshire	18
Dorsetshire	6	Worcestershire	8
Durham	4	Yorkshire	50
Essex	2		
Gloucestershire (Bristol 11).....	25	Wales.....	4
Hants (Isle of Wight 11).....	44	Scotland	8
Herefordshire	4	Ireland	35
Herts (Rickmansworth 22).....	25	Guernsey.....	1
Huntingdonshire	3	Canada	1
Kent (Tunbridge Wells 29, Westerham 29).....	116	Aden	2
Lancashire (Liverpool 28).....	53	France	1
Lincolnshire (Boston 36).....	39	Switzerland	1
Norfolk	59	Palestine	1
Northumberland	3		
Nottinghamshire	20		
		Total.....	1,000

It has been suggested to us that some may be hindered from joining by the seeming severity of the conditions. We thought the conditions were very light indeed; and certainly we have interpreted them so, for in the September number we said: "We are asked, What are the Gleaners to do? Our answer is a simple one: *Do what they can, only do something*"; and we went on to say that even those who, like many invalids, can only pray, should join the UNION. But it is suggested that the original prospectus names five ways in which each "gleaner" is to "glean," and that each "gleaner," by joining, undertakes to do so. We confess that the wording of the prospectus may be read so, and we will modify it in future issues. But it should be observed that the form of application runs as follows:—

"Believing that the Evangelisation of the Heathen and Mohammedan World is a solemn duty laid upon the Church of Christ by her Divine Lord, and binding upon every Christian, I desire to be helped by my membership in the GLEANERS' UNION to join in prayer and work for the cause, as I may be enabled so to do."

That, at all events, is clear enough.

One friend asks if it is "inadvisable" for her to join, seeing that she has not time "to get up full information on all the places mentioned in the Cycle of Prayer." Did we say this was necessary? What we said was, Let everybody join who can do anything in the cause.

We have only had one letter advocating a separate Children's Union, and we think, on the whole, that the UNION had better remain one and undivided for the present.

In one parish, Fleet, Hants, the Rev. W. E. Light has started a weekly prayer meeting and a quarterly meeting for information, in connection with the UNION.

To the "gleaners" we have to say:—

1. We hope the Card will be in the hands of all before this number is out, but it is being sadly delayed by the lithographers in Germany. We said last month that we "hoped" every "gleaner" would receive it "in the course of October"; yet within the first week of October two or three wrote to complain that it had not reached them. Had these friends read what we said? Remember, it is the first duty of every "gleaner" to read the GLEANER'S UNION page.

2. On the back of the Card will be found a brief statement of the objects of the UNION, and, at the foot, are printed the words of the form of application for membership, "Believing," &c. (as above), with a space for the member's signature. Of course, only the member himself will know whether he signs or not; but it may be that the act of signing, if accompanied by a heartfelt prayer to the God of all grace, will of itself help to strengthen him to work and pray for the missionary cause.

3. After the Card has been received, every member must quote the Card Number when he writes to Salisbury Square regarding the Union. We cannot promise to attend to letters without it. Of course this does not apply to ordinary orders for publications or other communications on the Society's general business; only to the business of the GLEANERS' UNION.

We give some more extracts from letters:—

This UNION is just what I wanted for our parish when I asked some time ago for cards. It is like holding out a helping hand from the centre of the grand C.M.S. to the weaker branches.

I shall look forward to my *Gleaner* now more than ever, as there will be something in it which will specially concern myself. I am only a very poor feeble worker in the Master's vineyard, often lukewarm, and often neglecting the opportunities put before me for doing good, and my work for the C.M.S. is scarcely worthy the name where that of others comes, but I pray God to train me for His service, that I may become more useful. I often think I, too, should like to go out among the heathen, as I read of ladies, in the *Gleaner*, doing. Nothing fires me with so much zeal as seeing what women can do in the work; but the way is not clear yet, and I can only trust that God will lead me in the right way, and wait till He shows me my real work.

It seems to me a grand idea so to be connected with that sacred C.M.S. House, and though of course in Cambridge we have every possible means for information concerning the Society, still, to be a very member of it induces to renewed strength in prayer and work. I shall look forward to our special page in the dear *Gleaner*, but how that is to be made more "welcome, helpful, and attractive" than it now is, I cannot understand. With prayerful sympathy in your glorious work.

In reference to the "small handbook," "Gleaners" would do well to make their own. I have not yet compiled one for myself, but I have something of the kind. I have cut the maps out of your Report, and stuck the portions of the Prayer Cycle and Brief View belonging to each map on the backs. So every day I pick up the particular map for the day, run through the Brief View portion, and list of stations, &c., to be prayed for.

I am not able to do much, for it has pleased God to afflict me with almost total deafness. I have for some years given what help I could in work. I feel sure the UNION will be a great help to those who are from so many causes prevented joining in public meetings, &c., and my own feeling has long been where the motive is "All for Jesus," the work cannot be touched without individual blessing, so we may well count it a privilege to do all we can.

Please place an "invalid's mark" against my name as member of GLEANERS' UNION for prayer and work, date 80th August, and also against the one now enclosed. This poor lad is so ill I hardly thought it wise to ask him to join, but now as October is drawing near, and he is still lingering, and may do so for months, it seems a pity he should not gain what he can from the UNION, especially as he has a box, and is rather disheartened because people do not seem to like being asked to contribute to it. I quite agree with "One Shut in," that interest in missions is a help to invalids; there is nothing like it to draw them away from themselves, and to pray for the workers is a help, though even this sometimes is a burden. When the head is too weak to think, the effort is very trying, so it is well to add, "as far as strength permits."

It will be a privilege and pleasure to become a member. My heart has been in full sympathy with the Society from my earliest years; indeed, I may say I am a "life member," as my dear father put down the names of each of his children as subscribers to the Society from our birth. By the goodness of God it has been my privilege to continue one ever since, now more than fifty years ago.

and I can truly say my interest and sympathy increases year by year, instead of diminishing.

May I say in reference to suggestion 1, from "One Shut in," that I use a manuscript book, containing about 130 pages (size of writing paper, and closely ruled). This I head about every fourth page with the various subjects for prayer. On reading the Annual Report, I make notes on the various missions, &c., under the corresponding heading in my book, and add any points of interest for prayer or praise from the GLEANER, &c., from time to time. Thus on looking through my notes on the day's subject, there is ample matter for definite prayer and praise. This plan might be useful to others.

One way in which Work may be done is for some one in every Church congregation (whose desire is that Christ may be known and loved in all the world) to get subscribers for the Gleaner, and deliver them monthly; for by this, many who have little interest may be drawn out to take a deeper interest by reading of the claims the heathen have upon us. This I have tried for several years, and found it to pay its own way, and often have a few shillings to give in return to the Society out of the profits arising from the sale.

I have been a C.M.S. gleaner for thirty-seven years, therefore I will ask you to add my name to the GLEANERS' UNION, and if the Master gives me health and strength I will try to do a little more for the blessed cause which unites us all in prayer and work.

PEACE IN THE YORUBA COUNTRY.

FROM time to time we have mentioned the Rev. J. B. Wood's earnest efforts to make peace between the contending tribes in the Yoruba country, whose prolonged wars, though attended with little bloodshed, have almost destroyed trade and agriculture, and caused widespread distress. He has again and again been very near bringing the chiefs to an agreement, but has again and again been disappointed. Two or three months ago he wrote asking for special prayer on the part of friends at home that peace might be restored. This letter, which reached Salisbury Square on July 27th, did not come into the Editor's hands, and two numbers of the GLEANER therefore have appeared without the request being responded to. But meanwhile, God, in his great goodness, has anticipated our prayers. The Governor of Lagos, Captain Moloney, C.M.G., had commissioned the Revs. Samuel Johnson and Charles Phillips (African clergymen) to visit the camps with a draft treaty of peace proposed by him; and after long journeys to different tribal centres, and much negotiation, they succeeded in persuading all the chiefs to sign the treaty. Mr. S. Johnson wrote to the Rev. T. Harding, "Success has attended our mission. The Treaty has been signed by all the kings and chiefs of the belligerents. We may hope for the return of peace to the country now, and God grant that it may soon come." The Governor at once sent up the Acting Colonial Secretary and the Queen's Advocate to arrange for the peaceful dispersion of the opposing forces, and other matters awaiting settlement. We now ask all friends of Africa who would have responded to Mr. Wood's request had they known of it, to unite in thanksgiving to God for His mercy, and in prayer that the issue may be the re-opening of that most interesting country to extended missionary effort.



THE RED SEA: (7) ARAB WARRIORS OF THE SOUDAN (see p. 122).

A CHURCH FESTIVAL IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE Auckland Church Gazette lately recorded the opening of a new church for the Maori Christians at Pehiawiri, near Whangarei, in the north of New Zealand, on March 25th. The people wished to name it after Bishop Selwyn, and have therefore called it "St. George's." At the opening, seven Maori clergymen and 450 representatives of various tribes were present. "An admirable sermon" was preached by the Rev. Mohi Turei, a visitor from Waiapu Diocese. Afterwards the Maori congregation entertained five hundred white people from the town of Whangarei, who sat down in relays of a hundred each. "A sumptuous dinner" was provided; for which purpose the Maoris had provided ten tons of potatoes, five tons of "kumara," one ton of flour, one ton of sugar, eight head of cattle, thirty pigs, and a large quantity of fish. Archdeacon E. B. Clarke, the C.M.S. missionary, took the chief part in the dedication service.

THE MONTH.



TUESDAY, Nov. 30th, St. Andrew's Day, will be the Day of Intercession for Foreign Missions. We earnestly hope that it will be solemnly observed by our friends all over the country. God will honour and bless our work just in proportion as we lay all its wants before Him; and here is a special opportunity for united prayer. Papers can be obtained at the Church Missionary House.

ON another page will be found an account of the Valedictory Dismissal of Sept. 29th. Most of the missionaries are now on their way to their distant fields of labour, followed, we are sure, by the watchful interest and fervent intercessions of very many at home. But what a little band, after all! It is not too late to make it larger: there is yet time for others, strong in body and soul and spirit, to make part of this year's reinforcement, if they will offer at once.

MR. WIGRAM and **Mr. Edmund Wigram** left by the Brindisi mail on Oct. 1st. Before this number appears they will, D.V., be visiting the Ceylon Missions. The first ten days of November are to be spent in Tinnevely. Thence they are to pass round the southern end of India and enter Travancore, reaching Cottayam, the chief C.M.S. station, on Nov. 18th. Sunday, Nov. 21st, should be spent at Trichur in the Kingdom of Cochin, and Sunday, Nov. 28th, at Madras. On Dec. 1st they take the steamer from Madras to Masulipatam, to visit the Telugu Missions.

WE go to press too early to report the consecration of **Bishop Parker** on St. Luke's Day, Oct. 18th, at St. James's, Paddington, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Rev. H. C. G. Moule, Principal of Ridley Hall, was appointed to preach the sermon.

THE Rev. F. F. Goe, who has been appointed to the Bishopric of Melbourne, is a much-valued member of the C.M.S. Committee. He has been a constant attendant especially at the Clerical Sub-Committee meetings for the consideration of offers of service, and he will be greatly missed by his colleagues on that Sub-Committee. Nevertheless we heartily rejoice at the appointment of such a man to the most important of Colonial Bishoprics.

THE Rev. John Alfred Robinson, M.A., Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge (1st Class Theol. Tripos), formerly Curate of Trowbridge, has been accepted by the Society for missionary work.

ALARMING news from U-Ganda was received by the Foreign Office and by Reuter's Agency, by telegraph from Zanzibar, on September 23rd. "A terrible persecution had broken out, and all the Native Christians were being put to death, and the missionaries were in extreme danger." We await the letters by mail, and meanwhile can only commit all to Him who overrules all things and doeth all things well. Our latest date from U-Ganda by letter is April 7th, when the position was very precarious, but there were fresh converts.

LETTERS from Mpwapwa and Mamboia give thankful and hopeful accounts of the work, which has for so long been discouraging. The few converts already baptized show much conscientiousness and zeal; and others are inquiring and learning. **Dr. Baxter** at Mpwapwa, the **Rev. H. Cole** at Kisokwe, and **Mr. J. Roscoe** at Mamboia, all write in the same strain. **Dr. Pruett** and the **Rev. A. N. Wood** started from the coast for the interior on July 7th, reached Mamboia on August 7th, and went on again on August 23rd.

FIFTY-TWO more rescued slaves have been handed over by the British Consul to the C.M.S. Mission at Frere Town. The **Rev. A. D. Shaw** is now in charge there; and the **Rev. H. K. Binns**, who has returned from Tasmania, is at Rabai. All the letters are encouraging as to the progress of the work. At Rabai many Wa-Nika chiefs have expressed their desire to "join the Book."

ON August 1st **Bishop Crowther** admitted the **Rev. Pythias J. Williams**, one of his African clergy, to priest's orders. **Archdeacon Hamilton**, of Lagos, preached on Rev. ii. 10; and the two African Archdeacons, **Henry Johnson** and **D. C. Crowther**, also took part in the service.

THE Rev. D. G. Williams, late Native African pastor of Trinity Church, Sierra Leone, has been appointed Government Chaplain at Accra on the Gold Coast.

WE much regret to announce the death of **Mrs. E. F. Hoernle**, the young wife of our medical missionary at Ispahan, Persia, and eldest daughter of **Dr. Bruce**. We trust that the bereaved husband and motherless babe will be specially remembered in prayer.

THE Rev. G. H. Parsons, one of our missionaries in the Krishnagar district, Bengal, has had a narrow escape from drowning. While on a wide river his boat capsized, and he was only saved after drifting down the stream on a plank for about an hour. An excellent Native catechist was drowned. We heartily thank God for this merciful deliverance of our brother, **Mr. Parsons**.

THE Church of England Zenana Missionary Society had a most interesting Valedictory Dismissal at Mildmay on Oct. 7th, when **General Haig** presided. The **Rev. G. Karney** delivered the Instructions, and **Canon Hoare** the special address. Two ladies were returning to the field, viz., **Miss M. Smith** to Amritsar and **Miss Good** to Barraokpore; and twelve going out for the first time. Nine of the latter were for India, viz., **Miss A. Sharp** and **Miss Bartlett** to Amritsar, **Miss Dixie** to Batala, **Miss Clark** to Calcutta, **Miss Parsons** and **Miss Thorp** to Krishnagar, **Miss Wallinger** and **Miss Syngé** to Ootacamund, and **Miss Blyth** to Palamcottah. Two, **Misses I. and H. Newcombe**, go to Fuh-Chow, and one, **Miss Harrison**, to Nagasaki, in Japan. Almost all these places are C.M.S. Stations.

THE Indian Female Instruction Society is sending out four ladies to India, viz., **Miss Baumann** (Lucknow), **Miss Keay** (Lahore), **Miss E. Kimmins**, and **Miss Myers**.

THE C.M.S. Lay Workers' Union for London, the **Ladies' C.M. Union** for London, and the **C.M. Union of Younger Clergy** for London, have begun their winter sessions. We hope any London readers of the GLEANER who ought to belong to one or other of them, but do not, will join at once.

AN old friend of the Society writes, "I do not suppose *all* the subscribers of £10 and upwards would respond to the invitation of one of their number to double their annual subscriptions to the C.M.S.; but if *any* would make common cause, and join in so helping the Society, I would make one."

Forthcoming Sales of Work.

(Contributions to be sent a week before the sale.)

- Mrs. R. A. Holt**, Bron Derw, Bangor, N. Wales. Sale first week in Dec.
Mrs. Uriah Davies, 8, Willowbridge Road, Canonbury. Sale on December 9th and 10th.
Mrs. Austin, 36, Highbury Hill, N. Sale (Children's Working Party) first week in December.
Miss Lanfear, 42, Russell Street, Reading; **Mrs. Storrs**, 39, London Street, Reading; **Mrs. Clayton**, 14, Eldon Road, Reading. Joint sale first week in December.
Miss A. M. Robinson, Kent Villa, Queen's Road, N.W. Sale second week in December.
Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Rowan Tree House, West Bournemouth; **Miss Lodge**, 1, Queen Anne Gardens, Bournemouth. Sale early in December.
Rev. Prebendary E. R. Mason, Christ Church Vicarage, Birmingham. Sale early in December.
Mrs. Hird, Cheshunt Street, Cheshunt. Sale on December 8th.

Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

- Thanksgiving for "Dismissal" blessings. Prayer for those who have gone or are going to their distant work (p. 127).
 Prayer for village work in Tinnevely (p. 128); for the Osaka Girls' School (p. 129); for the Agarpah Orphanage Jubilee (p. 125); for the educational work in Fuh-Kien (p. 124).
 Thanksgiving for increasing interest in Gleaners' Union. Continued prayer that the Union may be a great blessing (p. 130).
 Continued prayer for **Mr. Wigram** and his son; for **Bishop Parker**; for **General Haig** (pp. 121, 127).
 Thanksgiving for peace in the Yoruba Country (p. 181).

We are asked to say that £17 6s. 0d., contributed by friends in Norfolk, has been handed to **Mr. Hugh S. Macaulay** towards the purchase of a harmonium. **Miss L. Storr**, of Skirbeck, Boston, Lincolnshire, wishes to thank the unknown sender of a knitted vest for her sale of work. It sold for 4s. 6d.

RECEIVED FOR THE C.M.S.—A Medicine Chest from M.A.L.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

DECEMBER, 1886.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

(The Texts are chosen to illustrate the "Te Deum.")

F. Gr. 3rd ... 3.25 p.m.
F. M. 11th ... 9.30 a.m.


December.

L. Gr. 18th ... 6.39 a.m.
N. M. 25th ... 9.54 a.m.

		VOUCHSAFE, O LORD, TO KEEP US THIS DAY WITHOUT SIN. O LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON US... LET THY MERCY LIGHTEN UPON US... IN THEE HAVE I TRUSTED: LET ME NEVER BE CONFUNDED.	
1	W	1 Cor. 10. 13. God... will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able.	
2	T	1 Cor. 10. 13. Will with the temptation make a way to escape. [tions.	
3	F	2 Pet. 2. 9. The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of tempta-	
4	S	Matt. 6. 13. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.	
		[John 14. Archbp. Tait died, 1882.	
5	S	2 Pet. 3. 14. 2nd in Advent. Isa. 5. 2 Pet. 2. E. Isa. 11. 1—11 or 24.	
6	M	1 John 1. 7. The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. [mad-	
		[ed-dia ord., 1868.	
7	T	Luke 22. 32. I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.	
8	W	1 Pet. 1. 5. Kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation.	
9	T	Rom. 6. 14. Sin shall not have dominion over you. Bp. Stuart cons., '77.	
10	F	1 John 2. 1. These things write I unto you, that ye sin not.	
11	S	1 John 2. 1. If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father.	
		[John 19. 1—25. Bp. Poole arr. in Japan, 1883.	
12	S	Isa. 25. 4. 3rd in Advent. Isa. 25. 1 John 4. 7. E. Isa. 26. or 28. 5—19.	
13	M	Pa. 6. 2. Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak.	
14	T	Pa. 31. 9. Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble. [ness.	
15	W	Pa. 51. 1. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy lovingkind-	
16	T	Matt. 9. 27. Thou Son of David, have mercy on us. C. B. Leupolt d.,	
17	F	Pa. 38. 22. Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us. [1884.	
18	S	Pa. 38. 22. According as we hope in Thee. S. Marsden and 1st Miss.	
		[landed New Zealand, 1814.	
19	S	Isa. 30. 15. 4th in Advent. Isa. 30. 1—27. Rev. 4. E. Isa. 32. or 33. 2—23.	
20	M	Luke 1. 78. Through the tender mercy of our God. [Rev. 5.	
21	T	Luke 1. 78. St. Thomas. The dayspring from on high hath visited us.	
22	W	Dan. 9. 17. Cause Thy face to shine upon Thy sanctuary.	
23	T	Pa. 80. 8. Cause Thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.	
24	F	John 8. 12. I am the Light of the World. [10—17. Tit. 3. 4—9.	
25	S	Luke 2. 32. Christmas Day. Isa. 9. 1—8. Luke 2. 1—15. E. Isa. 7.	
		[88. or 40. or 2 Ch. 24. 15—23. Ac. 8. 1—9. Marsden 1st S. N.Z., '14.	
26	S	Isa. 35. 2. S. aft. Xmas. St. Stephen. Is. 35. or Gen. 4. 1—11. Ac. 6. E. Is.	
27	M	Isa. 60. 1. St. John. Arise, shine, for Thy light is come. Alexandra	
		[Sch. Amritsar, op., 1878.	
28	T	Isa. 58. 8. Innocents Day. The glory of the Lord shall be thy reward.	
29	W	Pa. 125. 1. They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion.	
30	T	1 Pet. 2. 6. He that believeth on Him shall not be confounded.	
31	F	Isa. 12. 2. I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my	
		[strength.	

TE DEUM.

XII.

“ITHOUT sin.” This is the Christian's true desire, his constant aim, his ceaseless prayer. It is the servant's prayer: “Keep back Thy servant from presumptuous sins.” It is the child's cry: “Deliver us from evil.” The heaven-born child of God shrinks from sin; starts instinctively from all that is evil. There is naught he dreads so much as to offend God, to dishonour his Father, to grieve the Holy Spirit of God. It is the natural child-cry of the Spirit-born. The cry of weakness. The cry of fear, for sin is dreaded. The cry of faith, for the Sin-bearer has died. The daily prayer, because the need daily felt, “Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.”

And as life goes on, we feel our need of this prayer the more. The stronger we grow in Him, the weaker we are in ourselves. The “sin that dwelleth in us” never slumbers. The tendency to evil in our fleshly nature lives while we live. And will only die when we die, or are made “like unto Him.” This prayer of Te Deum is never out of place, never out of time.

And yet it reminds us of our misery. For I have no sympathy with those who teach that the happy saint is not also a “miserable sinner.” Miserable in himself; happy in Christ. Miserable in the impotency of his flesh; rejoicing in the Lord, because there is “no condemnation to them that are in Him.”

And if we have a misery, we need mercy. For this then we

cry. Again and again we cry, “Have mercy.” In the presence of our prayer to be kept from sin, we feel most fully our need of mercy. “Let Thy mercy lighten upon us.” Let Thy mercy alight upon us, as the dew gently lights upon the grass when evening approaches, and lies there in its beauty and quietness, till the sunlight of morning draws it up into itself to be no more seen weeping below. So let Thy mercy lighten, O Lord, upon us; until the morning appears, and in the sunlight of Thine advent we “shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. And so shall we ever be with the Lord.”

Te Deum makes much of faith. In the presence of sin, we have cried for mercy, “as our trust is in Thee.” And now in the presence of a coming confusion in the world, still it is, “In Thee have I trusted.”

For confusion does come. The world is reaching up in many good works, in endeavours after temperance, and purity, and good morals, in its own way. And, knowing how the Church is seeking these things in her own way, we hear the philanthropist saying, “Let us build with you; for we seek your God, as ye do.” And, instead of boldly answering with Ezra, “Ye have nothing to do with us,” the world and the Church conjoin. Here is confusion. The good and the evil confounded together, so that each loses its distinctive aspect, and men “call evil good, and good evil,” and “put darkness for light, and light for darkness,” and “put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter.”

Nevertheless, as Te Deum anticipates, “The foundation of God standeth sure; the Lord knoweth them that are His.” “He that believeth on Him shall not be confounded.”

J. E. SAMPFSON.

THE MARTYRS OF U-GANDA.



EVER can we forget the evening of Monday, October 25th. Just before six o'clock, as the Secretaries were leaving the Church Missionary House to go home after a long day's work, the postman brought in a large thick packet in a strong linen envelope, sealed with many seals. It was the mail from Zanzibar. On this occasion it fell to the lot of the Editor of the GLEANER to have the sacred privilege of opening that packet. Up to midnight that night he was opening and reading letter after letter enclosed in it from the various stations. He confesses that the large envelopes bearing the well-known handwriting of Mr. Mackay and Mr. Ashe were opened with trembling hands; and it was with an awe that comes back to him as he recalls it, that he took out of one of those envelopes three little Letts's Diaries filled with the beloved Bishop Hannington's last journals. Turn quickly to the last entry of all: what is its date? October 29th, 1885—the very day of his murder! Even in the dark and miserable hut in which he was a prisoner, he had gone on faithfully recording each day's incidents and sufferings, in a handwriting so minute that it needs a magnifying glass to read some parts. And then his sketch-book, with, after many others of the scenes on his journey, two rough sketches of his very prison itself! Surely it is a cause for thanksgiving to God that these precious relics have been so wonderfully preserved: taken by his executioners back to U-Ganda, seen there by Native Christians at the king's court, recovered by them, handed to the missionaries, sent 200 miles across the great lake and 700 miles by land in charge of Native messengers, and so home to England! And then the letters of June and July, from Mr. Ashe and Mr. Mackay, telling of martyrdoms scarcely paralleled in the whole history of modern Missions—letters now wringing the heart with anguish and now



BISHOP HANNINGTON'S ROUGH SKETCH OF HIS PRISON. (Photographed from his own Sketch Book.)

filling it with thankful joy at the miracles wrought by God's grace in the faith and courage of the sufferers. No, never can that evening be forgotten. Only Rev. vii. could sum it up: "I beheld, and lo, a great multitude . . . of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues . . . before the Throne and before the Lamb. What are these? . . . These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

It was at once felt that the whole Church ought to be put in possession of these touching and stirring records as quickly as possible. On the Tuesday a short paragraph was sent to the "Press Association," and by its agency was telegraphed to all the daily newspapers in town and country; and in great numbers of them it appeared on the Wednesday morning. Then three zealous clerks were set to copy out the three little diaries, so that the precious originals might go as soon as possible to Mrs. Hannington. That copying took them two whole days, the magnifying glass having frequently to be used. Then the copy of the last eight days of the diary was sent to the *Times* and the *Record*, and appeared in those two papers unabridged on the Friday; while the "Press Association" telegraphed shorter extracts all over the country, as before.* Meanwhile, the long letters from Mr. Mackay and Mr. Ashe were being put into type by the Society's printers, and as soon as possible proof slips were sent to many of the friends specially interested, and to the leading religious newspapers, and considerable extracts appeared in due course in the *Record*, *Guardian*, *Rock*, *English Churchman*, *Christian*, *Word and Work*; and shorter extracts in many daily papers.

One matter for special thankfulness is the leading article in the *Times* of October 30th, on Bishop Hannington's diary and the U-Ganda martyrdoms. No such article, we think, has ever appeared before in a great London daily paper. It referred in the highest terms of admiration to the Bishop, the missionaries,

* We may explain that all this telegraphing is without cost to the Society.

4th day of imprisonment ^{World's Friend}
 (my diary was squashed all by Sunday 26 (my, until called off my page) - about 5 P.M.)
 Still a great deal of prayer in my mind the feelings of Jesus quite much more now my guards though at times they look to me like leeches and their rifles in hand, remain all night in my tent and gradually get very careless I have already seen off a number of spears and I wanted to do so I don't now that in a few days time especially if I could get a little extra food (not better) I could walk away quite easily but I have no such intention. I am more inclined to stay than they say go like a thief in the old gentleman's girdle and I fear from that fact, of course, that I am rather in the way. I don't have affectionate greatly I report my health to his messengers twice a day. What's fear night now of the rope (admission) which is a great deal. The culture sent a disbandment of 70 more of his wife's troops to the prison after they had finished their work I made them march by respectfully, retired. When I was almost going to think of my time in prison as getting short the chief was sent over to be made the fence around me what has it now show them we desire a visitation of spears; have a messenger come from Mwanza there is just time that it should be a little better than the first. The last of this has just now down again. One of my guards of the island has written a letter one offer of a letter to him I am writing my secret by communication with him and mean to be very free with (only I don't know) I do not know what to expect and in the present circumstances he has the same time I take great amusement in watching & passing by various little off alterations. My guards and I are great friends almost affectionate. One calls me when we speak of me as "my white man". I disbandment of the chief while they say he has 1000 men have been to my house they are my great & well behaved but you all seemed as the prisoners. Mackay's name seems quite a household word I constantly hear it with the others I guess even he is a word. The men are kept in close confinement except about two who come daily back to the house to bring my food this they take in turn and I suppose I have in the first

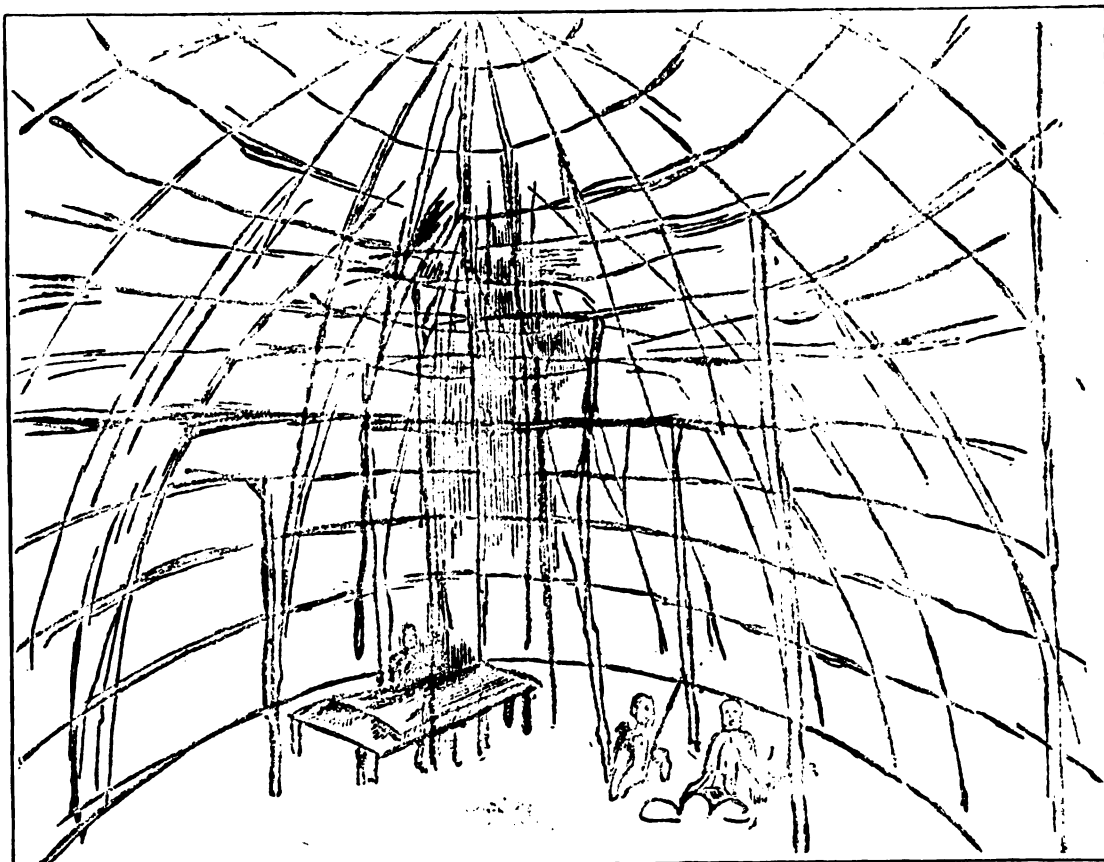
A PAGE OF THE DIARY. (Exact size.)

and the converts, and expressed full conviction that the blood of the martyrs would prove the seed of the Church.

We now proceed to give the readers of the GLEANER all the information we can in its limited space. First we present, nearly in full, the Bishop's diary of his last week on earth. He had arrived in a country called U-Soga, on the north side of the Victoria Nyanza, and adjoining U-Ganda. The chief or sultan of U-Soga, being tributary to the King of U-Ganda, seized and imprisoned the Bishop, and sent to the king, Mwanga (Mtesa's son), to know what was to be done with him. The Bishop fully expected that the messengers would bring orders for his immediate release, and a welcome to U-Ganda, and he eagerly looked for their return. On the eighth day they did return, and, as we know from the letters received from Mr. Mackay some time ago, with orders from Mwanga to put the intruder to death.

Bishop Hannington's Diary.

Suddenly about twenty ruffians set upon us. Me they violently threw to the ground, and proceeded to strip me of all valuables. Thinking they were robbers, I shouted for help, when they forced me up and hurried me away, as I thought, to throw me down a precipice close at hand. I shouted again, in spite of one threatening to kill me with a club. Twice I nearly broke away from them, and then grew faint with struggling, and was dragged by the legs over the ground. I said, "Lord, I put myself in Thy hands; I look to Thee alone." Then another struggle, and I got to my feet and was thus dashed along. More than once I was violently brought in contact with banana trees, some trying in their haste to force me one way, others the other, and the exertion and struggling directly after dinner gave me an agonising pain in the stomach. In spite of all, feeling I was being dragged away to be murdered at a distance, I sang "Safe in the arms of Jesus" and "My God, I am Thine," and then laughed at the very agony of my situation. My clothes torn to pieces so that I was exposed, wet through with being dragged along the ground, strained in every limb, and for a whole hour expecting instant death, hurried along, dragged, pushed, at about five miles an hour, until we came to a hut, into the court of which I was forced. "Now I am to be murdered." As they released one hand I drew my finger across my throat, and understood them to say decidedly, "No." We then made out that the Sultan had had me seized. Then arose a new agony. Had he had all my men murdered? Another two or three hours' awful suspense, during which time I was kept fixed, shivering with cold, when, to my joy, Pinto (the Portuguese cook), and a boy, were brought with my bed and bedding, and I learnt that the Sultan had seized me, and



BISHOP HANNINGTON'S ROUGH SKETCH OF HIS PRISON. (Photographed from his own Sketch Book.)
(The blurred figure of the Bishop at the table is exactly as in the original.)

simultaneously my men and loads, and meant to keep me prisoner until he had received word from Mwanga. I am in God's hands.

October 22 (Thursday) — I found myself, perhaps about ten o'clock last night, on my bed in a fair-sized hut, but with no ventilation, a fire on the hearth, no chimney for smoke, about twenty men all round me, and rats and vermin *ad lib.*, fearfully shaken, strained in every limb, and great pain within, and thirst, and sleep departed from my eyes, and it was very, very little I got during the night. Pinto may cook my food, and I have been allowed to have my Bible and writing things also. I hear the men are in close confinement, but safe, and the loads, except a few small things, intact. Up to one, or thereabouts, I have received no news whatever, and I fear at least a week in this black hole, in which I can only see to write by a strain. Floor covered with rotting banana peel and leaves and lice. A smoking fire, at which my guards cook and drink pombe, in a feverish district, fearfully shaken, scarce power to hold up small Bible. Shall I live through it? My God, I am Thine!

1 P.M.—Good breakfast, but no appetite to eat it; however, if it was not here I should no doubt feel starving. Towards evening I was allowed to sit out for a little time, and enjoyed the fresh air; but it made matters worse when I went inside my prison again, and as I fell exhausted on my bed I burst into tears—health seems to be quite giving way with the shock. I fear I am in a very caged lion frame of mind; and yet so strained and shattered, it is with the utmost difficulty that I can stand; and yet, though in close confinement, there are many mercies to be thankful for. I ought to be praising His Holy Name, and I do.

October 23 (Friday).—It is three months to-day since I left the coast, and I did not expect it would see me in prison. I slept better, well in fact, but I woke full of pain and weak, so that with the utmost difficulty I crawled outside and sat in a chair; and yet they guard every move as if I was a giant. My nerves, too, have received such a shock that, some loud yells and war cries arising outside the prison fence, I expected to be murdered, and simply turned over and said, "Let the Lord do as

He sees fit, I shall not resist in the slightest." Finding how bad I am, they have rent my tent for me to use in the daytime. Going outside, I fell to the ground exhausted, and was helped back in a gone condition to my bed.

Afternoon.—To my surprise my guards came kneeling down, so different to their usual treatment, and asked me to come out. I came out, and there was the chief, and about 100 of his wives come to feast their eyes on me in cruel curiosity. I felt inclined to spring at his throat, but sat still, and presently read to myself Matthew v. 41, 45, and felt refreshed. I asked how many more days he meant to keep me in prison. He said four more at least. I implored leave to sleep in my tent, which is staved in between high fences on all sides, and only a small door, which they fasten, and begged them to take away my boots. To this he agreed, with two armed soldiers to sleep at each door. The object of his visit was to ask that I would say no bad things of him to Mwanga. What can I say good? I made no answer to the twice repeated request. He then said if I would write a short letter at once, and promise to say nothing bad, he would send it at once. I immediately snapped at the offer, and there and then wrote a hasty scrawl (I scarce know what), but said I was prisoner, and asked Mackay to come. God grant it may reach. But I already feel better than I have done since my capture, though still very shattered.

October 24 (Saturday).—Thank God for a pleasant night in my own tent, in spite of a tremendous storm and rain flowing in on the floor in stream. Personally I quite forgave this old man and his agents for my rough treatment, though even to-day I can only move with the greatest discomfort, and ache like rheumatic fever.

October 25 (Sunday).—Fourth day of imprisonment.

Still a great deal of pain in my limbs. The fatigue of dressing quite knocks me over. My guards, though at times they stick to me like leeches, and, two rifles in hand, remain at night in my tent, are gradually getting very careless. I have already seen opportunities of escape had I wanted so to do, and I doubt not that in a few days' time, especially if I could get a little extra pombe brought to them, I could walk away quite easily, but I have no such intention. I am more inclined to stop when they say go, and to be a thorn in the old gentleman's side, I fear from that feeling of contrariness that is rather inborn. I send him affectionate greetings and reports on my health by his messengers twice a day. What I fear most now is the close confinement and utter want of exercise. The Sultan sent a detachment of twenty more of his wives to inspect the prisoner. After they had feasted their eyes and made their remarks, they respectfully retired. When I was almost beginning to think of my time in prison as getting short, the chief has sent men to redouble the fence around me. What does it mean? I have shown no desire or intention of escaping. Has a messenger arrived from Mwanga? There is just time that it should be so, to tell them to hold me fast. The look of this has cast me down again.

One of my guards, if I understand him rightly, is making me offers of escape. He has something very secret to communicate, and will not even take my boy into confidence. I do not, however, want to escape under the present circumstances; but at the same time I take great amusement in watching and passing by various little opportunities. My guards and I are great friends, almost affectionate, and one calls me, when he speaks of me, "My white man."

Three detachments of the chief's wives—they say he has 1,000 nearly—have been to-day to see me. They are very quiet and well behaved, but greatly amused at the prisoner. Mackay's name seems quite a household word; I constantly hear it, but of the others I scarce ever hear a word.

The men are kept in close confinement, except about two who come daily backwards and forwards to bring my food; this they take in turns, and implore, so I hear, for the job.

October 26 (Monday).—Fifth day in prison. Limbs and bruises and stiffness better, but I am heavy and sleepy. Was not inclined to get up as usual, and, if I mistake not, signs of fever creep over me.

About thirty-three more of the chief's wives came and disported themselves with gazing at the prisoner. I was very poorly and utterly disinclined to pay any attention to them, and said in English, "O ladies, if you knew how ill I feel, you would go." When my food arrived in the middle of

the day I was unable to eat. The first time, I think, since leaving the coast I have refused even the most humble meal. To-day I am very broken down both in health and spirits, and some of the murmuring feelings that I thought had gone have returned hard upon me. Another party of wives coming, I retired into the hut and declined to see them. A third party came later on, and being a little better I came out and lay upon my bed. It is not pleasant to be examined as a caged lion in the Zoo, and yet that is exactly my state at the present time. My tent is jammed in between the hut and high fence of the Boma, so scarce a breath of air reaches me. Then at night, though the tent is a vast improvement on the hut, yet two soldiers, reeking with pombe and other smells, sleep beside me, and the other part of my guard, not far short of twenty, laugh and drink and shout far into the night, and begin again before daylight in the morning, waking up from time to time to shout out to my sentries to know if all is well. I fear all this is telling on my health tremendously.

October 27 (Tuesday).—Sixth day as prisoner. All I can hear in the way of news is that the chief has sent men to fight those parts we passed through. I begin to doubt if he has sent to Mwanga at all, but thinks I am in league with the fighting party and is keeping me hostage. I begin the day better in health, though I had a most disturbed night. I am very low in spirits; it looks so dark, and having been told that the first messengers would return at the latest to-day. I don't know what to think, and would say from the heart, "Let the Lord do what seemeth to Him good." If kept here another week I shall feel sure no messengers have been sent, and if possible shall endeavour to flee, in spite of all the property I must leave behind and the danger of the undertaking.

Only a few ladies came to see the wild beast to-day. I felt so low and wretched I retired within my den, whither they, some of them, followed me; but as it was too dark to see and I refused to speak, they soon left. I am very low, and cry to God for release.

October 28 (Wednesday).—Seventh day's prison. A terrible night, first with noisy drunken guard, and secondly with vermin, which have found out my tent and swarm. I don't think I got one sound hour's sleep, and woke with fever fast developing. O Lord, do have mercy upon me, and release me. I am quite broken down and brought low. Comforted by reading Psalm 27.

In an hour or two's time fever developed very rapidly. My tent was so stuffy that I was obliged to go inside the filthy hut, and soon was delirious.

Evening.—Fever passed away. Word came that Mwanga had sent three soldiers, but what news they bring they will not yet let me know.

Much comforted by Psalm 28.

October 29 (Thursday).—Eighth day's prison. I can hear no news, but was held up by Psalm 30, which came with great power. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope it is not to have me yet.

There is little doubt that within a few hours, possibly a few minutes, of this last entry being written, the Bishop was in a moment released from all earthly suffering, and welcomed, not by the king of U-Ganda, but by the King of Glory.

The Massacres of Native Christians.

The Bishop's diary of course refers to October last year, 1885. After his death, the missionaries in U-Ganda, Mr. Mackay and Mr. Ashe, passed through many months of anxiety and yet of quiet work. The Native Christians, more than a hundred in number, could not meet publicly, but they did meet in little companies for reading and prayer (now we see the grand result of this patient, quiet teaching to read, which some good people think is scarcely missionary work!); and they did assemble when they could on Sundays for worship at the mission building used as a church. We now take up Mr. Ashe's letters in May of this year:—

Extracts from Rev. R. P. Ashe's Letters.

May, 1886.

At present I am sorry to say there is rather a cloud upon us, and our readers have been scared away. On Easter Sunday rumours of evil were rife, and the consequence was that only a few came in the morning. We

thought it better to have the Communion service only, so as to let them get away quickly. I think our commemorating our Saviour's death under circumstances of uncertainty helped to make us look forward more earnestly to the Heavenly Feast, where there will be no more fear. We held another service for others who came in the afternoon, when there were also three baptisms. One of those baptized was a head page of Namasole's, the Queen-mother. There is, I believe, an interesting and encouraging work going on in her court. There are several other candidates, some who desired to be baptized on Easter Sunday; but we thought it better to defer them awhile longer. Again in the evening, another party of communicants came, making in all, counting the three occasions, forty-five communicants. Fourteen of these were women.

May 26.

It is with the deepest sorrow I write to say that the storm of persecution has again broken out. The first actual trouble arose from a page who was baptized here last February, refusing to consent to a sin to which the king had wished to make him a victim. The lad refused, and was cruelly beaten, but has since been released; but this, and the fact of a princess having burnt some magic charm, so enraged the king that he sent and apprehended most of the leading Christians, both those who read with the Frenchmen and ourselves. We hear that eleven victims have already sealed their testimony with their blood. Several members of the Native Church Council have been arrested. We hear that as many as seventy people have been seized, and we hear that they are going to burn them, which may the good Lord forbid!

June.

I had only time when I last wrote to give a hasty account of the beginning of the terrible storm of persecution which has burst upon our little Church. Picture the tyrant playing the first act in the awful tragedy. One of the elder store-keepers, a Christian lad, is called into the royal presence. "Can you read?" asks his majesty. "Yes," boldly answers the page. Then something of this sort occurs: "I'll teach you to read," cries his majesty, catching up a spear and laying it about the poor lad's shoulders. The spear was broken in two, and Mwanga catching up the blade, gashed and hacked at the head of this his most faithful servant, interspersing the gashing with plentiful kicks. When the exertion had exhausted him, he bid a chief, apparently nearly as vile as himself, to continue the lesson. Then he sent and had as many as fifty of his pages seized and made prisoners, and the principal Christians, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, were also apprehended. Then came ghastly stories of shocking and shameful mutilations. Two young chiefs were thus treated; one of whom, a Protestant, died from the effects of it; the other has recovered.

A few days afterwards, the prisoners, to the number of thirty-two, were burnt on one great funeral pyre. Terrible as has been the slaughter, some of the very best of our people having been burnt, yet so far, we have the deepest cause for thankfulness, that a great house full of pages who are our converts have up to the present been spared. A similar house containing the converts of the French priests was taken, and some thirty of the boys were burned alive. The reason that our lads were spared is that the head store-keeper, a powerful chief, interceded for them. They are most useful to the king, which perhaps, too, has had some influence in saving their lives. These boys are all in the king's store-houses. One of the chief blacksmiths, a convert of the priests', was spared solely on account of his being able to mend guns. The head-blacksmith, Malukaga = Nus, mentioned in former letters, was martyred.

June 25.

At about 3 A.M. three candidates for baptism come. I let them in, and they are duly baptized, namely Kanyonyi, a small sub-chief or Mutongoli, his wife, and a young man named Bekwalira; after which Kanyonyi and his wife are married with a ring in due order. In the morning, that is, in daylight, I went up to court. Did not see Mwanga. Spoke to several people, among others two princes, sons of Mutesa. In evening several visitors—Bekweyamba, a young chief, also one of Dan's pupils. Dan was a sub-chief in Namasole's court who was martyred. Bekweyamba is a Munyoro prince and Muganda chief. He has lately been in the stocks. He was reported for reading; but the king forgave him. He wishes to come to-morrow, as does the other young man, to be baptized. Bekweyamba is an old reader. At about three in the morning I was awakened up by my faithful little friend Samweli. He has just returned from Buzongora, Kaitalia's country, whither Mwanga had sent him to collect tribute. He heard of the murder of the Christians, but stuck to his work, and came back. I advised him to give the account of all he has brought to the head-storekeeper, and then to go and hide.

June 27.

Wakened again at about 3 A.M. by Thomas and Yoana and Samweli. Samweli in great doubt what to do. Does not like to take flight; fears the king will think he has stolen some of the things. He knows the king wishes to kill him. I said, "Let us put the matter before our Heavenly Father." So we knelt down and prayed. I told him that our Saviour Himself kept out of the way when they wished to kill Him, and how

St. Paul constantly took flight. We finally agreed that he should get up very early and go with the things to the head-storekeeper's private place and leave them, and then quietly slip off.

June 28.

In the evening quite a batch of visitors. Mukasa, a nice intelligent lad, who has been a reader for a considerable time, was baptized. He chose the name Yusufu. He is the son of a powerful chief. This makes the eleventh baptism since the beginning of the persecution.

July 12.

We are in much the same position as when we last wrote at the end of June.

A few words of the Lord's work in our midst. Most of our work is now carried on in secret and under the cover of darkness. At first, when the storm broke upon us, all was darkness and fear. We knew the slaughter had been terrible, but who the slain were we knew not. After awhile, at dead of night, one well-known face was joyfully welcomed, and then another. Soon many came, and with thankful hearts we found that though many had fallen, many, many more had escaped and are now hiding. On June 30th Bekweyamba, the young chief whom I mentioned, of the royal family of Unyoro, came, as also an old reader named Lukai, and were baptized; also a boy named Mudembuga, who is a very earnest little reader, and would have been baptized some months ago, but was hindered from coming on the day fixed. Bekweyamba chose the name of Japhet, Lukai of Caleb, and Mudembuga chose John, or Yoana as it is in Luganda.

On the 3rd of July Nahuita came, most earnestly craving for baptism. Eve, another princess or Mumbeja, whom I mentioned as having been married lately, brought her. Nahuita is also a princess, a daughter, or more likely a granddaughter, of Suna, Mutesa's father. In the middle of last March Nahuita came begging for baptism; but our experience of Christian princesses, with the exception of Eve, has been so painful that I asked her to wait. Nahuita, however, on this occasion showed such good knowledge, and that she had been at any rate a very diligent reader, and as she seemed a humble-minded woman, neither Mr. Mackay nor I thought it right to refuse her again. So we bid her come the next day, which she did, and was duly baptized.

On Sunday, the 4th of July, after these had all gone, my little friend Samweli came with Petero and little Jonah. Samweli had brought the king's tribute safely and left it with one of the chiefs, and had then gone into hiding. You may remember that I mentioned that this lad asked Mr. Mackay's and my advice as to what he should do: he knew that the king wished to seize and murder him; yet he had the king's tribute, and thought it his duty to bring it to the king. We neither of us could see that under the circumstances the obligation was binding upon him. I think I mentioned that we came to the conclusion that he should take the things and hand them over to a chief, and then endeavour to escape. There was the greatest risk in doing this; so you will be pleased to hear that he successfully accomplished his plan, and is at present in hiding. Henry Wright Duta, who since his marriage to Sara has been giving us cause for gratitude, is still in safe hiding, though he, as well as Samweli, and many others, are specially marked for murder.

Yesterday (July 11th), there were five persons baptized, namely: Dumonde (Ada), a woman who has shown herself a diligent reader. She is young and quick, and when I suggested that she perhaps might be wiser to wait, she seemed so anxious that I told her to come to-day. Her knowledge was above the average. The other adult was Sematiwa (Aquila), one of Namasole's people. There were also three boys baptized.

The baptisms numbered altogether no less than twenty within a month after the massacres. What can be more wonderful than that! Many others begged for baptism, but were refused, Mr. Ashe not being satisfied as to their Christian knowledge and character.

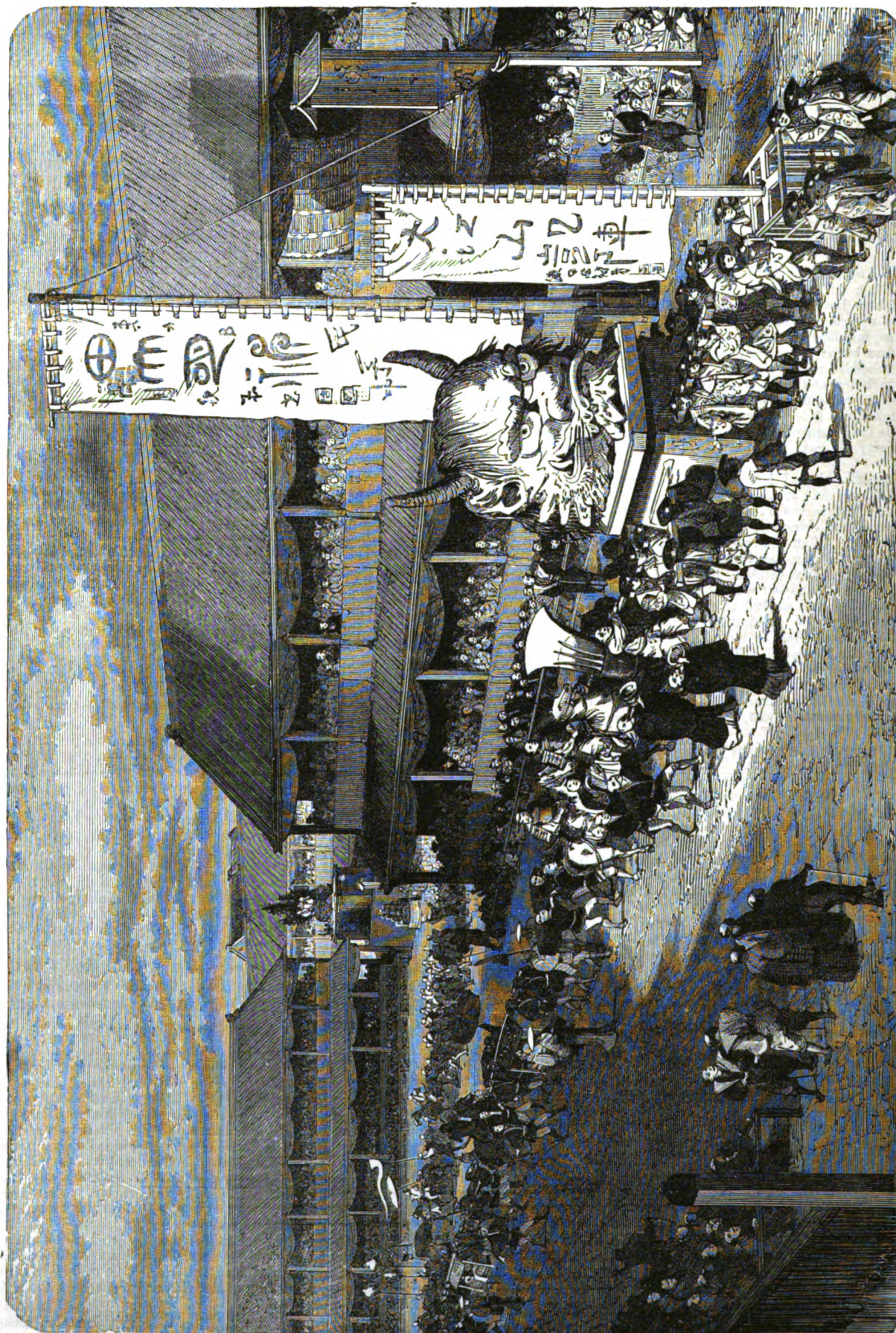
Mr. Mackay gives some additional touching incidents:—

At this moment I recall vividly the voice and face of a man who came here almost daily. Several voyages he made with me in the boat, and from Msalala. He was further a member of our Native Church Council. The executioners suddenly appeared before his house to arrest him, but were afraid to enter. At the time he was engaged in holding prayers with several lads. These bolted through the thin reed wall of the house and escaped. One alone remained with him. "Do not be afraid that I will shoot you," cried the Christian; come in and take me." They bound him and took him, as also the friend with him, before the king. "Do you read?" "Yes." "Take him and roast him."

After the massacre, the head executioner reported to the king that he had never killed men who showed such fortitude and endurance, and that they had prayed aloud to God in the fire. This caused merriment in the court, the king remarking that "God did not rescue them from his power."

In the midst of the persecution the missionaries wrote, and

[Continued on page 140.]




IDOLATRY IN JAPAN: FESTIVAL IN HONOUR OF THE GOD SUWA.




THE REV. V. VEDHANAYAGAM, LATE C.M.S. NATIVE PASTOR IN NORTH TINNEVELLY, AND FAMILY.

A JAPANESE FESTIVAL.

 THE Japanese are very fond of holding religious *fêtes* in honour of their gods. These *fêtes*, called *Matsuris*, are occasions of much rejoicing, and are marked by gay processions, with trumpeting, flags, grotesque figures, men in ancient armour, and other relics of antiquity. The picture on the opposite page shows one of the greatest of their religious festivals held in honour of the god Suwa, on the ninth day of the ninth month, that being the god's birthday. The festival takes the form of a procession. The head seen in the fore part of the cut is that of the Japanese demon god, Godzu Tenno, said to be a gaoler in Hades. The Japanese say that this god has been captured, and its exhibition is a signal for general rejoicing. The festival lasts several days; but on the 9th and 11th, which are the most solemn, business ceases entirely, and the whole population puts on its best attire.

THE LATE REV. V. VEDHANAYAGAM.

 HERE died at Vageikulam, North Tinnevely, on April 20th of this year, an old and faithful Native pastor of the Society in India, the Rev. Viravagu Vedhanayagam. Formerly a rigid Hindu, he was led to a knowledge of the truth in the Bishop Corrie Grammar School, Madras, and became connected with the C.M.S. as a schoolmaster and catechist about 1850. In 1859, having been ordained deacon by the Bishop of Madras

(Dr. Dealtry), he was appointed to assist the Rev. R. R. Meadows, a former C.M.S. missionary in North Tinnevely, and on Mr. Meadows' return home in 1878, he assumed entire charge of the work in that district, which he held until his death. On hearing of his death, Mr. Meadows sent some "In Memoriam" notes on his late friend, a few of which we give here.

Viravagu Vedhanayagam was connected with me for some thirty years, first as a catechist, itinerating with us, living in his own tent, and taking his full share in that preparatory work; then, as a Native clergyman, superintending under me (I had rather say a coadjutor with me) a portion of the district; and lastly, when I was forced to leave the work, taking the entire charge of the whole of the wide field of North Tinnevely.

You could not travel with him without seeing how much he had gained the respect of the heathen and the love of his people. How well I can picture an often witnessed scene after service held in his church at Vageikulam. Persons had come from the neighbouring villages, two, five, seven miles away. When the service was over, and before they returned to their homes, he would sit in the verandah, while the people crowded round to see and speak to us. His kind words and manner were answered by the loving, confiding looks and smiles of his people, lingering as long as possible and making excuses to linger longer.

His children, brought up many of them by us, are treading in his steps in consistent living. His wife, now a sorrowing widow, was remarkable for the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and her soft light shone soothingly in her husband's home and village.

The picture on this page shows Mr. Vedhanayagam, his wife, daughters, son, sons-in-law, and grandchildren. Mr. Vedhanayagam is the one in the surplice; next to him stands his son, then his three sons-in-law. His wife is the second from the right in the middle row, the rest are his daughters and grandchildren.

[Continued from page 137.]

printed, and circulated among the Christians who were hiding, the following letter:—

"PEOPLE OF JESUS WHO ARE IN BUGANDA. OUR FRIENDS,—We, your friends and teachers, write to you to send you words of cheer and comfort, which we have taken from the Epistle of Peter the Apostle of Christ. In days of old, Christians were hated, were hunted, were driven out, and were persecuted for Jesus' sake; and thus it is to-day.

"Our beloved brethren, do not deny our Lord Jesus, and He will not deny you on that great day when He shall come with glory. Remember the words of our Saviour, how He told His disciples not to fear men, who are only able to kill the body; but He bid them to fear God, who is able to destroy the body together with the soul in the fire of Gehena.

"Do not cease to pray exceedingly, and to pray for our brethren who are in affliction, and for those who do not know God. May God give you His Spirit and His blessing! May He deliver you out of all your afflictions! May He give you entrance to eternal life through Jesus Christ our Saviour!

"Farewell. We are the white men: we are your brethren indeed who have written to you."

(On the other side of the leaflet is 1 Pet. iv. 12 to the end of chapter.)

Mr. Ashe sends some brief notices of individual converts murdered. We select two or three. We may well lift our hearts to God in praise for such fruits of the work:—

"These which are arrayed in white robes; who are they and whence came they?"

Nakumba, a Muganda boy, aged about fifteen or sixteen, who from the very first hearing always showed a deep interest in the teaching of the missionaries. He was baptized with fifteen others on Christmas Day, 1883. On January 30th he was seized and made prisoner, and beaten, and on the following day was dragged away to the cruel torture of the slow fire which he suffered, after having his hands hacked off, taunted and mocked all the while for being a Christian, and scornfully being asked to read his book. His Christian name is Joseph.

Munyaga Roberto. Baptized June 22nd, 1884. One of the king's door-keepers and messengers; a communicant and married; member of Native Church Council. Burned alive June 5th, 1886. The story is that first a hand was hacked off and roasted before his eyes; then a leg. We are not quite certain of the exact date of his martyrdom; we were kept many days in suspense, and when the terrible tale was confirmed, we could not be sure of the day. A touching incident in connection with him I mentioned—it was he who recovered the Bishop's Bible, buying it from one of the murderers. When we were giving him the price, he wished to pay part himself, for he wanted to show that he was grateful for the Bishop's self-sacrifice on behalf of such as he.

Malukaga—Nua. Baptized September 21st, 1884. A very earnest Christian, regular attendant and communicant, active in teaching, and most generous in receiving the brethren at his house. At the time of the Bishop's murder he sheltered as many as eight of the Mission children and women; elected member of Native Church Council, of which he was an active member. Was burnt alive, confessing his faith, and exhorting his executioners to believe.

Kidza Musali Fredi Wigram. Baptized Sunday, September 21st, 1884. An earnest Christian and very regular attendant, has caused us deep thankfulness, most zealous in teaching others; one of those last baptized was one of his winning. When our dear children were murdered he was standing by. The cruel chief who was his over-lord (he himself having a small post called Musali), and who was carrying out Mwanga's fearful command, threatened to burn him and all his household. Fredi replied, "Very well; do so. I am a Christian, and I am not afraid." This was merely a threat. When the chief heard that his Musali was to be seized this month (June, 1886), he warned him to fly, but Fredi refused, and was taken and unmercifully clubbed to death before being flung into the flames. When I found heart to visit the scene of our children's murder, it was he who led me to the place. When we reached it, he knelt with me, and poured out his heart to God, that He would bring His salvation to those in darkness. In no long time he was to be a partaker in that blessed death: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Fredi was elected a member of the Native Church Council, was married, and a regular communicant.

It is not clear how many altogether suffered, nor what proportion of C.M.S. converts and of the Roman Catholic converts. Apparently it could not be less than fifty, and may have been many more.

The latest news by telegraph from Zanzibar is that which we issued on a little slip in last month's GLEANER, namely, that Mr. Ashe had been "dismissed" from U-Ganda, and Mr. Mackay

"forcibly detained." The letters explaining that telegram would be due in London about November 21, which is too late for this number of the GLEANER.

Will all our readers pray very earnestly for our brother Mackay, especially that he may have great grace to witness faithfully for his Lord? What may not God do by means of his solitary influence and example! Also for all the converts; and for their persecutors, the king in particular. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!"

"ONE FAITH."

Uganda, June, 1886.



HERE are who tell us Christian faith is dead;
That she was but a phantom long since fled;
That man of certainty can nothing know,
Save what his outward senses plainly show;
That spiritual powers can not exist,
But all are fancies, baseless as a mist.
O Faith! thou gift of God! thou art the same
As when of yore to man thy succour came;
Through the long centuries thy power we trace,
Raising to heights sublime our fallen race.
With steadfast constancy thou didst inspire
Each band of Martyrs passing through the fire,
And now thy latest trophies we behold,
Glorious and fearful, as in times of old.
By the great Lake, but ten short years ago,
A few went forth the seed of Life to sow.
With solemn awe we see the flames arise
Of first-fruits offered up in sacrifice.
How great the contrast rising into view
Of two realities—the old, the new!
In midnight's gloom, in noontide's brightest beams,
See human nature in its two extremes!
The dread abyss of Cruelty and Wrong,
And patient conquering Faith in pain and weakness strong.

Q.

THE LINDEN TREE OF FRIBOURG.

U-Soga, October 29th, 1885.

"After the battle of Morat, June 22, 1476, when the Swiss defeated the army of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, a young man was sent to Fribourg with news of the victory. He had been wounded, and fell dead in the square before the old Town Hall, only having strength to utter one word, "Victory." He waved a bough of linden in his hand, and this twig was planted on the spot where he fell. It is now a most venerable linden-tree, 14 feet in circumference."



P to the gate at Fribourg,
Breathless and faint and wan,
The last steep climbing wearily,
The messenger comes on,
Bearing his captain's token
From the far off battle-field,
He gives no heed to the wounds that bleed;
He may die, but will not yield.
Now all the city battlements
Are filled with an anxious throng;
Mothers and children who press to hear,
Are swept in the crowd along.
A weary man comes through the gate,
In his hand a linden bough,
Up the hilly street they follow fleet,
"What news?" "Oh! tell us now!"
In the square before the Stadt-haus
He gives one joyous shout,
"Victory! yes, victory!"
The blanched lips tell it out.
It has cost his life to bring it,
But the message has been said;
They crowd around as he falls to the ground—
The messenger is dead.
They take the bough he carried,
And plant it where he fell,
That to those who follow after
It may the story tell;

And there, before the Stadt-haus
It grows a mighty tree,
And strangers stand from many a land
To learn its history.

There was one* who took his message
To far-off Afric's strand,
The news of the great victory
Won by his Captain's hand.
He longed to bring good tidings,
But as he spoke he died;
Fell to wake no more by that lake's lone shore,
No Christian grave beside.

Take the olive branch he carried,
And plant it where he fell,
Let it speak to all U-Ganda
Of him who loved them well.
A tree of Thine own planting, Lord,
Watered with martyr's blood;
O'er Thy hero's grave may its branches wave,
To tell of the peace of God.

ELLEN STRATTON.

* Bishop Hannington.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Little Child's Prayer for Missions.

DEAR SIR,—The other evening I was conversing with a friend about missionary services for children. We both agreed that very often meetings were disturbed by the restlessness of little mites who were too young to pay attention. But the question was where to draw the line. My friend suggested six years as the limit, below which they could not be supposed to understand. In reply, I told him the following incident, which struck him so much that he said I ought to send it to you for the GLEANER—so here it is.

"A few weeks ago I was on Deputation for the C.M.S. in a town in the South of England. We had a children's service in the church in the afternoon, at which the little son of my host was present. That same evening an elder sister heard him say his prayers as usual, and left him, as she thought, dropping off to sleep, when suddenly the little fellow started up in his bed, and said, 'Oh, I forgot to pray for the little black Indians.' And then, kneeling up in his bed, he said, 'Pray God, bless all the missionaries, and all the little black children in India and China, and wherever there are lions and tigers and other nasty things. Make them holy, and take them to heaven when they die. Hear me, for Jesus' sake. Amen.'"

It was quite his own idea. This little boy is only 5½ years old, and I think the incident is a good answer to those who think that children of that age cannot understand addresses.

H. M. M. H.

Mission to Lepers in India.

DEAR SIR,—As you were so kind as to write a notice of work amongst the poor lepers of India, I know you will be pleased to hear that it has been the means of awakening considerable interest in the welfare of the poor sufferers. I have had donations sent me as follows: Miss S., £10; Mrs. H., 6s.; Mr. C., £1; Mrs. C., £5; Mrs. F., £10; and Mrs. B., £25; all of which I can trace to the GLEANER's article. May I take this opportunity of thanking all the kind donors? I leave for India on Thursday next (D.V.), and hope, during my tour there, to have the privilege of seeing much of the work of the C.M.S. I expect to visit most—if possible all—of the stations where we are carrying on work amongst the lepers. My address in India will be Post Office, Bombay, and at home as usual, 17, Glengyle Terrace, Edinburgh, where all letters will be fully attended to.

WELLESLEY C. BAILEY,

Nov. 1st, 1886.

Secretary, Mission to Lepers in India.

THE MISSIONARY CHANT.

OUR readers will remember this Chant, which appeared in the GLEANER for July, 1885, and the correspondence which followed as to its authorship. Since then we have had sent to us by a lady (Mrs. George Hall, 143, Asylum Road, Peckham) two copies of the *Sabbath Memorial*, the organ of the European Seventh Day Baptists. In one of these (April, 1886) the Chant is printed with an introduction relating to its authorship. It states that the lines first appeared in the *Free Missionary*, published at Boston, U.S., in August, 1844, and that they were written by Nathan Brown [not A. Brown, as some of our correspondents said]—who afterwards became the Rev. N. Brown, D.D.—while at college.

Dr. Brown was born in America in 1807, was ordained in 1831, and in December, 1832, sailed for Assam, as a missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Society. In 1855 he returned to America, and, in 1873, went out again as a missionary to Japan, labouring for the most part upon the translation of the Bible at Yokohama, where he died, on Jan. 1st, 1886, at the ripe age of seventy-nine.

A CHRISTMAS VISIT TO THE KRISHNAGAR DISTRICT.

Letter from a Lady Missionary of the Church of England Zenana Society at Calcutta.



DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Perhaps the readers of the GLEANER might like a peep into some of the Christian villages of Krishnagur. On Christmas Day a party of missionaries went round the Christian quarters of Krishnagur. We were welcomed on all sides with the Bengali salutation, "Nomashka." The little thatched houses present a very picturesque scene, having a sort of Native gourd covering the roof. At the doors of several of the houses festoons of leaves and bright marigolds adorned the entrance. The appearance of the houses is much cleaner than those of the heathen. Most of the men, women, and children were attired in new clothes. The women were busy cooking the Christmas dinner of curry and rice.

We were a large missionary party gathered together to keep Christmas. As we could not meet our dear ones in England, we naturally felt drawn together in the strange land. After a few happy days in Krishnagur, the party broke up, and some of us, five in number, moved on to Kapasdanga, a village twenty-two miles from Krishnagur. There is no rail, so the journey had to be done by road. We formed quite a cavalcade. Two bullock carts started first with our goods and servants; then two of the party mounted on their steeds, one being a veteran in the Mission field, having had the honour of carrying many missionaries, dating back as far as Mr. Blumhardt—no one knows how much further. I almost wished he could speak, and tell us all he had seen and heard during his long years of service for the C.M.S. He is a pony well worthy of such a noble Society. Then came the Mission palki chair, which has been the mode of conveyance of many a missionary on his itinerating tours. The two remaining ladies brought up the rear in a bamboo cart. The journey was broken half way, at Chupra, where we slept the night at the C.M.S. house. The next morning we were up betimes to finish our journey. We were sorry not to have the opportunity of seeing something of the work which Mrs. Parsons has commenced—the widow's class.

Kapasdanga is a very pretty place. You approach the Mission house by an avenue of trees. Two ladies of the C.E.Z., engaged in the village work, live here, and are the only English people in the village. The house (of which a picture has been sent to the GLEANER) is one storied, with two very large trees behind, which are seen for miles around, 150 feet high. In the same compound as the Mission house stands the little Native church (see illustration), the pastor of which is Padre Shartok, a venerable-looking man. You would be amused to see the Zenana missionaries' flock of sheep and goats: these are for meat and milk. At night the sheep are all taken up on to the flat roof to be protected from the leopards who roam about in that region.

The Native Christians look upon the C.E.Z. ladies as their friends, and come up all hours of the day to visit them. If a child is sick it is brought to the "Mission mem" [lady]; if a cow has been injured the "mem" must look at it. Our missionaries live a very simple, happy life among these poor people; their joys and sorrows are shared by the "mems," so there is a feeling of confidence among these Bengali Christians which is pleasant to see. Twice a day the little church bell rings for morning and evening prayers, and twice on Sunday, when old and young find their way to the house of God. Their singing is very hearty. On Sunday evenings the Native Christians gather together in the Mission house and sing Bengali hymns, accompanied by their own musical instruments—tom-toms and cymbals; the padre gives a short address and offers up a prayer; the whole proceedings lasting about two hours. You would never forget their Bengali singing if you once heard it, it is so peculiar; a great deal of repetition and motion of the body and nasal sounds. Five English "mems" in Kapasdanga was a wonderful sight not seen before, we suppose; so that when we went out we were accompanied by admiring followers. If you could have been present one early morning when a group of eager listeners stood round the missionary lady while she spoke of Jesus and His love, you would have thanked God you had been the means of sending the Gospel to these heathen sisters. It was worthy the pencil of an artist. A courtyard with three or four mud huts, women

old and gray-haired, young mothers with bright-eyed babies on their hips, a few young men, little children whose only clothing consisted of bangles and anklets and nose-rings, all intently listening to the "mem," and two Bible women singing a Bengali hymn, the words of which were "How sweet is the name of Jesus." For half an hour they listened to the Word of Life: you could not have wished for a more orderly group.

Dear friends, may we not hope the seed sown that morning may bring forth fruit? If by this little sketch of a very happy holiday spent in a Bengali village should rouse your interest still further in village Mission work, the writer will indeed rejoice, for we want more labourers. Do pray for this Mission field which is white already with harvest.

A C.E.Z. MISSIONARY.

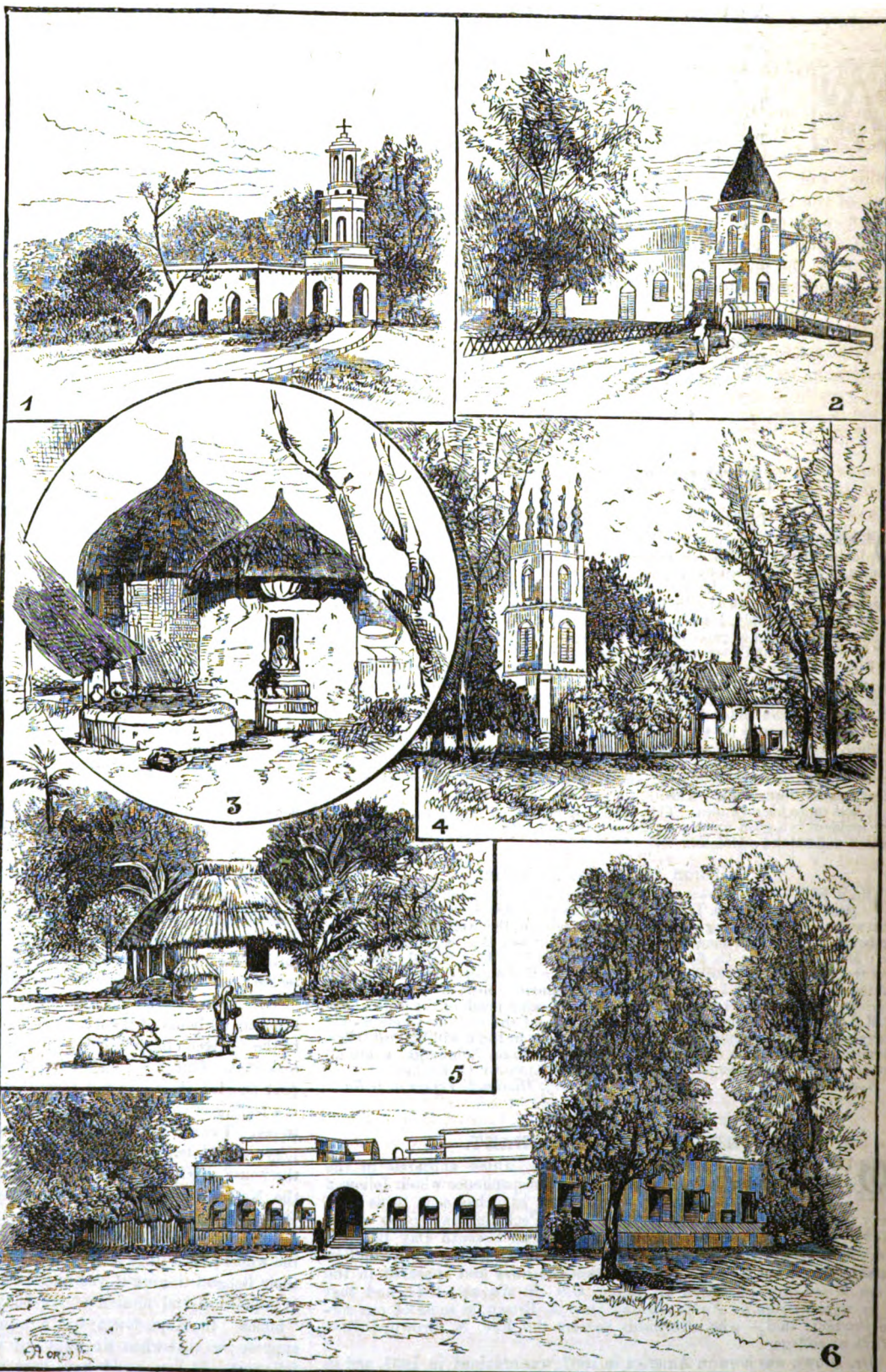
The Osaka Girls' School.

THE Rev. C. F. Warren writes to us:—"From the condensed form in which my short article on the Osaka Girls' School appears in the November GLEANER (p. 129), it would be inferred that the premises, in which the school is being temporarily carried on, would not accommodate more than the thirteen boarders and fourteen day scholars connected with it at the beginning of this year. This is not the case. The premises *previously* occupied were overcrowded even with this small number, and *then* it was 'impossible to accommodate more children in the school buildings'; but those *now temporarily rented*, are larger, and the school has grown in consequence. Whilst, however, there has been this improvement, the need of a permanent home for the school makes the erection of the proposed building as urgent as ever."

The Irish "O. S. M."

THE following letter was addressed to one of the speakers at the recent "October Simultaneous Meetings" in Ireland:—

DEAR SIR,—I enclose an order for 5s. I wish from my heart it was more, but I am poor, and it is all I can afford. Please accept it with the earnest prayers of a boy who heard you on Friday night that rich blessings may attend all your efforts made for the sake of perishing souls, and for the glory of our Master. It may interest you perhaps to know that among those who heard you are a few who by God's grace will yet enter the Mission field, and, though I may never see you again, you may know your labour has not been in vain in the Lord.—A HEARER.



SKETCHES OF KRISHNAGAR, NORTH INDIA. By Miss Alice Sampson, C.M.S., Calcutta.

1. C.M.S. Church at Krishnagar; 2. C.M.S. Church at Kapasdanga, Krishnagar; 3. Native Cottages at Krishnagar;
4. C.M.S. Church at Bollobhpore, Krishnagar; 5. A Native Cottage, Kapasdanga, Krishnagar;
6. C.M.S. Mission House Kapasdanga, Krishnagar.

THE GLEANERS' UNION,

For Prayer and Work.



GAIN we have to report a growing Union. The number up to November 16th was 1,650. The Cards of Membership have been going out all this month. It will be observed that they are for 1887. It was not worth while to issue them now with the date 1886. Let us again say that the pledge for signature on the back of the Card can be signed or not as each member likes. If signed, with prayer, and in dependence on the grace of God, the act of signing may be a help to the member in his work and prayer for the missionary cause by deepening the sense of his own obligations; but no one need know whether he has signed or not; it will be between himself and his Divine Leader and Captain.

With reference to the Card, we have received half-a-dozen anonymous letters. Here is one:—

Why should GLEANER UNION cards be printed in Germany when trade is so bad in our country? I should for one discontinue the use of GLEANER UNION cards, and advise all friends to do the same.

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE GLEANER.

Friends who can write like this, anonymously, so that we cannot write to them direct and explain, are rather out of place in the GLEANERS' UNION at all! The explanation is perfectly simple. Almost all this kind of work is done abroad. The lithographers employed may be English firms, but they entrust their work to foreign workmen. We did not send the design for the Gleaner Card to Germany, but the firm employed did, and we mentioned it to explain the delay. But does our friend who writes the above letter, when he buys Christmas or New Year's Cards, inquire where they were printed? Does he not rather just buy what he likes best? And does he take care where his food, his clothes, and his furniture come from? Are they all of home production?

The "Members' Manual for 1887" has been prepared, and will be sent to every member free. It is not intended to repeat this each year. Every new member will receive it, for the year in which he joins; but after his first year he must pay a penny a year for it if he wishes it sent to him annually. This Manual is in substance what is already issued in the C.M.S. Pocket Book and Kalendar; but it has a special cover of its own, and four pages are devoted to an account of the Union.

In the New Year will be begun a series of short Bible Missionary Readings for "Gleaners"; also Missionary Questions based upon the contents of the number, for the answers to which prizes will be given, but open to "Gleaners" only. There will also be a department entitled "*How the Work is Done*," to which members are invited to send brief letters describing any particular ways of helping the missionary cause which they have followed or are following. There will also be texts for *Bible-Searching*, with rules for members who try and find them out.

Friends who have hitherto "*not seen it*"—that is, not seen the use of the GLEANERS' UNION, or at all events the use of their joining, are beginning to "see it" now. Some, indeed, are expressing its value much better than we have done ourselves. A clerical friend writes these admirable words, "It seems to me to provide just what was wanted, viz., some *very simple bond of fellowship* among C.M.S. supporters, with a view to the concentration of their interests in a healthy way and with the least possible amount of extra machinery." But here is a specially gratifying letter from a lady who says she has been "forcibly taken possession of" by our UNION page last month, and finds she must join the "Unionists," as she happily calls us:—

I had thought, like many others until now, that as I was already hard at work for the C.M.S., and a member of many unions, I really could not join another, and therefore had not sent in my name as a GLEANER "Unionist"; but the article in this month's issue has fairly taken possession of me, overcome all my arguments, and carried me out on the tide of its own eloquence

to join the workers who are occupying this new fishing ground of our dear C.M.S. After this what can I do but ask you to enrol me as a "Gleaner"?

I have long as a collector in our local Auxiliary rejoiced in being a member of the Society, and for many years past been a worker for the annual sale. I am a most interested reader of the C.M. reports and periodicals, and as a member of the Ladies' C.M. Union I now observe with much pleasure the Cycle of Prayer, which seems to draw us so much into communion with the actual work of our dear missionary brethren in the field.

Within the last year I have taken a missionary box, which I find an added interest and pleasure; indeed every little effort one is privileged to make for the C.M.S. seems to bring in a hundredfold of joy and blessing, so it is with great pleasure that I now ask you kindly to send me a member's card.

Still more interesting is the following unexpected letter from a lady in Jamaica:—

Being in a solitary place, with no active Christian work going on near, I have so longed for union for work and community with Christ's workers, especially in the Foreign Mission field. Born under the C.M.S. flag (my father was one of the C.M.S. missionaries who chose to remain at their posts when the Society gave up its stations here to the Bishop), nine years' stay for education with Rev. —'s family, where I was privileged to hear, at C.M.S. Deputations, such veterans in Christ's cause as Mr. Cadman, Mr. Fremantle, Mr. Goodhart, and Dr. McNeile, served to light such a bright spark of love for the dear old C.M.S. that thirty years of adverse circumstances and contrary influences have not by God's grace been able to put it out.

Sorrow for those wasted years led me to cast about, troubled in mind what to do, so as to redeem them from further waste; this led, in February last, to my forming a little family missionary meeting to be held monthly, for prayer, reading of suitable parts of Scripture, with explanation and application, and such news as we could get, with a box handed round. I had then ordered the GLEANER and some other papers, but it seemed so wonderful to me when I got them to find that I had really been one in spirit with the Lord's people at home, and ours was a F. S. M. too. Was it a commencement of the answer to those simultaneous prayers (as with Daniel, while he was yet speaking the command went forth)? or was it the communion of the one Spirit running through all the members, even the least and furthest off?

I am led to mention so much about myself, that those who sow the good seed may know that much that is scattered, although it may seem lost, will one day spring up. God's seeds never perish, but thou shalt find them after many days; and with regard to God's part in connection with the F. S. M., it may even now be taking effect all over the earth, unseen to man just as here with us.

We give two more letters:—

My chief reason for desiring to join the Union is that I may be united to the band of faithful labourers scattered throughout this country and throughout the world who on Thursday in each week at least are with one accord interceding at the Throne of Grace that God's way may be known upon earth and His saving health among all nations. What blessings may we not look for, "praying in the Holy Ghost"! I take it that we shall all add one petition for ourselves so united, that each member of the Union may be filled with the Holy Ghost. The thought that I might be the recipient of a share of the blessing so interceded for was an overpowering argument to me to seek for membership of the GLEANERS' UNION.

I request a card of membership, also a Cycle of Prayer on a wall sheet, if the print be large enough for aged eyes. I have taken in the GLEANER for many years.

I quite rejoice in this new organisation by our beloved C.M.S. I think with God's blessing, which we need not doubt, it will be productive of much good. I have been a collector or "Gleaner" ever since the year 1889, invited to the work by an earnest appeal from my dear friend and pastor, the Rev. R. Burgess, of Chelsea, a name well known to your Society. The sums collected were very small, being chiefly penny a week subscribers, but the aggregate (more than £600 paid into the Society) was worth the trouble; yet I do not consider this the most important part of the work, it was the opportunity it afforded of speaking about Missionary work, and telling a little of what our beloved C.M.S. was doing, of which they were lamentably ignorant, and then urging Christ's own command (Matt. xxviii. 19).

We must mention that among the new applicants for membership are fifteen Christian girls in the Sarah Tucker Institution, Tinnevely. Their names are Harriett Ponnammal, S. A. Yesuadial, S. Annal, Annavadivu, Catherine Gnanammal, Susannah Gnanasundary, C. Rebecca, G. Pakkiam, Thangamuttu, Annal Gnanamony, D. Gnanabaranam, S. Jane Pakkiam, G. Gnanasundary, Muttabaranam, Swamiadial Devamani.

HOW TO BECOME A GLEANER.

Send your name and address to the Editor of the "Church Missionary Gleaner," Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

Remit One Penny for a Card of "Gleanership."

Also remit One Shilling and Sixpence if you wish the "C.M. Gleaner" posted to you monthly; Sixpence, if you wish the "Quarterly Paper" ("Gleanings from the Gleaner") posted to you quarterly; One Penny for a Cycle of Prayer on a wall-sheet or on a stout card. (N.B.—Those who do not order a Cycle of Prayer in this form will receive it in the smaller form with the Card of Membership.)

P.O. Orders payable to General George Hutchinson, Lay Secretary.

THE MONTH.



THE venerated President and Treasurer of the Church Missionary Society, Captain the Hon. F. Maude, was called to his eternal rest on October 23rd, in the 88th year of his age. A portrait of Captain Maude, and brief sketch of his life, appeared in the GLEANER of April, 1882, and the portrait was repeated last June. He was the youngest son of the first Viscount Hawarden, and was born in 1798, a few months before the Society itself. He joined the Committee in 1835, was appointed Treasurer in 1861, and President in April last. While deeply lamenting the loss which the Society suffers by the death of so staunch and steadfast a friend, we thank God for a life so useful and a death so peaceful as his was. He was one of the humblest of men, and died as he had lived, simply trusting in Christ.

WE have great pleasure in announcing that Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., has accepted the office of Treasurer to the Society, in succession to the late Captain Maude.

THE event of the month has been the news of the U-Ganda martyrdoms—so painful and yet so glorious—with the receipt of Bishop Hannington's deeply-affecting diary. Eight columns of our present number are devoted to U-Ganda; and to do this we give four extra pages, printing the title and index on a separate sheet instead of as part of the number.

BISHOP PARKER started for Africa on November 3rd. His consecration on St. Luke's Day was a very solemn and interesting occasion. The Archbishop of Canterbury was assisted by the Bishops of London, Carlisle, Mauritius, and Sierra Leone, and Bishop Cheetham. The Rev. H. C. G. Moule's sermon is printed in the *C.M. Intelligencer*.

MR. WIGRAM's movements during December are expected to be as follows:—By Advent Sunday he should have reached Madras, after finishing the Tinnevely and Travancore Missions. The first half of December he should be in the Telugu country, at Masulipatam, Ellore, Raghavapuram, &c. By December 19th he should be at Bombay; and Christmas is to be spent at Nasik.

THE Simultaneous Meetings for London will be held in the second week of February next, and will therefore be a second "F. S. M." A large and influential committee of London clergy and laity has been formed, and local committees are also being formed in the various districts. The Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of London, St. Alban's, Rochester, and Bedford have written expressing their sympathy with the movement.

DURING the week from Oct. 12th to Oct. 19th, Special Simultaneous Missionary Meetings were held in Ireland, similar to those in England last February. There were a great many centres, and the meetings generally seem to have been very stirring. Among the speakers from England were the Revs. E. Lombe, B. Baring-Gould, H. Sharpe, W. J. Smith, and F. Glanvill, Mr. W. Blakeney, and Mr. W. B. Harrington, who were associated with many leading clergymen and laymen of the Church of Ireland.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY, November 30th, one of the Days of Intercession for Foreign Missions, will be observed as usual by the C.M.S. Committee by a Communion Service at St. Dunstan's. The Bishop of Mauritius has consented to preach.

TWO more Cambridge men have been accepted by the Society, viz., Mr. John Neale, B.A., of St. John's College and Ridley Hall, who offers for Mid-China, and will go at his own expense; and the Rev. Charles Hope Gill, B.A., of Queen's College and Ridley Hall, Curate of North Shields.

MR. HORACE MCC. E. PRICE, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, son of the Rev. W. S. Price, whose acceptance by the Society was notified in our July number, has been appointed Vice-Principal of Fourah Bay College, Sierra Leone.

THE *Life of Bishop Hannington* is now ready. We hope many friends will buy it. The publishers are Seeley & Co.; the price 7s. 6d.

THE Society has lost two old and true friends by the deaths of the Rev. H. Barne, of Clifton, and the Rev. H. Smith, of St. Albans. The former was an Honorary Life Governor, and the latter a regular member of the Committee for several years. The death of the Earl of Enniskillen also removes a Vice-President.

ON Nov. 9th, a telegram was received in London announcing the death of the Bishop of Saskatchewan. This is a heavy loss indeed to the Church in the North-West Territories of Canada, and to the C.M.S. Missions there.

ANOTHER telegram, on Nov. 12th, announced the death of the Rev. Manchala Ratnam, Superintending Native Pastor in the Masulipatam District. He was one of Robert Noble's first two converts, a Brahmin, and was baptized in 1852.

Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Thanksgiving for the long and faithful career of the late President and Treasurer, Captain Maude. Prayer for the new Treasurer, and for guidance for the Committee in seeking a President.

Thanksgiving for the constancy and simple faith of the martyred converts in U-Ganda. Prayer for those still spared; for their heathen countrymen; for the king; for Mr. Mackay.

Continued prayer for the Rev. F. E. Wigram and Mr. E. F. E. Wigram; for Bishop Parker; for General Haig.

Continued prayer for the Gleaners' Union.

Prayer for the forthcoming "F. S. M." in London.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER WHO WAS LONG IN INDIA" writes to us under date October 24th:—"Will the Editorial Secretary insert in the November GLEANER a request for prayer that Mr. Wigram and his son may be led in God's Providence to do such work as He may direct among the professing Christians in the various places visited, and that thus these may be led to accept Jesus as their Saviour, and henceforth be helpers instead of hinderers of Mission work among the heathen and Mohammedans?"

Forthcoming Sales of Work.

Rev. W. F. White, the Vicarage, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire. Sale first week in December.

Miss Rendell, 44, Grosvenor Road, Highbury New Park, and Mrs. Austin, 86, Highbury Hill. Sale first week in December.

Miss Gowan, 11, Park Square, Regent's Park, N.W. Sale Dec. 15th.

Mrs. Clowes, The Vicarage, Westleton, Saxmundham. Sale Dec. 27th.

Rev. George W. Burwell, Louth, Lincolnshire. Sale on January 7th, 1887.

We are glad to find that the insertion of these Notices of forthcoming Sales is useful to our friends. A lady writes from Lowestoft as follows:—

"You will I am sure like to know that the Sale of work of which you kindly gave notice in the September GLEANER realised between £3 and £4 more than in any former year. The notice was most kindly responded to by several friends, and not only were the contributions of work a great help, but also it was most cheering and helpful to be brought thus into contact, as it were, with unknown friends of the cause at a distance, and to feel that they were joining with us in prayer for the success of our Sale; and truly we felt that our success was a direct answer to prayer, for never, even at Lowestoft, was a Sale of work held on a more drenching, raging day, but the Lord was with us."

THE "GLEANER" FOR 1887.

Among the arrangements for the GLEANER next year are the following:—

1. A Series of Short Articles in connection with the Queen's Jubilee, showing the progress of the C.M.S. and its Missions between 1837 and 1887.

2. The Sunday-School Teachers' Column; containing Outline Missionary Lessons and Addresses, Illustrations, &c. Edited by Miss Emily Dibdin.

3. Pictures from Ceylon and China, engraved by special permission from Original Sketches by Miss Constance F. Gordon-Cumming.

4. The Missionary News and Letters from the Field will be arranged as far as possible under the heads of the several countries, separate columns, or parts of columns, being given to Africa, India, China, &c.

5. Several new features will be included in the GLEANERS' UNION page (see p. 143).

6. The GLEANER will be printed henceforth on a new kind of paper, specially prepared to admit of the reproduction of photographs and sketches by the new processes of photo-zincography.